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LETTERS
TO
YOUNG AND OLD

BY

MRS. C. W. EARLE

AUTHOR OF 'POT-POURRI FROM A SURREY GARDEN' ETC.

LONDON
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE
1906

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TO MY FRIEND

MAURICE BARING

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

PREFACE

ONCE more I offer my best thanks to my faithful niece, Constance Lytton, without whose help I could bring nothing to completion. I think it well to explain that I use the words nephew and niece at the head of my letters merely to show whether the initials represent a man or a woman. These letters are addressed to people whom I know intimately and to whom I write constantly, either to give an account of my own life, or in answer to questions on all sorts of subjects.

Last year an adopted nephew kindly came down to see me, and as he sat talking he suddenly said, 'Well, Aunt T., when are you going to give us another book?' I answered, 'Never, I fear. I was cool enough to begin writing books when I was sixty, but now that I am seventy how can I have the face to ask the public to receive another "Pot-Pourri"? and yet you know how impossible it would be to me to write anything else.' He thought a moment, and said, 'That's true;

but why should you not give us a volume of letters, just the ordinary letters you write every day?' This struck me as possible, and the present volume is the result.

Bismarck says that if a man's letters are published, it is like putting him on his balcony in his shirt-sleeves. But that means publishing private letters after a man's death, so that saying does not apply to these letters of mine, which are revised, amplified or shortened as suits my purpose. All have not been through the post as they stand, but all have been suggested by my ordinary correspondence, and I have grouped together the letters on special subjects, such as health, diet, and gardening, so that those who do not care for these subjects can easily avoid them. I have here and there broken up the letters by pages containing favourite quotations, never forgetting that it was the little poems in my first book which many of the public liked best.

Bishop Creighton says:—'To be a good letter-writer one must, of course, be egotistical. Letters are not history, nor are they essays: but they are jottings of small things as they strike oneself; records of one's own impressions; and they owe all their interest to the belief that the person to whom they are addressed is interested not in things in general but in oneself. . . . In talking of letter-writing all depends on giving oneself rein; if one stops to be judicious or wise or discreet one simply

becomes dull. If I can't trust the person I am talking to with all I think, I am simply bored with the conversation and would much rather read a book. My enemies would say I am too confidential. • Be it so ; I am content.' I agree with every word of this ; but I am bound to admit that, in writing general letters such as these of mine, they become the exact opposite of Bishop Creighton's definition of the letter which he likes to receive.

CONTENTS

I.

LETTERS FROM GERMANY.

	PAGE
Sunrise on the sea—Going to Germany—Smoking chimneys in the Rhine Valley—German officers on English girls—The Frankfort Rembrandt—Leighton's youth at Frankfort—Maeterlinck's 'Monna Vanna'—Jewish cemetery—Homburg cosmopolitan child, Princess Elizabeth of England—Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg—The restored Roman camp at Saalburg—The Persian divinity Mithras—Things going wrong—The sculptor Hildebrand—A German Cottage Hospital—'The Life of the Prince Consort'—Nauheim and its waters—The French Protestants at Friedrichsdorf—Vivisection in Russia—A Roman Catholic missionary—The Duke of Hesse's castle—Five days at Munich—The regalia of the King of Bavaria—Gabriel Seidl—The Italian sculptor Canonica—The National Museum—A medical exhibition—The brick Cathedral morning and evening—The Life of Joan of Arc—Back to Cronberg—The Menzel exhibition at Frankfort—Maugras' books—Return to England	1

II.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

Youthful recollections—'Neolithic Dew-ponds and Cattle-ways'—'The Silence of Love,' by Edmond Holmes—Calkin-growing plants—Teaching children—The poor and unemployed—Up-to-date gardening for amateurs—'Field, Factories, and Workshops'—Moral training of children—School <i>versus</i> home education—Lady Dilke and 'The Book of the Spiritual Life'—Trade Unionism—Christmas charity—The new edition of Reynolds's 'Discourses'—The Pre-Raphaelites

	PAGE
once more—December in the country—Bearing sorrow—The 'Times' article on the feeding of poor mothers in Paris— The Friday Literary Supplement to the 'Times'—Con- scientious work causing loss of friends—An interesting luncheon—'Rich and Poor,' by Mrs. Bosanquet—Mr. Birrell at Liverpool—Death of children from preventable diseases —Visit to Aldershot—The memorial fountain—Mr. Maurice Baring on Dostoevsky—Life of Sonia Kovalevsky—Mrs. Boole's book, 'The Preparation of the Child for Science'— Two children as visitors—Filson Young and 'The Sands of Pleasure'—'Man and Superman'—Mémoires of General Laclos and a French classic—Lenotre's books on the French Revolution—Canterbury Cathedral—Stanley and Proude on the same—A convent legend—Kicking against the pricks—The Sweated Industries Exhibition—Desira- bility of the franchise for women—Memorial statues, John Howard at Bedford—Lady Henry Somerset's Duxhurst home —Various pamphlets on the drink question—The exonera- tion of Dreyfus	49

III.

HEALTH AND FOOD.

Why I continue to write about it—Mrs. Bryan's 'Secret of Perfect Health'—Sir Frederick Treves on alcohol—A leaflet on tea-drinking—How to keep in health: letters from a Parish Magazine—Miss Alice Braithwaite and her pamphlets —Distaſte of the right foods—Mr. Horace Fletcher and his theory of mastication—Various books on the health ques- tion—Cottage Hospitals and bazaars	175
---	-----

IV.

COOKING RECEIPTS 243

V.

GARDENING.

Various autumn bulbs—Buddleias, <i>variabilis</i> and <i>magnifica</i> — The uses of a hot-bed in August—Useful late <i>Salvia splen-</i> <i>dens</i> —Floral odours <i>versus</i> leaf odours— <i>Iris alata</i> (M. Herb
--

CONTENTS

xiii

of Naples)—Receipt for growing lilies—Winter horticultural shows in Vincent Square—*Lithospermum rosmarinifolium*—Directions for growing Sweet-peas—The oldest herbal in the world—'Garden Colour,' by Miss Waterfield—Varieties of *Iris Alpina*—Rock gardening in Germany—Mild weather in January—Wisdom of manuring German Irises in winter—Not quite hardy Veronicas *hulkiana* and *pinguifolia* as pot plants—A good red currant—Rampion as a vegetable—Autumn sowing of spring annuals—Mr. Barr on Tulips—A receipt against Codlin moth—Stone gardens, by Mrs. Haig Thomas—Garden at the back of a shop in Munich—Louis XIII.'s hunting box—A different way of cutting box edging—Letter about *Clematis Vitalba* in 'Third Pot-Pourri'—A foretaste of spring—*Salvia gesneriana*—For early forcing *Narcissus obvallaris*—The large single Daturas—A visit to Kew—*Rubus deliciosus*—Various Violas—*Solanum crispum* as a wall plant—Two letters about Luther Burbank—A garden near Canterbury—A French anecdote—*Eccremocarpus scaber*, hardy when well placed—Seed saving of *Cineraria stellata*—The disappearance of wild flowers—Raining on Saturday and Sunday—Spring increasing of plants—Tubs on posts—Longleat—White marble for a fire-place—A gardening tent—Picking side shoots from flowering Oleanders—*Iris pallida*, 'Albert Victor'—Forcing strawberries—A visit to Aldershot—Mr. Robinson's 'Flora and Sylva'—Miss White's article on Cape Pelargoniums—Planting the trees for the birth of boys and girls—Making Rose cuttings—Sowing perennials in July 259

VI.

LETTERS FROM LADY NORMANBY, PARIS, 1848 328

VII.

SOME NOTES ON THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1900 353

INDEX 371

Much has been said of the wisdom of old age. Old age is wise, I grant, for itself, but not wise for the community. It is wise in declining new enterprises, for it has not the power nor the time to execute them; wise in shrinking from difficulty, for it has not the strength to overcome it; wise in avoiding danger, for it lacks the faculty of ready and swift action, by which dangers are parried and converted into advantages. But this is not wisdom for mankind at large, by whom new enterprises must be undertaken, dangers met, and difficulties surmounted.

Bryant

I

LETTERS FROM GERMANY

SUNRISE ON THE SEA.

Far in the dark a furtive flicker grows,
Widens and spreads, till all the East is grey,
And dawn—rose-red with presage of the day—
Loiters across the livid water-rows;
The sea line brightens. Colour comes and goes
In cloud and foaming surge and flying spray,
While, thro' the glare that blurs the waves away,
The splendour of the sun-dawn overflows.
Now all the billows are ablaze. The sea
Revels in silver wonders and in gold,
And, tremulous with ecstasies untold,
Bends homage to her lord's ascendancy,
Captive to Fate's immutable decree,
But mutinous with glories manifold.

'Aurelian'

LETTERS FROM GERMANY

To C. L. (*niece*).

July 10th, 1905.

I wonder what you will say? My fate is suddenly decided. I have let my house to an invalid friend, and am actually going to Germany on the 20th. You won't mind getting only the usual general family letter, though I daresay to you I shall break out occasionally and write direct. But it is impossible to spend one's whole time while away in writing letters, and I think this plan of one long semi-diary letter, sent round to intimates, gives the best idea of what one is actually doing. I, as you know, when it comes to the point, hate the thought of going away and leaving the garden. But at any rate this year I shall wait to see the Madonna lilies in full flower. I always feel a great pride in them, as I had such difficulty in making them grow at all. Nothing is more strange, I think, in gardening than that such slight variety of situation should make such differences in the growth of plants.

To E. E. E. (*niece*).

July 21st, 1905.

... Here we are waiting at the German frontier, Cranenburg. I am quietly guarding the hand-bags which have been scratched upon in the carriage by a smiling German official. I have sent the poor maid to open the big boxes. Though she can't speak a word of German she is quite good, and has the courage of youth, which always thinks there are no difficulties till they arise. This

place seems to be only fields and an enormous platform, a short avenue, and a fine-looking old church; houses I suppose exist, but the town is nowhere to be seen. The early morning was bright with soft golden sunshine, but an hour ago it changed, and is now dull, even grey, ugly, and almost cold compared with the last few days. Philosophically one ought to be glad not to have it hot, but all the same I hate this heavy, ugly grey. Now you will all think we had a lovely passage. Not at all; it was really rougher than in the winter. You know how I hate travelling alone, but I am bound to confess that once one is started it is all wondrous easy. I brought with me, as usual, the luncheon from home, and for the first time tried wrapping everything in butter-paper except the butter itself, which was in a pot. Lettuces, bread, fruit, &c., all kept beautifully fresh. We did enjoy it, and felt what a contrast it was to the dust-covered food in the shaky restaurant car. . . .

Niederlahnstein.—We seem waiting here a little longer than usual, so I go on. There has been a thickish fog all day, and the Rhine has not looked its best. We changed at Cologne, and are now going up the right bank of the river, which I have never done before. It is much less pretty than the left bank, which runs beside the old high road, so often described by travellers leisurely driving in their own carriages in pre-railway days. Having gone up and down the Rhine so often myself this hardly mattered to me, but I was sorry for my maid, who was rapturously excited at seeing it for the first time, and thinks it the most beautiful thing she ever saw. It made me groan a little *à la* Ruskin to realise how the wealth and prosperity of Germany has ruined this old water-highway, for the numerous manufacturing chimneys in this part of the country have made the atmosphere nearly as thick as in England in the neighbourhood of London or in the

manufacturing districts, and though the sun shines hot it is all in a yellow haze. . . .

Taunus Mountains.—All has gone very well, and my host kindly came to meet me at Frankfort. It seems ages since I left England, and I am greatly excited to find in the German evening papers that the Government were defeated in the House last night. Of course this won't make any difference to their determination not to resign, though the German papers seemed to think it would.

July 23rd.—It has been such a lovely day! I was up at five to look out of window, and down at eight to breakfast in the garden porch.

I have been taking out my painting materials, cleaning my box, and looking things over a bit, as I am determined to try and draw again. Beginning afresh is always a difficulty when one has laid it aside for long. Nearly all the day has been spent in talking to my friends. How delicious it is meeting again with real friends, and here I have three generations all my friends—even the girl of twelve. I saw X., whom you remember was so seriously ill last year. She looks healthy, calmer, much less nervous than for a long time, and yet quite her old keen self about everything. Did I tell you that the German surgeon said that she would never have got through her illness and the trying treatment so well but for her non-meat diet? All the acquaintances, of course, thought that the diet had completely failed and, in fact, had been the cause of her illness.

I must tell you more about the little girl of twelve. I am truly delighted with her. Her health seems to me all but perfect; she is happy and strong—no scoldings, no nervousness. She eats excellently well of everything except meat, fish, birds, meat-soups, wine, beer, tea and coffee; all else she has without any trouble or asking. She is still quite childish, and has other children to romp

and play with her; she has lots of various lessons all day—no governess, but teachers, male and female, come from the neighbourhood. She is very clever and bright, speaks her three languages, French, German, and English, one as well as the other, but she does not read in summer, at any rate not for pleasure; she seems not particularly to like her lessons, but submits with a good grace to what is inevitable. Her father does Swedish gymnastic exercises with her every morning at a quarter past seven till half-past, and then she finishes the self-massage after her bath, with her nurse, in her own room. This is well worthy of note, I think, for I am sure that no child will do exercises with any pleasure or regularity unless some grown-up person does them with her—mere superintendence, is not enough. It is quite the most satisfactory case, mind and body, as a consequence of the diet, that I have yet come across, for a year and a half ago she seemed really going down-hill, and all the gouty hereditary symptoms were growing and increasing. Of course, plenty of money, a lovely country place, good air not particularly bracing, most loving parents, and being the only child at home, make all this comparatively easy. In fact, if one is to make a criticism, it is that her life is so happy and so full of love that it may, perhaps, not fit her for less happiness later on, but one cannot forestall these things. The only suggestions I made were that she should, perhaps, have a little more independence and less careful watching, and, when possible, have boys as well as girls for companions; also that she should be given an allowance to buy her own small articles of dress. This is a certain burden, but also an instructive privilege which a child really appreciates. Last evening was cool and, without the smallest shyness or affectation, she put on her pretty pleated silk frock, and showed me her skirt dancing which she had learnt last

winter from an English lady. This she did with extreme grace and precision, thoroughly following the rhythm of the music all by herself.

To E. E. E. (*niece*).

July 25th, 1905.

There were two young German officers here last night at dinner. One seemed to know England well, and had been a long time in London. He said he was always struck by the extreme ignorance of English girls, that they very often did not know that Austria was not Germany, nor had the faintest idea of the size of the different countries of Europe. I was not so surprised as some people will be at hearing this. So far as I can judge I should say that the generation of children who would rank as my grandchildren are being very intelligently and liberally educated. But the generation of those who are about thirty now I think were certainly less well educated, above all in art and knowledge of foreign countries and languages, than were the generation to which I myself belonged. Probably this is greatly owing to the immense amount of time given to outdoor games. This, of course, was just the generation which this young German would have known in London, girls devoted to nothing but bicycling and sport, hunting and shooting, gymnastics and dancing. All of these are very well in their way, but it would make an impression on a whole generation when such occupations take the place of all intellectual cultivation. A small instance of the change that I see coming is, that in addition to much more serious intellectual education for children I can perceive a distinct return to amateur drawing, of which I have seen nothing for twenty years. It may be said that these children are not yet of an age to be entirely engrossed in games and sport. This is quite true, but if a girl is once really fond of art,

and her acquirements have reached a certain stage, she will not be so tempted to give it up entirely for physical exercise and amusement. No doubt, besides the sporting wave some years ago, amongst more thinking people there was also a strongly expressed criticism against amateur work both in music and drawing. It was to be so well done as to be almost professional or not done at all. This, I think, was carried too far, and discouraged all beginners. Now that Ruskin and his teaching have become almost matters of history, the trainers of the young have to guard against the reaction that comes in all things, in order that there should be no return to the excessive self-satisfied amateurishness, pleased with the most unskilled performances, which was so rampant in the early half of the last century. It was this which so stimulated that pre-Raphaelite school and the early writings of Ruskin. The present tendency in art, in its objection to that now unfashionable school, is to develop all the faults of the cheap effective painting which they worked so hard to correct, and in admiration of modern impressionism and absence of strong colour to think how easy it is to do likewise. . . .

We are just back from Frankfort. We went in the shut motor. It was grey and cool but not wet. The great object of our expedition was to go to the Städel Gallery, which has been re-hung to make room for the great Vienna Rembrandt. This picture was bought by public subscription this year (May 1905) for 16,500l. (330,000 marks). This was thought a very large sum, and caused a good deal of heart-burning and opposition. The picture is called 'Samson and the Philistines.' Hitherto it has been the property of Count Schönborn, and has never left his house since Rembrandt, on his return from Spain, painted it for the Count's ancestors. It has been a well-known picture to Rembrandt connoisseurs, and was

etched as far back as 1728. In the Schönborn Palace, I am told, it was badly hung, very high up in a dark dining-hall, and used to be described as 'the great colourless dark Rembrandt.' Here at Frankfort it is hung in a good light, has been well cleaned, and is now most certainly a very fine example of Rembrandt's masterly drawing and colouring. It makes everything in the room look thin and insignificant, though the pictures were specially chosen from the works of more or less contemporary artists. Now we come to the 'but,' which caused all the opposition. It certainly is a terrible subject—Samson being chained and half murdered by the Philistines. Delilah escaping through the back of the tent with her hands full of his red hair, and cruelly glancing backward at her defeated lord. The soldiers are on him, and one is plunging a dagger into his right eye, from which the blood spurts. His legs, wonderfully fore-shortened, are raised in the air, and the toes curled with agony. The expression of physical pain on the face is, I think, the most horrible that I have ever seen painted. The picture is, I believe, the largest Rembrandt in the world except the 'Night Watch' at Amsterdam. In spite of the wonderful drawing and colour, I must confess that the revolting horror of the subject did seem to me to justify the opposition to its purchase. All the same, once it was gone, I am told the art directors of Vienna felt that they had made a huge mistake in not buying it for their own town.

After running through the well-known and interesting collection of pictures, we went upstairs to see the newly arranged drawings by that remarkable German artist called Steinle, Leighton's master. In the composition of these, one traces the origin of the first picture Leighton exhibited in England, the 'Cimabue Procession.' Perhaps Prince Albert's knowledge and appreciation of the young painter's master made him persuade the Queen to buy the

picture, and it was this act which first brought Leighton prominently before the public. It was characteristic of his nature, which remained the same through his whole life, that he divided part of the sum received for this picture among those artists with him in Rome whose pictures had been rejected that year by the Academy.

It was very interesting to find at Frankfort many traditions of Leighton's early life there. I remember so well the darling he was of London society when he first came home, handsome, brilliant and cosmopolitan. His art greatly puzzled the admirers of the Ruskin-pre-Raphaelite school, who wondered where he had learnt so much of their methods without being in England. He was at school in picturesque old Frankfort, the Frankfort of Goethe with its mediæval walls still surrounding it and its Ghetto gates still closed at night. Then he went to Italy, returning to Frankfort when he was eighteen to work again under his former master, Johann Eduard Steinle. This artist is described as an intensely fervent Catholic. He was a man of most striking personality and very courtly manner, and evidently had a fundamental influence on Leighton's character as well as his art, dividing him in a marked way from the Rossëtti school in England. While visiting in a private house in Frankfort, I was shown a portrait of a Fräulein Bonn, a pretty young German girl, done by Leighton at about this time. It was very good and carefully drawn in the hard, dry German manner, but already better than any portraits I have seen by his master. Steinle was born in Vienna (1810) and studied there. He belonged to the school of Overbeck, and had lessons from that painter in Rome in 1838, but they scarcely altered his style or his taste. I saw it stated the other day that Overbeck was the first to suggest that kind of art which in England developed into pre-Raphaelitism. Steinle owed much of his artistic

inspirations, which are curiously Italian for a German artist, to members of a family called Brentano—of Italian origin, niece and nephew of Goethe's 'Bettina'—who were his intimate friends. How life unrolls itself, and how wonderful are the influences on those who have an artistic temperament and genius enough to make it productive! As I have said, there are many of Steinle's drawings and cartoons in the Staedel Institute at Frankfort, of which he was made professor of painting in 1850. The drawings are beautiful, but the paintings are hard and smooth, and in a style a certain echo of which Leighton never quite lost. But Steinle's great work seems to have been decorating the walls of the Frankfort Cathedral. When I saw the frescoes there I could not make out if they were actually painted on the walls or on canvas and hung up afterwards, but I think the latter. They are interesting and decorative and full of religious feeling, and in them one can trace the parentage of several of Leighton's processional paintings and compositions. The town of Frankfort is now mostly Protestant or Jewish, but the cathedral has remained Catholic, all but the bells, which in part belong to the town, and cannot, on certain occasions, be rung by the Catholics. Very little of old Frankfort is left, but at the back of the cathedral, in a corner which was part of the old burial-ground, is a very remarkable stone crucifixion, with the two thieves, and the mother and disciples below. All the figures are life-size. It evidently belongs to the Nuremberg school, but I cannot make out if the artist is known. It has all the characteristics of an Albert Dürer drawing.

As a thank-offering to his master, Leighton gave Steiffle a large early picture of his, which was exhibited at the Staedel Institute in 1850 or 1851. This picture has been very little seen, and it has never been to England. I believe it was exhibited in Frankfort after Leighton's

death. I was fortunate enough to see it in the house of Steinfle's son, which is full of splendid drawings and paintings by his father. After seeing these Steinfle pictures, we were taken upstairs to a small bedroom to which this gift-picture of Leighton's is relegated, the present Herr Steinfle having devoted all his artistic talent to music, and being without much appreciation for painting. The picture is one of the most remarkable works for a young man of twenty to have painted that exists in modern times, and shows more original genius than any Leighton I have ever seen. It was painted before the 'Cimabue Procession.' It represents the death of Brunelleschi, the architect of the Duomo at Florence. He is supposed to have died the day on which his beautiful Duomo was finished. He begged to be carried out on to the *loggia* of his house, and is represented lying back in a stone arm-chair with draperies. The world is over for him, his eyes are closed, and death very near. The background of the picture represents a narrow Florentine street, all decorated with flowers and wreaths and ending with the cupola of the cathedral. Around the dying man are various figures—a priest, a young woman, a hard young artist like 'Tito' in Leighton's illustrations of 'Romola,' an Oriental merchant, &c., and on the left, small children holding crowns of laurels, baskets of fruit and flowers. It is most highly finished from one end to the other, and the whole picture is framed by a most carefully painted wreath of flowers and fruit. As Professor Steinfle is willing to sell the picture, I think it is a disgrace that it should not be bought and brought to Leighton's own country.

To E. E. E. (*niece*).

July 29th, 1905.

The last time I was in this part of Germany it was winter, and I was much impressed by the beauty of the

forced lilacs. The gardener told me that many of the plants were twenty years old, and immediately after flowering they were cut down to a stump about 6 inches from the top of the pot. Then as they grew again the only important thing was to keep them well watered through the whole summer, and they are brought into a warm greenhouse as they are wanted from January onwards. The branches were long and bare, with few leaves, but with magnificent blooms at the end of each branch. Now and then a plant fails to flower, and these make the earliest plants for forcing the year after. The blooms were far finer than when the plants were first bought.

Frankfort has changed, even in my memory, as much as any town I know, and I am told that the changes in society and social life are far more marked even than the appearance of the town. There is an excellent book on Frankfort society as it existed in 1850. It is called 'Rothan's Mémoires,' republished from the 'Revue des deux Mondes'—of course in French.

There is no good theatre going at this time of the year, but when I was in Frankfort in the winter I was lucky enough to see Madame Maeterlinck play in her husband's 'Monna Vanna.' She was an actress before her marriage, and I believe a Belgian by birth. It certainly was a most interesting performance. She looked the part to perfection, and had been most carefully coached by her husband. But, on the whole, the acting of this, the most subtle mediæval play written in modern times, struck me as an inadequate rendering of the author's meaning.

That same winter I at last persuaded a friend, in spite of the season, to take me to the old disused Jewish cemetery which I had so long wished to see, and to which I alluded in 'More Pot Pourri.' I had often been

told that it had been done away with. This rumour arose because the cemetery was closed in 1828, but the ground was granted to the Jews in the thirteenth century on the terms that it was not to be taken away from them until it had been disused for burial for 100 years, so now before very long it will be built over and effaced from the earth. The new synagogue is built close to it, a hideous modern building. A Christian has charge of both church and burial-place, as a Jew might not light the church on Saturday morning, which would mean the lights would have to burn from Friday night. A newly built house was attached to the synagogue, which contains the bath for the purification of women, according to the law of Moses, and it is still used by devout Jewesses. The cemetery itself was a curious, wild, unloved, neglected place, no doubt green and leafy in summer. All the little upright gravestones were made in red sandstone, and shaped alike in the traditional form of the tables of the law, round at the top, like those on which the Ten Commandments are written in our old-fashioned chapels. No large monuments for the rich and small ones for the poor. The same small stones huddled together, with a sign carved on the top of many of them to mark the families. The sign of the Rothschilds was a stew-pan. The families kept together, and individuals were buried one on the top of the other without coffins. In the old days a Jew was never allowed to die in his bed, but was dragged out on to a sheet spread over with straw, which afterwards served as the winding-sheet. On one side of this grave-yard, used for so many centuries, was the place allotted for the burial of the first-born of the cattle, which, according to Levitical law, were not allowed to be killed.

Yesterday I went with my hostess to see the great Frankfort Christian cemetery, and certainly I never before

have seen one so beautiful and well cared for. It was full of flowers and lovely tall trees, with shrubs underneath. The graves were crowded, of course, but so veiled in vegetation that it did not look overcrowded.

To E. E. E. (niece).

Homburg, July 26th.

I came over here yesterday to stay with the von M.'s. Don't forget, in directing to Homburg, to add '*vor der Höhe*,' as the inhabitants are very proud of sitting at the feet of their pretty hills, and the practical reason for this precaution is that without it letters are very apt to be sent to Hamburg.

The little child of two is most charming and satisfactory, and, as is usual in these cosmopolitan houses, this baby already muddles up its small requests in three languages. I do wish we could introduce more of this sort of thing in our homes, for, great as are the difficulties and the worries it entails, every effort ought to be made to overcome them. It is true that I have been visiting households where the parents were of different nationalities and are excellent linguists themselves. Still, let us persevere with all our might, as languages are certainly a part of education which can least be postponed. Thackeray, speaking of his own time, said, 'If we are no longer magnificently hated throughout Europe, too often by word, deed, and looks, we openly proclaim ourselves the first chop of society.' Much travelling has improved this, but there is something of it left still. The nose-in-the-air look of certain individuals tries one a good deal when travelling in England, but when one sees it in one's fellow-countrymen abroad it is exasperating. Miss Betham-Edwards says: 'Two as yet unfulfilled conditions are essential to an *entente cordiale* that shall be unassailable

16 LETTERS TO YOUNG AND OLD

and of general acceptance, namely, the breaking of the linguistic barrier and the uprooting of traditional prejudices.' I was told the other day that a young English officer, naval or military, I don't know which, appealingly said, 'Could you kindly tell me what is the French for En-ten-ty caw-dy-a-ty?'

My hostess was visiting the other day at a large country-house in Silesia. She found hung up in her bedroom the following little verse:

There is so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it hardly behoves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

Not bad advice for social gatherings of any kind.

I am sending this to London, as I don't yet know your Windsor address. Do get permission, if it is necessary, to see the Windsor miniatures, drawings, library, &c. There is plenty of history to be learnt there, and get a good guide-book as if you were abroad. Lots of people could get you an introduction to the librarian, for all that is most interesting is not shown to the everyday tourist.

I have been all over the Castle of Homburg to-day. Royal residences are, I think, really interesting historically. They are well maintained without being much altered, and so illustrate the times and fashions of bygone days most vividly. They are also interesting from the historic portraits they contain and the small valueless curiosities, which are jealously guarded. In this castle there are many rooms, untouched from the time of our Princess Elizabeth, daughter of George III., who married the Landgrave Frederick VI. of Hesse-Homburg. My friend has just given me a book called 'The Correspondence of Princess Elizabeth of England.' This Homburg Castle was her home from the time just after her marriage in

July 1818 to the last year of her life, 1889. The royal family of England seem to have been thrown, apart from their sorrow at the death of Princess Charlotte of Wales, into a state of something like panic about the succession of their heirs to the English throne. The Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Kent, and the Duke of Cambridge all married within a few months of the death of the Princess Charlotte, and all had children, though those of the Duke of Clarence died. The Princess Elizabeth, who was then forty-eight years of age, followed their example, and to the indignation of her mother, accepted the offer of Prince Frederick Joseph of Hesse-Homburg, eldest son of the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg. He was a few months older than the Princess. English society in general laughed at him and nicknamed him 'Humbug.' He was accused of smoking five pipes a day, an allowance which strikes one as almost moderate in these days. He went to sleep at the theatre, and was very fat. One Charles Wynn tells the following anecdote: 'I heard that a few evenings ago (April 8, 1818) the Queen dropt her fan at York House, and Humbug stooped with so much alacrity to pick it up that the exertion created so parlous a split and produced such a display that . . . Nothing remained but for the royal brothers to interpose their screen, and for him to retire as fast as he could. It was then proposed that he should go home, but he declined this, "as the Duke of York was so much more large dat he was sure his breeches would go on over all." The valet was called, the Duke's breeches drawn on over the poor remains of Humbug's and succeeded to admiration.'

* The marriage seems to have turned out a very happy one, and after the death of the Landgrave in 1829, the Princess remained in the Castle of Homburg, one side of it being occupied by her brother-in-law, the reigning

Duke. She planted the gardens, and took interest in the salt springs. The principal one is called Elizabeth Brunnen, after her, to this day. The book decidedly gives interest to a visit to Homburg. She used to drive into Frankfort, and had a room there to receive her friends. It certainly seems to have been what she called it herself—'a miserable *pied-à-terre*.' Those who went to see her found her in a bare room upstairs, devoid of all furniture, except a horse-hair sofa, a table at its side, and a few chairs for the company. On the sofa sat the Landgravine, now a very fat but handsome old lady, with her dress and the ground about her powdered with snuff; but her genial manners and kindly reception no doubt fully made up to visitors for the lack of bodily comforts. Her letters are simple and homely, and as a rule carefully avoid any allusion to subjects of interest of the day. They are addressed to a Miss Swinburne, the daughter of a Mrs. Swinburne whose eldest son was page to Mary Antoinette. In the early days of the Revolution Mrs. Swinburne did her best to persuade the Queen to change clothes with her and escape, but she refused to leave her family. Miss Swinburne herself did not die till 1848. I am told many go to Homburg and never take the trouble to go up and see the castle and its gardens. The castle itself is the outcome of an old defence fortress, which fact generally implies a splendid situation, a great contrast to palaces grown out of mediæval monasteries and nunneries—these were almost invariably sunk in holes by rivers and fish-ponds. Here the whole building and lovely gardens are on the flat top of an outer spur of the Taunus, and the view of the range of well-shaped mountains against the sunset skies and storm-cloud effects is lovely. The range is far enough off for the shapes to tell against the sky. At Cronberg one is almost in the hills, and they stand

close against a northern sky, instead of a western, which is never the same thing.⁸ The centre yard of the castle has a fine, tall, round tower, dating from about 1360, probably a restoration of a watch-tower of an older fortress. The stones were very likely taken from the Roman camp. At its feet is a lovely practical fountain—four iron spouts supported by delicate curves and scrolls of wrought iron coming out of a circular column, the clear beautiful water falling abundantly into a large stone basin made of the red stone of this country. The fountain, approached by plain steps, was surrounded by large-leaved plane-trees, pollarded and cut, forming an oasis of cool shade and fluttering sunlight this hot sunny morning. The overflow runs down the hill and feeds a small lake at the bottom. The house is large and surrounds the square yard. There are many rooms, and it is full of funny old family portraits by indifferent artists, and some good pieces of furniture which they say were brought from Hanover. I noticed a lovely old Spode soup tureen, but there was not one book in the place. One large room was being altered and re-decorated for the present German Empress, all white and pure Louis XVI. The garden is rather smothered by its own trees, but had some beautiful specimens of box trees, the graceful drooping kinds, which had been left to grow unpruned. They make such a pretty undergrowth, and are, I think, not cultivated enough in English gardens. They are most amiable growers, though rather slow in dry soils. The garden beds looked bright, well watered, and contained the finest cannas in large masses I have ever seen anywhere. For those who care for it, there were two very fine and unusual specimens of topiary work—two couchant animals, lions, perhaps, the body and head cut in yew, the paws and the tail in box. On the other side of the house are two fine specimens of cedars of Lebanon which were

bought from Kew by the Princess, and I believe they are the only examples of that tree in Germany. She made the usual mistake of planting the little trees far too near the house, and now the great spreading branches nearly touch the windows. It is so difficult to realise what little conifer seedlings grow into.

Here awhile

The Roman eagles hovered o'er their prey,
And with fierce eyes and rending talons swooped
Greedy for conquest—they before whose wrath
The world had cowered. But the term was reached.
The invisible hand of Fate was over them,
The voice that none gainsays had spoken doom.
There came a brave wind from the wholesome North
And blew them down the plains of Lombardy,
With broken pinions and with bloody plumes,
And flung them shattered at the gates of Rome.

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To M. E. (*nephew*).

Homburg: July 30th, 1905.

I thought so of you yesterday and wished you were with us. It had been a very hot, stuffy day, but at about five we all started, a large party, in open trams, and went the usual Homburg expedition to Saalburg. I had no idea what we were going to see, and only thought joyfully of hill-tops and air. On descending from the tram one realises that one has reached a restaurant, but nothing else. Just across the road, hidden by a little wood, is the site of an old Roman camp. In the Middle Ages the interest of these heathen remains, as they were called, was totally unrecognised. Nothing was done to preserve them; on the contrary the robbing of stones to build castles and churches was considered perfectly justifiable, and carried on to any extent till kind Nature covered the foundations with weeds and moss, and put an end to the depredations only to be revealed in a more enlightened age. The first-known mention of the Saalburg with interest was by a certain Elias Neuhof, who wrote a short account of it in 1777. But it was not till the middle of the last century that the first diggings were undertaken from an antiquarian point of view, and only of late years has the Emperor, with infinite trouble and expense, not only excavated and bared the foundations, but has rebuilt the whole Roman fort as correctly as could be done on the old lines, copying everything down to the size of the stones, the tiles of the roof, the pattern on the tiled floor, the glazing of the windows, the well with its Italian covering, the hall for exercising, &c. Some people laugh at this and say, 'Oh, but it looks so new!' Of course it looks new. It is new and in no sense a restored ruin, but a reconstruction carried out with all the knowledge

attainable in the present day. Outside the fort that has been reconstructed are to be seen the foundations of numerous small villas. It was one of the principal Roman settlements in this part of Germany. Every house seems to have had a well; sixty-eight have been already found in the cantonment. There seems to be no trace of those mysterious water supplies called dew-ponds, and the quantities of springs with which these hills abound rendered them unnecessary. The wells were partly filled by springs and partly by rain water which filtered through the sand. The wooden linings of these wells were sometimes round and sometimes square. Some have been removed intact and are still to be seen in the temporary museum in Homburg, but all the treasures are shortly to be brought back to the restored Roman camp. It is these wells that have preserved all that is most curious and rare in the collection, the buckets with pieces of rope still attached, sandals, shoes of all sizes—even children's, gaiters, crockery, glass, jewellery, coins, medals, all these things preserved by mud for these many centuries. It is supposed that so much being found in the wells meant a sudden attack and evacuation, with intention to return. The peculiarity of the collection is the number of articles in leather, the straps, and even one leather jacket like those worn under armour. The window glass was principally found amongst the remains of the chief Roman villa, showing that in these northern climes their windows were certainly glazed, at any rate for the more luxurious. The complete collection of workmen's tools is supposed to be the best that has been found anywhere, and the German workmen's tools of to-day are of almost exactly the same pattern. The Americans have had the whole collection of Roman tools copied for their Harvard College Museum. I daresay you know, though I did not, that there was a Roman

defence, half ditch, half wall, which ran the whole way, with blockhouses nearly every mile, from a place near Bonn . . . (Here I had to stop writing and go to the window to see a German regiment, which had been out exercising, march past. They looked, of course, hot and dirty, but sturdy and strong, though rough and rather surprisingly young. The officer was on horseback and had on a blue-grey cloak like those worn by the Italians.) To return to my Romans—the wall ran from near Bonn, passing close to the Saalburg settlement, and was continued to the Danube. This was, of course, to prevent natives crossing into the so-called conquered country; but though the war and occupation lasted between two and three hundred years, the Romans had to leave at last probably in haste, and never did conquer the country any more than they conquered Britain. In the museum is a large model of a restored blockhouse taken from Trajan's Column at Rome. I have not described half the curious treasures in the museum. I was much struck by the make of the key rings; the ring was worn on the finger and the key, attached to it, lay on the back of the hand. As a barbaric method for the safe keeping of a key it seemed to me remarkably practical and different in design from anything I have ever seen. The brooches were pretty, decorated with Persian patterns, not unlike those on Mrs. Watts's wonderful chapel near Guildford. The curiosities date from about A.D. 69 to A.D. 270, when the Roman control in the Taunus came to an end. The question of whether their horses were shod is absolutely proved, as quantities of horse-shoes have been found. Some of the coins are as old as 268 B.C.

I went twice to Saalburg, and the second time had the privilege of being shown over it by Herr Jacob, a Homburg townsman, who in the time of the war of '70 was quite a young man, and helped the Empress Frederick,

then Crown Princess, to arrange the courtyard of the Castle of Homburg, where she was living, for the accommodation of the sick and wounded. She never lost sight of Herr Jacobi, and when the present Emperor decided on the restoration of the Roman camp he entrusted it to this local gentleman, who seems to have devoted his life to it. He showed us a beautiful collection, never seen yet by the public, of Roman glass found in the Rhine near Mainz, and presented to the Emperor for this museum. He also explained more fully the two restored implements, rather like small cannons, for shooting out round stone balls and heavy arrows. The heating of the rooms was all done by pipes and hot air under the tiles. The baths were heated in the same way, something on the principle, I fancy, of the Russian steam baths. I do hope some day you and E. will come here and see this wonderful work of antiquarian research which for many generations will serve as a practical model for the historical education of the German people. Roman 'remains' are common enough, and so are collections of curiosities in museums, but this in its way is unique. Part of the old Roman road was restored for the Motor Race in 1904.

One other building has been rebuilt—a small chapel dedicated to Mithras, the Persian divinity, whom the Greeks and the Romans associated with the worship of sun and fire. There were many followers of this religion in the Roman armies of that time, it having been introduced into Rome about B.C. 67. The initiated were divided into seven classes, forming a ladder of merit, and placed under the protection of seven divinities—Saturn, Venus, Jupiter, Mercury, Mars, the Moon, and the Sun. Outside the chapel the seven bathing-places can be traced quite clearly. Mithras had many festivals; the most important was his birthday, celebrated on December 25th, the day,

subsequently fixed, apparently against all evidence, as the birthday of Christ. This religion, full of mystery and fear, is supposed to have been destroyed in the fourth century, but lingered probably, as such things do, under persecution. I have looked up these facts and send them, because I think they would interest you as they have me.

This glimpse into bygone ages thrilled me, but eventually our thoughts turned to the restaurant we saw on arrival, and we there found a charmingly arranged table in the open air, and dined off blue trout and boiled potatoes. The place was full of that kind of delight one never gets except abroad, warm and shady, and the whole sunlit plain stretched out like a map, with Homburg and its castles and churches standing out dark and grey beneath us. It was a lovely sight.

The poor little trout are kept in tanks through which runs a stream, and killed as they are wanted. No wonder the monks of the Middle Ages thrived on their fresh-water fish. I think they are fresher and more delicate than any sea fish.

The tram slid quietly down in the darkness, and we got back to Homburg at about ten.

To E. E. E. (*niece*).

August 1st, 1905.

Things all seem going wrong, and I fear a trip we had intended making to Bavaria will never come off, but I mean to bear my disappointment with all the philosophy of the aged.

• In spite of the heat, we went into the village and passed by the old stone village church, so well restored by the Empress Frederick, in order to see the memorial erected to her memory by the people of Cronberg, which

is placed on the outer wall of the building. It is an effigy of Christ, by the Munich sculptor, Hildebrand, with a medallion portrait of the Empress above. The excessive appropriateness of the design is not apparent, but it is good and Italian in feeling, which she would have liked, as next to England she loved Italy. We walked on into the village to see some sick folk. Oh, how miserable it is the way the poor suffer everywhere, and how terrible are the diseases one hears about! We went over the large and beautiful Cottage Hospital, built by the Empress Frederick. I was surprised to find the place full of advanced cases of tuberculosis of the bone—all incurable and mostly surgical. I felt these hopeless invalids ought not to have been taken in, thinking of our own little Cottage Hospital at home, which I am so anxious should be used principally for patients that are curable. But in Germany I find they consider even this form of tuberculosis to be full of danger to the healthy if left in the homes, and their great object is to stamp out the spread of tuberculosis in the country, which they firmly believe can be done. Of course this question varies with the size and income of the hospital. I saw nothing new or different from our little hospital at home, except that the bed-tables had large thick pieces of glass over them, fixed on with clips, so as to be easily cleaned, and the floors were of that imitation mosaic done by Italian workmen. I cannot understand why wood floors are so preferred in England, as, even if the wood is a non-conductor of infection, the cracks everywhere must be a great harbourer of germs. One hears so much of how well things are done in Germany that I was shocked to see the huge town dust-heap was established just outside the hospital, filling the place with flies. My friend made a complaint in the proper quarter, and in a few days the whole thing was put right.

LETTERS FROM GERMANY

31

I have been reading here what now counts as an old book, 'The Life of the Prince Consort,' by Sir Theodore Martin, and found it unexpectedly interesting. It is detailed and gives many of his letters. It is rather cheering to see how all the troubles and difficulties, diplomatic struggles, fears of European wars, and above all the bad state of the army in England, were just the same fifty years ago. Some people may think this is poor consolation, but as I more or less remember both times, I should certainly say that things have got on a little. At any rate, the idea of a Peace Convention was not a question of practical statesmanship even ten years ago. Tell M. to get the book. I feel sure he will find it worth reading, and there is no time so dark to us as the time just before our own dawn.

The longer I stay here the more my hostess excites my admiration. She is so wonderfully tidy. She never leaves anything about in a wrong place for a single moment, and never indulges in any of those terrible glory-holes which are my delight at one moment and my horror at another. I do wish I could be tidier. It is one of my bad defects that I am not.

To E. E. E. (niece).

August 2nd, 1905.

We went to-day to Nauheim in the motor to see E. We passed through a village called Friedrichsdorf, one of the few places in Germany where the French Protestants were allowed to settle after the passing of the Edict of Nantes, and to this day they speak half French, half German, and French names are over nearly all the shop doors. Many years ago the rich parents of Frankfurt used to get their nurses from this little town to teach their children French. Nauheim seems to me rather a

terrible German watering-place. I never can help feeling profoundly sad at seeing these people, who have poisoned themselves all the year with wrong food, coming to be cured by imbibing a lot of mineral water. Such straits are people put to for correctives of bad digestion, that in Russia, I am told, dogs are kept alive with their stomachs cut open, so that the useless hunger they feel may produce a constant flow of gastric juice, which is collected and sold—and why? So that man may be able to eat more and artificially digest it without discomfort. This is the principle of most medicines—to enable men to eat foods they do not digest without injury, and this is called natural and right. I think it is horrible.

We went and sat on the terrace next a perfectly excellent Infantry band, which was playing in a very well-constructed stone stand, shaped at the back like an enormous sounding board, and we called for the inevitable tea. We were joined by a friend, and the visitors and patients all abused the climate and treatment. They say of the cure that at first you feel you are going to die, but that at the end you mourn because you cannot die. As we sat talking, my host exclaimed, 'Why, there is Count Vay de Vaya!' This conveyed nothing to my mind, but my hostess said, 'It's impossible: he is in America.' Her husband persisted and went to see, and came back with a young man who looked like a smart young English high-church curate. He was introduced to us as Monsignor Vay de Vaya. He is a Hungarian nobleman, and had been in the Austrian diplomatic service. He became first a Roman Catholic, and then a priest some years ago. Rome much appreciated his work, and very soon made him a monsignor. He is small-made and rather short, with a wonderfully attractive and gentlemanlike manner, and a good and intelligent face. Just as we were leaving, we asked Count de Vaya whether we might visit the Duke

of Hesse's Castle, where he was lodging, on our way home. He immediately jumped into the big motor and came with us, and we had a most interesting time at Friedberg, a real old fortified castle, beautifully situated, the old part dating back to 1360. There were sad early-Victorian traces inside of the poor Princess Alice, whose son, the present Duke of Hesse, has just married again. My interest, above all, was seeing more of this wonderful young priest. He speaks seven languages, draws and sketches very well, photographs, has been round the world many times, and is welcomed in every country in Europe. When he told me he was thirty-five, he added that he washed his hair with eau-de-Cologne to turn it grey, as it was a disadvantage to a priest to look so young. He showed us his apartment in the splendid old roomy, disused palace. The table in the corner was strewn with papers, and at the other end of the room was a small altar, covered with the gorgeous purple and crimson vestments of one of his rank at the Vatican. He has interviewed the Emperor and Empress of Russia, and the mysterious Dowager Empress of China; he has established an orphanage in Korea, and this year he was chaplain to Hungarian emigrants, conducting them from their own country to America. There was an interesting account of this man, who is such a wonderful modern outcome of the great Roman Catholic Church, in the 'Westminster' some days ago. He showed us his drawings and photographs, and told us that his recreation in his holidays was writing magazine articles in several languages. Talking about his visit to Japan, I gathered that he evidently quite believes in the theory that the Japanese in time must take part of Australia as a means of relieving their country of overcrowding. In 'Pearson's Magazine' for April and May, 1904, Monsignor Vay de Vaya gives extracts from his diary, and an account of his

audiences with the Emperors of Russia, China, Korea and Japan, with illustrations from his own drawings and photographs.

To E. E. E. (niece).

August 6th, 1905.

I was right when I feared that our trip to the Bavarian Alps would not come off, but we are starting to-morrow for Munich.

August 7th, Munich.—We arrived here rather late last night. We have charming rooms at the top of the hotel, looking on to a green square. In the early morning the view is lovely, two tall brick towers of the cathedral, with round Byzantine copper tops, rising high behind red and brown roofs, the sky an amber haze, and the substance of the towers graduated and opalescent, which gives them a distant and apparitional charm. All the forms of the nearer roofs are sharply outlined against the light, and the whole is idealised by faint colour not really belonging to themselves. All this mystery and beauty disappear in the clear brightness of the mid-day sun. Oh, how seldom we ever see the different aspects of the world on summer mornings! It is a great pity we do not vary life more with the seasons.

Everything is so different as one gets south, and so much more lovely! I am rewarded for bringing my maid, as she beams with happiness. It is wonderful how she enjoys it all—it makes such a difference when it is so instead of grumbling. Here we find ourselves in the region of a modern version of the old-fashioned German beds, as depicted in Doyle's 'Brown, Jones and Robinson.' The sheets are all buttoned on to a red silk eider-down, and every time you move your feet protrude. It does not matter in summer, as the whole thing is light enough

though rather hot. The air is quite delicious coming in through large open windows. To travel with some one whom I call 'the Ambassadors,' who manages all the tiresome part, and is a most sympathetic companion, is certainly ideal. When we were leaving Frankfurt I espied on the platform an old Jew and his wife. I said to myself, 'They will be our companions,' and sure enough they were. The 'Ambassadors' was frantic and very naughty. They were very quiet and tame, and let us open the windows, though we sat back and they sat facing the wind and dust. They talked no known language, and we supposed they must have been Serbian or Wallachian, or Turkish. She was like a large fat jellyfish tied up in thin silk in which she shook as aspic does on a plate; and, in reference to my well-known dislike to tight lacing, my companion declared that this was how I wished everyone to look.

I have been reading all day one of Lafcadio Hearn's books, 'Kokoro,' and I believe it is considered his best. You must all get it and read it; it teaches one more about Japan, I have always heard, than any one other book. To give you the key to it, here is his delightful little preface: 'The papers composing this volume treat of the inner rather than of the outer life of Japan, for which reason they have been grouped under the title of "Kokoro" (heart). Written with the above character this word signifies also mind, in the emotional sense; spirit, courage, resolve, sentiment, affection; and inner meaning, just as we say in English, "the heart of things."' The whole spirit of the book recalled to me what Lamennais said years ago: 'Human society is based upon mutual giving, or upon sacrifice of man for man, or of each man for all other men, and sacrifice is the very essence of all true society.' How much more does this idea carry out the original Christian doctrine than much of what we find to-day as

the result of the teaching that the one great sacrifice was the salvation of all. I wonder if the Japs will be morally spoilt by success. Do, please, dears, get the book. They say that Brandt, the essayist, has written an excellent account of Lafcadio Hearn. His father was Irish, his mother a Levantine; he went young to New York, and hated and loathed its money-making materialism; left it to go to Japan, where he married a Japanese and became professor at the Tokio University. The last book he wrote is called 'Japan: An Interpretation.' He died last year in Japan (September 1904). Is it not a pity?

Of course, as with everything else, there are two opinions as to the accuracy of Lafcadio Hearn's account of Japan. Some say he is the only writer who can interpret Japan and the Japanese to foreigners. Others say he is high-flown and poetical, and not true at all.

August 9th.—We saw many interesting things this morning—the treasury and regalia of the King of Bavaria, amongst them some beautiful sixteenth-century gold and silver work, and wonderful art treasures of all kinds. We stayed till the crowd was turned out, and the guardians opened the cases for us and showed us several rarely seen relics. A very curious treasure was the *livre d'heures* of Charles le Chauve, king of France, about 857, with his portrait inside. The binding of leather and pearls was of the sixteenth century.* Also a sword given by Napoleon I. when he made Maximilian Joseph first king of Bavaria and colonel of the French Regiment of Alsace. On the blade is engraved on one side

Cæsar	Pharsale
Auguste	Actium
Napoleon	Marengo

on the other

Solon
Justinien
Napoleon

These leave no doubt as to how Napoleon ranked himself in the world's history. The name of the maker is also engraved: 'Bennois, Orfèvre, 263 Rue St. Honoré, Paris.' The sword is in a most beautifully, finely worked gold and tortoise-shell scabbard.

We then drove about the town, which struck me as a very lovely mixture of old and new, but then all things look beautiful in such bright sunshine. Anyhow I have been much more impressed with it than when we stayed there over twenty years ago. I am so astonished that of the many people who go to Homburg and Nauheim so few should come on to see this quiet, beautiful and interesting place, which, though hot, has splendid mountain air. If I wanted to send young girls abroad, I should certainly recommend their going to Munich rather than to Dresden or Hanover or Frankfort. I suppose the German is not so good, but to my mind that would not matter. I am told that Munich would be quite three times cheaper than Dresden, and so much less frequented by English people.

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• To E. E. E. (*niece*). •

Munich, August 10th, 1905.

How I wish N. would come here; there are lots of buildings which I think would interest him. The good architect here is one Gabriel Seidl. They say as a man he is very simple and rough, and getting old now. We passed yesterday a large charity-house built by him, which struck me as very good indeed of its kind, so simple, so dignified, and in such exquisite proportions. The National Museum was designed by him, the popular baths fed by the rushing Iser, and the Town Hall. This was originally a beautiful but very small Gothic building, and he has added a huge palace with a high tower,

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in such perfect taste and proportion that the new and the old are faultlessly blended. He has also built a large modern church, much admired here. The outside is very handsome, all rounded arches, and the whole style more or less Norman. The inside is rather too severe and cold for my taste; but, considering how few modern churches are worth looking at, it seemed to me in many ways an artistic triumph, especially as it cost only 30,000*l*. Oh, how I wish this had been the capital of the empire instead of Berlin! It is so pathetic to think of the King of Bavaria a hopeless lunatic, who may live for years, but can never get any better!

We have been out picture-seeing all the morning. We were lucky in coming in for the exhibition of Lenbach's pictures; he died this spring. One of the great interests of this one-man show was his limitations as an artist and his great inequality, but some of his portraits, especially those of old men, are magnificent. Of course he painted Bismarck over and over again, but the one of him here in uniform is the finest I have seen. There was an oil sketch, too, of the old giant after death, which was grand and not painful at all. His painting of hands is as bad or worse than that of many of our own painters, which is saying a good deal. I am delighted to have seen the exhibition. He is not a great colourist, nor is he a man of much imagination; but his pictures are wonderfully harmonious, and even in some cases sympathetic.

Our second visit was to the Annual International Exhibition; very curious being able to see the latest art of each country, but depressingly bad, and all more or less under French influence. The building itself was charming, so coolly and tastefully arranged, with an enormous fountain of blue-green water, a large hall full of sculpture, and quantities of well-grown bay trees of

different sizes and shapes, so much prettier for decorative purposes than palms and aspidistras. The rooms for the pictures led out from this central hall. I think in artistic aspiration Switzerland was the worst; but, then, how hopelessly inartistic and unpaintable is Switzerland itself! A well-known Italian sculptor, called Canonica, was new to me and was far the best of any. He showed a lovely portrait-bust of the Princess Doria, a sister of the Duke of Newcastle. A statue of a nude female figure is very fine; the workmen dropped it, and the head and one arm are broken off; this gives one, perhaps, the feeling of an antique. An ideal bust of a baby of about eight months old is quite the nicest modern baby-portrait I have ever seen, more childlike and real than even any Donatello that I can remember. All his marble is tinted dark-cream colour. The personal interest to me is that he lives in Berlin, and has done a bust which I am told is very good of my friend L. . . .

August 12th.—I was just beginning to write when I had to stop, as we went out at 10.30 this morning, and were on the go unceasingly till 5 P.M. Then I was so dead I had to come in and have two good hours' rest. Now I could go on again easily and cheerfully. The thermometer has changed from 80° to 65°, and it feels quite cold. We spent the morning at the new National Museum, opened only a year ago by the Emperor of Germany. It is a complete history of the art of Bavaria from the earliest times, sixth or seventh century, to the middle of the last century, and was built and arranged by this genius-man I spoke of before, Professor Gabriel Seidl. All the rooms are of different shapes and sizes, and the make-up and furnishing are not imitation, but well-arranged genuine old ceilings, floors, fireplaces, stoves, cupboards, pillars, brought from all sorts of old houses and castles in every part of Bavaria. Nothing is

more important, I think, than chronology in the arrangement of art and curiosities. It brings about an atmosphere that suits them. Besides the fittings, the rooms are filled with cases of countless treasures, well arranged. We walked through this immense place till nearly one o'clock, and then went off to the studio of the best pastelliste artist here—a lady, not very young. She has done clever things; indeed, I would give anything to have you and your lovely hair done by her, but merely a head painted in her own studio here costs 150l. She is going to have an exhibition in London next year (1906) at Graves'. Her name is Fräulein Tini Rupprecht. Her pastels are just like delicate finely painted oils, and she thinks they will last longer than oils.

We afterwards went to see a Medical Exhibition, organised by a society, in a movable hall, which is put up first in one town, then in another. During last winter it was in Frankfort, and came here this summer. Its object is to teach people the nature of all kinds of diseases, and the way in which science is fighting to overcome them: plague, leprosy, tuberculosis, typhoid (which they call here typhus), small-pox, syphilis, &c. The human models in wax were wonderfully executed, but were sickening examples of the ravages of disease. I think, however, that the whole exhibition achieves its educational object. The statistics about small-pox were very convincing as regards the effectiveness of vaccination, but they were done entirely from the doctors' point of view, and other conditions causing decrease of small-pox were not considered. Certainly the enormously larger amount of disease in countries without police inspection appears to be justification for what may be morally an undesirable legislation. The place was crowded and the entrance free, except on one day in the week. How they pay their expenses I do not know. Besides the models

and specimens of all kinds in glass cases, there were quite a hundred microscopes for the public to look through. We were not able to stay very long, for it was raining, and the wet clothes and heat did not make the air pleasant or fortify one for inspecting the horrors displayed.

To E. E. E. (*niece*).

Munich, August 18th, 1905.

We went this morning to the old Gothic brick cathedral, built about 1468-88. The nave and the aisles are of the same height, borne by twenty-two slender octagonal brick pillars, which from their plainness and great height make a beautiful effect. The windows also are very tall and narrow, and contain many remains of good old stained glass. We were in luck as we came in this morning for a most picturesque and even moving service, the blessing of the banners for some association of old soldiers. The old Gothic ceiling, which ought to be white between the dark groins, has been painted blue and studded with gold stars. This is quite hideous and considerably spoils the general effect, all else in the church being very fine and appropriate. The high altar blazed with gold and lighted candles, the incense wreathed between the bright various-coloured silk banners with gold-tipped standards, the organ swelled and the voices rose on most triumphant strains, and it struck me how much more like it was to a heathen Roman triumph than to the outcome of the teaching of the pale, emaciated, life-sized figure nailed to the black cross which hung suspended from the high ceiling. The music was soul-stirring, and raised thoughts which brought tears to my old eyes.

My companions went to the Wagner Opera this after-

LETTERS TO YOUNG AND OLD

noon. It lasts from 8.30 to past 10, and in this golden summer weather it seems to me hardly worth while to spend so many hours in a theatre; besides I wanted to see a Munich friend who is coming back on purpose to see me.

When I had dropped them at the opera-house—they are as strict here as at Bayreuth about shutting the doors before the performance begins—I went for a drive by myself round the park and town. It is really lovely and so wonderfully kept—Parisian, only more so, as the streets are so broad and the crowds so much less, and the glorious mountain torrent, the Iser, rushing and tearing through it, so differing from the sluggish roll of the rivers of the plains.

After that I walked about a little alone, not very far, you may be sure, for fear of losing myself. I found myself again in the cathedral square. This was once—as usual—a churchyard, and the old tombstones are fixed on the plain brick walls of the building, which is, I think, the earliest and largest *brick* building in Europe. The height and simplicity strike one as much outside as they do inside. Oh! why do modern builders never copy these old things, when there are such endless and beautiful varieties to be seen in all the countries of Europe?

This afternoon the western sun blazed in through the large opened doors on to the fine bronze tomb of Maximilian I., with its bronze life-sized standard-bearers at the four corners. All the altar at the end of the church looked quite dark and solemn—an absolute contrast from the morning. Close to the choir was one narrow coffin on a high tressel covered with a black pall. I watched the old verger arrange the candlesticks round the coffin for the service which, I suppose, was going to be that evening. Only one mourner stood beside the coffin, probably a relative. He never moved. He was a middle-aged man with a bald head.

Later.—I went home to the hotel, and just as I was sitting down to my solitary supper my friend arrived. How delicious it is with some friends that, after five minutes of meeting again, all the years of absence seem never to have been, and one finds oneself talking with the old familiarity and confidence! I got her as quickly as I could on to her present interests. She has been writing, in German, a life of Joan of Arc, and was very interesting about her. My friend said that, with all her inquiries and researches, she cannot satisfactorily explain to herself the voices that Joan heard. She was apparently not hysterical nor worked upon by any outside religious influence. She was quite strong and healthy, though it seems probable that she was not, in one sense, a perfect, normal woman. She was, however, only nineteen when she was burnt. She was absolutely good and pure, but not an ascetic in any sense of the word nor under priestly rule. The manner of her death, even perhaps her being condemned to death at all, was really caused by the bigoted anger of the Church, who believed her to be a witch and sold her to the English, rather than by revenge of the English themselves, although it was natural these should hate her, and be glad to believe that supernatural powers had brought about their defeat.

August 14th.—We all lunched with my friend the next day, and saw her German flat and her own study. She is, to me a deeply interesting woman—a very sincere Roman Catholic of the Dr. Döllinger Old Catholic school. Her mind has been so long trained by the continual studying and trying to find all the truth that can be got out of history and biography, that she is very broad-minded, and combines zeal with tolerance. She took us in to see her mother, who is eighty-nine—a very handsome old lady. When I came away my friend lent me an American life of Joan of Arc, which I have found very

enlightening. I think M. would like it. It is called 'Joan of Arc,' by Francis C. Lowell, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. It is written quite on the lines of modern history-writing, apparently without bias, and with as fair a statement of facts as is possible. It has been a revelation to me. I had no idea so much was known of Joan of Arc. Her story to me has always been unreal, as the writer says it is to most people, more a picturesque legend, a mixture of truth and falsehood, than a real true history. The book would be an absolute godsend for anyone wishing to give a lecture on those times. The English come out well; the Church badly, but then every excuse must be made for the belief, universal at the time, that everything that did not originate with the Church, and which they did not understand, was, therefore, witchcraft and devilry. The contract still exists at Orleans signed by Joan for the purchase of a house in which she hoped to live when she had fulfilled her mission. In the face of the subsequent tragedy, how touching is this example of her worldly prudence!

A passage at the end of the book with regard to Joan's inspiration gives the key-note of the author's method. He says, 'Our opinion concerning Joan's insanity or inspiration is likely to depend not much upon our beliefs concerning Joan, but principally upon our beliefs concerning insanity and inspiration in general.' His book does not pretend to treat 'of pathology, metaphysics or theology.' Each one must form his own conclusion. Apparently all earnest Catholics in France to-day desire her canonisation. Strange reaction, and she died nearly five hundred years ago! (1431).

I am so sorry this delightful time is over. We go back to Cronberg to-morrow morning.

To E. E. E. (*niece*).

Cronberg, August 17th, 1905.

. . . I have rather a drawing fit on me, but this place, though very charming, has not pretty colouring, and is not really picturesque except in the old village where I cannot go. I find I cannot sit on the ground and draw in the old discomfort which I used not to mind, so I am going into Frankfort this afternoon to see, what oddly enough I have never seen, a game of polo. It is quite cool here now, but the air much heavier than in Munich.

August 18th.—I went into Frankfort yesterday and saw a most thrilling exhibition of a German artist called Menzel. My friend was so awfully shocked at my saying that I had never heard of him. The Emperor had given him the Black Eagle—a thing hardly ever given now to commoners. He died last year and the Emperor followed his body to the grave, also an unusual honour. He was a funny little ugly genius, with a figure like Turner's, and he used to slam the door in people's faces when they disturbed him. His drawings are simply masterly. His subjects were portraits with no flattery; the workshops of the toilers; and the most elaborate and wonderful pictures of the Court of Frederick the Great. 'The Flute Concert' is truly an astounding piece of work, from its finish and the way the whole picture radiates with the light from wax candles in the crystal chandeliers. Frederick stands in the middle playing his flute, which he adored, to his family and court. His father and his two sisters, seated on sofas, and all the courtiers and musicians standing round, every face and every hand full of the utmost individuality. The room looks like the one at Sans-Souci, but it could not be as that was not built till Frederick came to the throne. I have been told of two

excellent books on Frederick the Great, *Trois Mois à la Cour du Grand Frédéric* and *Frédéric le Grand comme Prince Royal*; both by Maugras, the author of that very amusing book *La Cour de Lunéville*.

In the afternoon we went to the polo-match in the beautiful Frankfurt woods and saw a lot of people. It was pretty, but I hate a display which may end in the death of man or beast, and it made me very nervous. But one is no judge of games which one does not really understand.

To E. E. E. (niece).

August 28rd, 1905.

We crossed last night, and I must inflict one more general letter on you to tell you of my last day at Cronberg. My poor friend had had fresh misfortune with a guest very ill in the house. On Monday she seemed a little better, so my hostess and I went to Darmstadt, put all troubles away for three hours, and enjoyed the trip very much. We went to see not a flower-show, but a very unique and to me quite new exhibition of various kinds of gardens—the poor man's garden; the *bourgeois* garden; the water-garden; the colour-gardens, one blue, one yellow, one red, different plantings and borderings of flat beds. These were all designed and laid out in the beautiful old grounds belonging to the Grand Duke of Hesse, grandson as you know of Queen Victoria, and a most enthusiastic gardener. He handed over his domain to the exhibitors, mostly various nurserymen, in the month of May so that the exhibition could be opened by the middle of August. All the modern fountains* and seats, and most of the wood and wall decorations, were hideous beyond words, all in that terrible 'Young Art' style, as they call *Art nouveau* here, and far worse than

our 'greenery-yellowery, Grosvenor-gallery' ever was. There was a magnificent old eighteenth-century orangery, and oh! such a beautiful fountain of the same date! The circular stone coping was indented inwards in four places, making a flower-shaped design something like the petals of a primrose, the stone just lichen-spotted and grey sunk into green grass. This large basin of clear water had one simple jet in the middle, which as it fell rippled the water gently outwards to the edge. It was one of the most effective garden fountains I have ever seen. The entrance to all this fairy-land, through large wrought-iron gates finer than even those at Hampton Court, was up a long avenue of limes. On each side of the road on the green grass, which from the constant watering was not a bit dried up, were large round pots filled with blue hydrangeas. The colour effect was cool and lovely and, in this dry season, an oasis of greenery. The Duke is a great cultivator of tropical plants and has a large hot-house filled with *Victoria Regia*, various lotuses, bamboos, &c. In fact it was all quite a treat, but nothing struck me as one half so perfect of its kind as the little town garden I had seen at Munich, which was the ideal of what a small town garden ought to be. Of this more hereafter.

II

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS

To P. Q. (*niece*).

September 26th, 1905.

How curious are the vivid recollections of some events in one's youth, and the utter forgetfulness of others! We were talking of heredity the other day, my oldest friend and I, and she asked me if I remembered sitting by her at a party at the Prefecture at Nice some fifty years ago—I very smart in my favourite turquoise blue—when we were suddenly startled by a lady standing near, who barked like a dog. I said 'Take no notice; that lady belongs to one of the old French families in which there is an hereditary delusion from time to time that they are dogs. I suppose such a thing is possible.' My friend added, 'How singular that I recollect it as if it had been yesterday, and you seem to have no recollection of it at all!' I most certainly had not. She then told me an anecdote of Charles X. exiled in Edinburgh, where William IV. let him live at Holyrood. My friend's old uncle, Mr. D., used to ask the ex-King of France down to his place near Edinburgh for pheasant shooting, he, like his brothers, being an ardent sportsman. One day Mr. D. said to his keeper, 'Well, how do you like the King of France?' 'Oh, I like the King very well,' he answered, 'but I thought nothing of his gentleman, for every time a hen-pheasant got up he called out "Pull! pull!" (*poule*). But the King knew better, and never fired at a hen.' An amusing gamekeeper's view of the merits of royalty.

We have no waters to delight
Our broad and brookless vales ;
Only the dew-pond on the height,
Unfed, that never fails,
Whereby no tattered herbage tells
Which way the season flies ;
Only the close-bit thyme, that smells
Like dawn in Paradise.

From 'The Five Nations.' *Rudyard Kipling.*

To E. M. (*nephew*).

October 15th, 1905.

In my letter to you from Homburg about the Roman camp I just mentioned dew-ponds. Do you know anything about them? They have always been to me, as they were to dear S., thrillingly interesting, and in my ignorance I thought they were just nature playing with us in some mysterious way on the top of the great chalk downs. But it is nothing of the kind. The other day, in a country house, I came across a delightful little book called 'Neolithic Dew-ponds and Cattle-ways,' by John Hubbard, M.D., and George Hubbard, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A. (Longmans, Green & Co.). I tried at once to get it, and received the usual depressing answer concerning what one particularly wants, 'out of print,' although it was only published this year, 1905. Dew-ponds were originally made by that wonderfully interesting being, pre-historic man, about whom our knowledge has so increased of late years, although our only source of information is what remains of his work. The greatest examples of this in England are the gigantic earthworks of the downs at Cissbury, near Worthing, and Maiden-Castle, near Dorchester, all made with stone implements. Mr. Hubbard says: 'It is not known at what period these earthworks were constructed, but they probably date to a time long prior to the building of Stonehenge, which may be taken with approximate accuracy at 1800 B.C. Cissbury and Chaco-tonbury would therefore be far older; possibly they are 4,000, perhaps 6,000, years old. The latter date would make them contemporary with the pyramid age in Egypt.'

• Dew-ponds were invented to give water in these strongholds for man and beast. As the book is out of print, I must just copy you the account of how dew-ponds were made. 'There is still in this country at least one

wandering gang of men (analogous to the mediæval bands of bell-founders, masons, &c.) who will construct for the modern farmer a pond which, in any situation in a sufficiently dry soil, will always contain water, more in the heat of summer than during winter rains. This water is not derived from springs or rainfall, and is speedily lost if even the smallest rivulet is allowed to flow into the pond. The gang of dew-pond makers commence operations by hollowing out the earth for a space far in excess of the apparent requirements of the proposed pond. They then thickly cover the whole of the hollow with a coating of dry straw. The straw in its turn is covered by a layer of well-chosen finely puddled clay, and the upper surface of the clay is then closely strewn with stones. Care has to be taken that the margin of the straw is effectively protected by clay. The pond will gradually become filled with water, the more rapidly the larger it is, even though no rain may fall.' The technical explanation of how these ponds fill is a little scientific, but the theory is not complete without it:—'If such a structure is situated on the summit of a down, during the warmth of a summer day the earth will have stored a considerable amount of heat, while the pond, protected from this heat by the non-conductivity of the straw, is at the same time chilled by the process of evaporation from the puddled clay. The consequence is that during the night the moisture of the comparatively warm air is condensed on the surface of the cold clay. As the condensation during the night is in excess of the evaporation during the day, the pond becomes, night by night, gradually filled. Theoretically, we may observe that during the day the air being comparatively charged with moisture, evaporation is necessarily less than the precipitation during the night. In practice it is found that the pond will constantly yield a supply of the purest water.' How

I should like to have a dew-pond ; would not you ? 'The dew-pond will cease to attract the dew if the layer of straw should get wet, as it then becomes of the same temperature as the surrounding earth, and ceases to act as a non-conductor of heat. This, practically, always occurs if a spring is allowed to flow into the pond, or if the layer of clay (technically called the "crust") is pierced.' The rest of the book is principally given up to very interesting accounts of prehistoric man and his ways of defending himself and his cattle. The authors naturally deplore—and I heartily sympathise with them—the way in which these traces of prehistoric man are being rapidly effaced. The ravages of burrowing rabbits are destroying the great embankments, and the dew-ponds and tumuli are being levelled and effaced by the plough. A few years ago Maumbury Ring had its comparatively small floor ploughed up, in order that a handful of corn might be raised upon the ground. The authors add, 'In this utilitarian age it is perhaps useless for us to raise a protest.' The age may be utilitarian, but I think no former age has ever been so anxious to preserve the relics of the past, or so to instruct the present by the knowledge of what has gone before.

To master Destiny by force of will,
 This is the steadfast purpose of my life :
 To wrest success from failure, good from ill,
 Gladness from desolation, peace from strife ;
 To pierce like spring through winter's shroud of white ;
 To harden hope with stern despair's alloy ;
 To see God's lamps resplendent in the night ;
 To build up happiness from ruined joy :
 This is my purpose. In so dire a fray
 He cannot lose whose loss is tenfold gain
 Summoned by love, to love I'll win my way.
 Through failure, disappointment, sorrow, pain,
 For Fate, whose fetters bind the gods above,
 Bows to the worship of the star of love.

‘The Silence of Love.’ *Edmond Holmes.*

To B. B. (*niece*).

November 12th, 1905.

. . . I did love my only too short time with you to-day, and yet it was quite dark when I got home, and how the brightly lit motors tore past us. They seem so weird and dangerous. We feel I am sure about them just as our grandmothers did about railways. Who thought the traffic would ever be back on the roads, and that the small roadside inns would rise again? I will send you the book we talked of, 'The Silence of Love,' by Edmond Holmes, to see if you like it as I do. It is not new, as it was published in 1899. I know nothing of the writer. In old age it is difficult to care for new poetry, but this little book has given me great pleasure. The motto is from Browning:

The high that proved too high, the heroic for Earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

I wonder? Shall we?

The poet in his fifty sonnets carries out his theme to perfection in my opinion, ending with the most human of questions and the most unanswerable, 'Wilt thou be mine when death has set us free?'

The other side of every cloud
 They say is bright and shining,
So I will turn my cloud about,
And try to turn it inside out
 To show the lining.

To B. B. (niece).

November 13th, 1905.

I had not time to finish my letter to you yesterday. The little book for the children I spoke to you about is 'Wayside and Woodland Trees,' by Edward Step. Everyone must like it, apart from the information it contains, because of the photographs of all the trees in summer and winter; how few of us know our trees, especially in winter! Tell me what you think of this little tree book and if you feel it is clear. You might take it out with you and teach the children to know all the trees, summer and winter, and give penny prizes for those who recognise and remember best. It is the cultivation of the eye, the power of seeing, which is so desirable, and so surprisingly rare and undeveloped. Did you ever beat the male yew tree in March to see the cloud of smoke-like pollen that comes forth? Tennyson has a verse which alludes to this, and which for years I never understood:

Oh! brother, I have seen this yew-tree smoke
Spring after spring for half a hundred years.

As you know, the female blossom is on a separate tree. The fertilising pollen is carried far and wide by the wind, and in due time reaches the other flower, which will eventually produce the beautiful wax-like crimson yew-berries.

Much instruction of all kinds is to be got from the catkin-growing plants, with their humble and generally hidden flower and the waving showy catkin. The whole poplar tribe are good examples. In the case of the willows, the male and female are on different trees. There are several different varieties, all charming, and especially so the sallow, *Salix caprea*, which is the earliest of our willows to flower, with the gold (male) and silver (female)

catkins. All these catkins are produced before the leaves. They are so easy to propagate, as every piece grows if stuck into the ground in April. It is a pity they are not more generally cultivated; in fact, they are getting quite scarce in some places as thousands of people journey out to pick 'palm' when Easter time is blessed with fine weather. At all other times of year the plant is looked upon as rather a weed. In Russia this custom is still more universal, and Palm Sunday is called the Feast of Willow Branches. On that day the branches are sold and carried about all over Russia. In England the festival has given the nickname of 'palm' to the catkins of the willow tree, explaining the origin of the custom, which was in imitation of the real palm in Judea, handed down to us from our old Catholic days.

But even better and more interestingly instructive is the common hazel, which I have spoken of before. Some winters the catkins are so injured by damp and frost that the poor little red flowers are born old maids, their husbands having all been killed, and though the bush be covered with the bright little red flowers in spring there are no little nuts in autumn.

Mrs. Brightwen's books on natural history are also excellent, especially 'Rambles with Nature Students.' It is divided into months, which is a great help for the teacher, reminding her of what can be taught from observation at the different seasons.

In my twilight drive home to-night, I passed by a tree laden with those curious growths called witches' brooms, like a number of birds' nests. They are caused by a fungus or a fly. I don't think it is quite known which. They are very uncommon about here, as it is so dry. Mrs. Brightwen's later books are more about foreign things, but all are good and enlightening.

Your talk about your education of the two different

little girls interested me immensely. I am quite sure your plan and system of teaching is excellent, and I entirely agree that history and geography should be taught together, and that there is no sense in one without the other. But I do think you require too much, and that your teaching is all rather for girls of sixteen and seventeen than for nine and twelve. I don't want you to imitate the papers I heard of the other day as having been set by the examiners of a college to children of eleven and twelve. The following questions were asked:

How is it—

- (a) That there are so many old cathedral cities in the eastern half of England?
- (b) That the heaths round London (such as Blackheath) are now so famous for schools, and were once notorious for highwaymen?
- (c) That the sites of most old Roman camps are now occupied by railway junctions?
- (d) That so many small articles (such as pins, pens, screws, watch-springs, &c.) are made in the Birmingham district?
- (e) That the Broads team with wild-fowl?

I don't know how you feel, but I myself could answer very few of these questions.

Delicate children should not have their brains unduly stretched, and should never be taken to the point of despair. It is not right that children should feel ready to cry with the difficulty of what they are trying to learn. I can remember well the depression of that feeling, and the hopelessness and indifference that it produced. With young children, talking and explaining in an easy way is what teaches best. When that can't be done—and it is bad to do it always—then let them play and amuse themselves in their own way, and in the way best suited to

their own standard of knowledge. Another girl of twelve, whom I know, gets into dreadful trouble at home because she prepares her lessons badly for her various masters and mistresses. She likes playing with the dogs much better. I never feel sure it is a good thing to make children prepare lessons alone. Difficulties should rouse and stimulate, not discourage, and certainly working alone, as a rule, only discourages a child. The masters and mistresses then complain to the mother as to the result, and anything which leads to this kind of family friction is bad. Even with the system of day-schools, home preparation without help has its disadvantages. But then there is competition at other times to stimulate the child, and at any rate what scolding there is for slovenly preparation is done at school, which is many degrees less bad than appealing to the mother to scold when she has had nothing to do with the lessons.

Your plan of weekly questions on every-day subjects that all educated people know sooner or later seems to me original and excellent. But, again, they must be varied with things you know the children can answer, or the feeling of depression and the sense of ignorance will be too overwhelming, and no questions should be put that require a greater grasp of mind than the average child is likely to have. It is so difficult for grown-up people continually to realise how every child that is born has to begin from the very beginning, and may often, in spite of many opportunities, fail to acquire certain facts which seem to us so prominent. For instance, I was quite startled the other day at hearing of a clever boy of about seventeen, who had done wonderfully well at Eton, saying, on his way to Paris : ' Who on earth is Josephine ? '

DREAMS.

If there were dreams to sell
 What would you buy?
 Some cost a passing bell ;
 Some a light sigh
 That shakes from Life's fresh crown
 Only a rose leaf down.
 If there were dreams to sell
 Merry and sad to tell,
 And the crier rang the bell,
 What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,
 With bowers nigh,
 Shadowy, my woes to still,
 Until I die.
 Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
 Fain would I shake me down.
 Where dreams to have at will,
 This would best heal my ill,
 This would I buy.

Beddoes.

To C. L. (*niece*).

November 21st, 1905.

I had a very interesting visit from Friday till yesterday with my friends in Essex, and much talk about the poor and the unemployed. Everywhere the same cry—no land to be got except at prohibitive prices, no cottages, no scientific cultivation, no labour registration, no horticulture, no co-operation. I wonder why some such scheme as Sir Horace Plunkett has worked so well in Ireland cannot be started here, and if General Booth has been able successfully to place 5,000 families on the soil of Canada and Australia, why is it impossible to colonise farms in England? No one can cultivate a garden as I have done here, and not see the mass of food that can be got out of it. It is not acres one wants, but good cultivation and plenty of labour, and that is just what we can still get in England. People won't believe that all we really need in life is the produce of the soil. A countryman with his allotment can, if he will, keep the wolf from the door, as he can fall back on his crops. But town people must be trained to this life. A town family starve if they are without wages for a week. In fact, not only town but country people in England have for several generations been so trained to feed themselves from shops that they have lost the knowledge of how to extract a livelihood out of even the best allotment. A great deal might be done to counteract this if the National schools, both in town and country, had allotments connected with them, where the children could be sent to learn how to dig and how to sow, and to know a weed from a useful plant. Agriculture in France is greatly stimulated by the Government, which devotes no less than 2,000,000*l.* a year to its promotion. Why cannot we do something of the same kind?

You must really get at once two books : one is very cheap and most useful ; it is a working-man's description of how he makes 60*l.* a year out of half an acre of garden. It is called 'Up-to-date Gardening for Amateurs,' by Henry Vincent, price sixpence, to be got at 130 North Street, Brighton. I call it a most useful, illuminating little book ; in fact the system should be lectured all over the country. The book is pretty well known, but one ought never to forget how little *anything* is known. Mr. Vincent says : ' Now supposing a man was working half an acre, and could find a market, he could earn over 1*l.* a week. I want men to understand this can be done, with energy and thought. The land is all right if the man is inclined to make the best of it. Grow the crops most easy to sell, and which pay the best. Grow sorts which come on at all times, to keep customers together.' He also sends baskets off by rail in all directions. The figures and quantities are given, and there is a very plain table to tell what to do each month, which is always useful even for experienced gardeners. Gardening is not his only employment, but in the summer months he gives it about 130 hours each month, and is evidently a great believer, as I am, in liquid manure. If it is well worked and kept clean the ground can be used over and over again, either for the same crops or for others. Besides his garden, Mr. Vincent puts in eighty hours a week as a waiter at an hotel. Nothing is to be done without work. It is digesting that fact which is the whole difficulty. He does his garden mostly between 4 and 8 A.M. His soil seems bad, light, like mine, and when I first came here I was told by countless people I never could grow numbers of things. Now I know that when we fail it is our own fault, neglecting to do things just at the right time, neglect of making the soil, neglect of watering, neglect of liquid manure, &c.

The other book I want you to get is 'Field, Factories, and Workshops,' by P. Kropotkin. Chapter III. should be read by everyone interested in agriculture, in the over-population question, market-gardening, and so on. He starts from the point that new conditions require new adaptations. In agriculture, as in everything else, abusing the present and trying to revive the past is quite useless; a new departure must be taken. At last even our working-people are beginning to understand that we must learn from other nations. 'Those who dream of monopolising technical genius are therefore fifty years behind the times'. The world—the wide, wide world—is now the true domain of knowledge; and if each nation displays some special capacity in some special branch, the various capacities of different nations compensate one another, and the advantages which could be derived from them would be only temporary.' Then he goes on to prove how we must grow our own food, and how it is to be done. He says, 'Plenty of food could be grown on the territories of Western Europe for much more than their present populations, and even immense benefit would be derived from doing so.' He gives a most interesting account of Colonel Hallett's experiments in wheat-growing, and how by planting the grain at certain distances in prepared soil he obtained the most astonishing results. There is a picture of a plant of barley showing the growth of 110 stems from one grain. I must own that it was new to me that one grain of barley could produce this number of stems, but I can easily believe this, as anybody who cultivates a garden knows the difference between a plant really well grown according to its needs, and another stunted, crowded, unwatered, or in a poor soil. Interesting and instructive as are all the chapters on agriculture, the last chapter on the subject is the most interesting to me. He gives

accounts of the possibilities of agriculture in various European countries which read rather like the old fairy-tale of Jack-and-the-Beanstalk, or of the gourds in the Old Testament. He tells of the extension of market-gardening and fruit-growing in France, Belgium, and the United States, culture under glass, kitchen gardens under glass, hot-house culture. The accounts he gives of the cultivation of vegetables in the north of France are simply surprising. In a quite small commune near Cherbourg, 2,800*l.* are made out of 180 acres of market-gardens, three crops being taken every year—cabbage in February, early potatoes next, and various crops in the autumn, to say nothing of the catch-crops. Even the *landes* (lands conquered from the sea) are now reclaimed, and we are told that in five years or so there will be no more *landes* in that district. Nay, the marshes of *Dol*, the 'Holland of Brittany,' protected from the sea by a wall (5,050 acres) have been turned into market-gardens, an acre of that land being rented at from 2*l.* 10*s.* to 4*l.* All through the chapter he goes on describing the cultivation of land round Paris, and how the cultivators protect themselves against spring frosts by walls, glass frames, rows of furze, &c. At Montreuil, for instance, 750 acres belonging to 400 gardeners are literally covered with stone walls, especially erected for growing fruit, and having an aggregate length of 400 miles. This was how a warmer climate was made use of at a time when the greenhouse was still a costly luxury. I know that many will reply to this that the climate round Paris is warmer than in England. That may be the case in summer, but the winter frosts are more severe. Anyhow no one can say that the climate in the north of France or in Belgium is better than ours, yet the vegetable exports from Belgium have doubled within the last twenty years. Not only the best lands, but sand deserts and peat-bogs are irrigated and turned into rich

market-gardens. Scores of schools, experimental farms, evening lectures, and so on, are opened by the communes, the private societies, and the State, in order to promote horticulture. One small commune exports 5,500 tons of potatoes and 4,000*l.* worth of pears to Stratford and Scotland, and keeps for that purpose its own line of steamers. Another commune supplies the north of France and the Rhenish provinces with strawberries. Last year, when I visited a large experimental farm in Suffolk, though many of the things were well grown, it struck me as being run too much on the lines of a large country-house garden. Everything was grown and well grown, astonishingly so as it was all done by town men—in fact ‘the unemployed.’ But what seemed to me insufficiently considered were the needs of the public market. The only way to make things pay is to grow very few varieties. The market has to be found, and then its demand must be supplied unfailingly in large quantities. A clever foreigner who once lived in this neighbourhood used to keep himself and his mother during the whole year on the proceeds of the sale of a large quantity of strawberries, grown in home-made frames, which ripened a fortnight or three weeks before the English-grown outdoor strawberries.

I have just remembered that there is a third book, written by Edwin A. Pratt, called ‘The Organisation of Agriculture,’ on very much the same lines, treating of the agriculture of all the white races, extending even to Australia. It is an excellent book, full of useful information and practical suggestions.

I think this is all I can do to help you, in answer to your request of the other day, as after all the subject is a very big one, and outside any practical experience of my own.

The worst education, which teaches self-denial, is better than the best which teaches everything else and not that.

John Stirling.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

Thoreau.

To A. C. S. (*niece*).

November 23rd, 1905.

After our conversation the other day, I think it would be more satisfactory for both of us if I try to put on paper what I said and what I think about the training of young children. I suppose with everyone the real object of education is to give high character. In my opinion this largely depends on good physical health. We have to counteract centuries of belief that injuring the body will wipe away moral weaknesses, or what are called 'sins.' Every child, I think, should be taught that it is born good, and that falling away from good is our own fault.

I have to a certain extent changed in my ideas as to the liberty begun in the nursery, which militates against good manners more than I now think desirable or for the child's own good. When I was training children, I hated imposing manners on them artificially, thinking that manners are the expression of a kind and good heart, that the outward form should therefore be left to develop as a result, and that it was useless to try to teach it as a virtue apart. I will try and show you how I have come to slightly modify this view. Most educationalists, I believe, are now agreed that each human being from youth to maturity represents, to a certain degree, the growth of mankind from savage times up to our present civilisation. Consequently, if discipline other than self-discipline is ever desirable, either for nations or for children, it is in the early days that it is not only most possible but most useful. The books on moral education are now without end. A cheap and practical series is published by the Moral Education Committee, to be had from the Secretary of the Moral Education Committee,

29 Bloomsbury Square, W.C. One of these pamphlets strikes me as specially to be recommended, 'The Forge and the Weapon,' by Blanche Leppington (price 6d.). The following quotation serves as rather a good text for explaining my meaning: 'You have to decide quite early on whether you are training your children for the lifelong pacing of a path marked out, or for freedom and responsibility. If you mean them to be fearless and decisive, the slaves of no custom and of no man's opinions, then you must be content that, to begin with, they shall not be the slaves of yours. What you can convince them of, that they are to follow; but they are to follow it as their own conviction, not yours. For a while, indeed, you hold the reins, controlling the outward act. But, even while you do so, you make it plain that it is only for a while. "I hold the reins for you till you are strong enough to take them yourself. You will have them, I wish and mean you to have them, you *must* have them, whether you will or not, in your own hands by-and-by. But before that, please God, you shall have learnt to drive without spilling."' This represents what I have always thought, and still think, and what I practised. But the last words are the crux of the whole situation, and it is in this matter that I am conscious of being a convert to the opinion that a good deal of imposed discipline is necessary. To expect a young child to go and open the door for a stranger, or to pick up its mother's handkerchief, or to let another child play with its dearly loved toy, out of its own inner consciousness is ridiculous. It never will do such a thing without suggestion, and even with this help very often rebels. The only way to overcome this is by instilling good manners as an hourly habit from the earliest age. Many parents are great disciplinarians in theory but very bad ones in practice. The solution for this difficulty is, I think, very few rules

very strictly carried out. The want of good manners in a home is almost a national defect. To strangers, English people are nearly always courteous and charming, but in intimate circles such ways are condemned by common consent as unnecessary, and even boring. It is of course this intimate side of family life which children mostly see, and the difficulty lies in driving them to a rather higher standard of manners than they daily find in people around them. I think, however, this must be done. If not, the children themselves as they grow older suffer from the condemnation of friends and relations in a way that is more injurious to them than is the discipline imposed upon them in early years. I dwell upon this because with my maturer judgment I have come to feel more and more that acquiring good habits, as habits, when young, causes the expression of good feeling in later life to be very much easier, and it is therefore worth some sacrifice of early independence.

As in my time, so now, I notice that some of the very best mothers make the mistake of devoting themselves too entirely to their babies when they come downstairs. From the moment when children are old enough to sit on the floor, they should be taught to amuse themselves. Romping and playing with them every day when they are downstairs is a great waste of time, and begins that atmosphere of excitement which makes them cross and impatient when they have to do without it. We have all of us known the households where small children greatly interfere with the happiness of friends, and even of the father. A man may come in late in the day, hoping to discuss some important matter concerning himself or his office with his wife or hostess; it turns out to be the magic hour when the children are all downstairs. Of course if he consents to be an elephant or an ogre on the floor, all goes well and everyone is delighted. But if not,

he has to go away rather crestfallen with a feeling of having been *de trop*. Now it seems to me that such customs do not initiate the children early enough into the mixed duties of family life, and the plan is preferable that the child should be given the choice of playing quietly in a corner or going upstairs.

I have spoken with Jesuits and Plymouth Brethren, mathematicians and poets, dogmatic republicans and dear old gentlemen in bird's-eye neck-cloths; and each understood the word 'facts' in an occult sense of his own. Try as I might, I could get no nearer the principle of their division. What was essential to them seemed to me trivial or untrue. We could come to no compromise as to what was, or what was not, important in the life of man. Turn as we pleased, we all stood back to back in a big ring, and saw another quarter of the heavens, with different mountain-tops along the skyline and different constellations overhead. We had each of us some whimsy in the brain, which we believed more than anything else, and which discoloured all experience to its own shade. How would you have people agree, when one is deaf and the other blind?

R. L. Stevenson.

To A. C. S. (*niece*).

November 25th, 1905.

Thirty years have gone over my head since all the questions which you and I discussed so warmly the other night used to be discussed in our home—schools, or day-schools, or no schools, for boys or girls, home influence, &c. It is curious to see how little progress seems to be made. The old idea is still very prevalent in our class that boys should go to school and girls be educated at home with a governess, though the custom of sending girls to day-schools has considerably increased of late in the class about which I know most. Thirty years ago, I knew one or two families who brought up their boys at home. The results, so far as I have been able to judge, are very much what one would expect—that is, both the virtues and the faults of the parents are more accentuated in the children than is the case with school-trained boys. The average observer, of course, remarks, ‘They have all the defects which a public school would have removed,’ to which I retort, ‘They have retained an individuality which would have been knocked out of them, or at any rate buried for many years, had they been at any public school, but perhaps especially at Eton.’

All the machinery for home education is just as wanting now as in my time, and day-schools are still nearly as inferior to the ordinary public schools as they were then. I have heard it said that the more a school wishes to adapt itself to progress, the more it should set itself to answer the questions suggested by the home-life of the pupil, for it is in his home and among his neighbours that he is brought face to face with life. The other day, when looking through the interesting report of the Mosely Educational Commission to America (October-

December 1903), I was much struck with the following passage, as showing how the American system has triumphed over some difficulties which have been accepted as almost insuperable to us: 'It seemed to me that American teachers are more successful than our own in training intelligence, in teaching thinking, in bringing out self-expression, in encouraging inquiry. Their pupils are taught to give their views, to offer reasons, and I found that the teachers were willing to regard any suggestion, or reason, or statement from the scholars as worth consideration, however crude or untenable it might be, and I never heard a pupil snubbed because he made a mistake or said something foolish. Again and again I found the teacher, with a freedom and familiarity which would seem strange in England, place himself, as it were, alongside his pupils and together they would work out the problem on which they were engaged.' Now this kind of thing if practised in our big schools in England, even in a moderate degree, would go far to remove many of the objections to our public-school system, which I think you feel, if possible, more strongly even than I did.

I now and then have a talk with a fairly young school-master of considerable experience. He always repeats the same thing: 'Oh, Mrs. Earle! why can't you teach mothers to have a higher standard?' (Of course nobody ever dreams of alluding to the fathers!) 'Mothers are our great difficulty. They seem only to care to know if the boys have beef and mutton enough, if their sons' appetites are good, and if they are doing well at games.' From my friend's account no real interest is taken in either moral or intellectual development, and this is surely an indication that exactly the same outward indifference goes on in the holidays. I heard the other day of a father taking his boy to Eton, and the only thing he said

was: 'I don't mind in the least what you do, only remember you must not be found out!' With this extraordinary bit of worldly advice the father left him. How many parents' morality, I wonder, is no higher than this, only they don't say so. Most people, however, at heart have a fairly high standard and really wish their sons to act up to it, but once a boy has been to school, the dread of appearing ridiculous seems to haunt everyone who surrounds him, and nobody has the courage to offer him any really sound advice.

Whether boys and girls attend schools or not, the one rule which I think applies to all family life, where any pretence is made of doing the best by the young ones, is that in the children's holidays parents should give up their own change and holiday in order to devote themselves to their children, of whom they can see so comparatively little at other times. If the father will not do this, as is frequently the case, because of his shooting or fishing, &c., then I think there is nothing for it but that the mother should just quietly refuse to go with him. I know this has disadvantages, but to leave a child, especially a schoolboy, in charge of nurses, or even governesses, for any length of time seems to me the greatest mistake, and a thing which no good parents should do merely for the sake of pursuing their own pleasure.

In home-life many difficulties are solved if the families are large and mixed, boys and girls. (This good corrective, large families, is, alas! becoming more and more rare.) They humanise and educate each other, and especially prevent that growth of selfishness in children which is so often the curse and punishment of unselfish parents. Sometimes, of course, this seeming unselfishness is only a kind of subtle selfishness, as when a mother thinks nothing can be right or well done unless she does it herself, and she turns herself into a drudge for fear the

children should want anything. I agree with you that this must be wrong. I think it generally happens only when the father, although he may be quite fond of his children, is utterly indifferent about their up-bringing. He begins by taking pride in his wife's capabilities, and ends by selfishly throwing the whole responsibility upon her of the children's training, whether physical, moral or intellectual. The best corrective for this state of things—admitting as we must that fathers cannot be altered!—is that the mother should put responsibility on to the children at a very early age, and force the elder ones to look after, and even teach, their younger brothers and sisters. This principle is not nearly enough carried out in comparatively rich families. Nurses especially object to trusting their precious babies to the tender mercies of their careless elder sisters, but unless these have been trained to see that they must give up their own pleasures for an hour or two a day, they end by being as selfish as their fathers!

I wonder if you would think this that I am going to tell you a good idea or slave-driving. I dined at a house the other night—I was the only guest—where the three daughters, varying in age from about twelve to sixteen, waited at table. They had had their own supper previously. (The parlour-maid brought the dinner from the kitchen.) They had been trained to do this and did it charmingly. I thought it rather a good plan, as it certainly taught them handiness and a certain consideration for others. They looked as if they liked it, but whether they really did or not I do not know them well enough to tell. I think that girls of fourteen and fifteen in all well-to-do classes should be taught house-work—dusting, bed-making, &c.; a certain amount of cooking, and, above all, how to make bread; to wash and iron, and get up fine laces and muslins. If they are rich, the girls need not go on

with it when they are grown up, but it is certainly good to know how all these things are done. I think these ways of making children useful might counteract the present-day tendency to continual excitement and the necessity of having external helps to amusement. In my youth this kind of thing was only thought necessary with boys, for whom it was said amusement had to be found, especially in towns. But now games—hockey, golf, and bicycling—are claimed just as much as a necessity by girls. Such occupations have their advantages, but certainly they may be carried too far.

To A. C. S. (*niece*).

December 19th, 1905.

You ask me how much I knew Lady Dilke? I knew her first in the spring of 1862 or 1863, I forget which. We drew together in the Art Schools at South Kensington—the first large corrugated iron building in London, then called ‘The Boilers.’ A more brilliant, fascinating, enthusiastic *Goldkind*, as the Germans say, could not be imagined. As I remember her, it is no exaggeration, but a true description, to say ‘she was good to look at in the freshness of her youth, expressing, as every movement did, a boundless delight in mere existence.’ She had come up straight from Oxford, where her father, Captain Henry Strong, formerly an officer in the Indian army, was then manager in a bank. She was well acquainted with Ruskin and all the young pre-Raphaelite painters. I quite recall how this excited my envy. I went back to my Hertfordshire home. She married, I married, and we never met again for years. One night at a London party a lady rushed across the room and seized my hands, and with apparently radiant joy said, ‘You are my Theresa,

and I have found you again, and I am so glad!' It was Mrs. Mark Pattison, as she then was, and so our intimacy began again. She came often to stay with us in Bryanston Square. You must read Sir Charles Dilke's memoir of her, called 'The Book of the Spiritual Life.' The title was chosen because of some papers of her own at the end. More than half the book is his memoir of her, done in the most perfect taste. A one-sided picture—perhaps it could not be otherwise. A labour of love, not a psychological study. To me it is interesting and beautiful. She was the cleverest, the most industrious, and, the most courageous woman I have ever known in my life—three rather big things. She told me in her own way all the story of her life, of all the years we had not met, and her courage did not prevent my feeling an unbounded pity for her. This time is described in the memoir as the saddest time of her life; both she and her husband were ill, and she wrote: 'If one life is to give way to the other, I feel sure it should be mine.' She was quite twenty-five years younger than the Rector. She adds: 'His life is worth much more—it represents much more, of much greater value to the world than mine. I think he is the only truly learned man I know.' She spoke to me of how George Eliot had stayed with them at Oxford, and how the childish stories and girlish religious aspirations of Dorothea in 'Middlemarch' were taken from what Mrs. Mark Pattison had told her of her own youth. This Sir Charles Dilke confirms, but she entirely repudiated any other resemblance, and was sorrowfully angry at anyone supposing there was any likeness between George Eliot's 'Casaubon' and the Rector of Lincoln. We once went and spent a Saturday and Sunday at Oxford with the Pattisons, and nothing could have been more charming and attractive than Mark Pattison was to strangers in his old age. His published 'Memoirs' end when he was fifty,

which is the age at which he married. No doubt she had the trials which are almost inseparable from marriages of old men to young women. As Sir Henry Taylor says: 'There is no greater error of age than to suppose that it can recover the enjoyment of youth by possessing itself of what youth only can enjoy; and age will never appear so unlovely as when it is seen with such an ill-sorted accompaniment.'

A chaplet of forced flowers on Winter's brow
Seems not less inharmonious to me
Than the untimely snow on the green leaf.'

I think it is most important that all readers of 'The Book of the Spiritual Life' should also read Mark Pattison's very interesting 'Memoirs.' They were much read and appreciated when they came out in 1885, but the world moves so quickly that a book twenty years old is seldom read or asked for at the libraries; and yet this personal picture of the man himself and the effect the Oxford Movement had on him is full of real interest. It used to be said that he missed the omnibus which took so many others over to Rome.

Lady Dilke's books and articles on art, especially the Renaissance in France, are useful, full of industry and information, though not very well arranged. But, the real work of her life, I think, was her intense desire to help forward and make more just the position of working-women. She was always preaching how we must 'learn,' for 'if we try to help without knowledge all our labour will be in vain, and will only bring forth trouble.' She had most sound ideas, to my mind, on Trade Unionism, and the grave objection of resorting to strikes, though occasionally there was no alternative. She used to say those who bore the brunt were 'martyrs without the honours of martyrdom, fighting the cause of the unborn who were to come after them, the cause of national

greatness, inseparably bound up with the power of the people to lead free, and large, and honourable lives.' She never pretended that Trade Unionism was a cure or would be sufficient to redress all ills. It was to be used, 'not as a gospel of the future,' but as a 'salvation at present.' She explained this idea very well, I think, in a lecture at Dundee in 1896. 'The life of a great movement such as this for the salvation of the worker is like the life of man. It bears in its breast from the beginning the seed of decay. I expect that by-and-by Trade Unionism will finish its work, but it is very far from having finished its perfected work.' In her later years strong testimony came both from America and Berlin as to the international value of her work. One German lady who came over to see Lady Dilke never forgot the things she had told her. This is just my feeling; and this German admirer said, better than I can express it, that the chief and first thing she had learnt from Lady Dilke was 'the beautiful courage by which you are what we all want to be.' This is high praise, but it only echoes what is left on my memory of the few years it was my privilege to see very frequently Lady Dilke, then Mrs. Mark Pattison. She taught me more on many subjects than any woman I have ever known.

Her theories always appealed to me, as she so entirely agreed with me as to the folly of enlisting and encouraging a feeling of antagonism between the sexes. 'The cause of labour is one; it is suicide to put sex against sex. This is true of many things besides actual labour. Men were afraid that, if they recognised the labour of women and organised it, this would tend to lower the wages of men. Years have brought wisdom. All of us recognise that women are utterly helpless to protect themselves, but are desperately powerful to inspire others. We reversed the policy of the League, and called the men to

our aid.' Again, in her last speech in 1904, Lady Dilke returned to the same point. 'Labour is of no sex; men and women must fight in the same ranks. Whatever may have been the case in the distant past, when the men may have done a wrong, redeemed by their present attitude, the men Trade Unionists are now our best helpers in this work.' I have made these few extracts just to interest you in the book; do read it. It is full of helpful advice about women, and to women it is entirely devoid of what I and so many women have too much of—an over-sentimental pity. This rushes us into charitable help, which often does harm instead of good. She worked herself and helped others to work; that is the true note for young and old. Her experience had come, as a French friend said, from a rare intelligence and a great heart. He adds: 'C'est toujours par là, surtout quand ce cœur a été meurtri, et n'a pas défailli, que nous arrivons aux choses cachées.' The best natures are those which circumstances try to crush and which yet remain uncrushable. Her views used to raise the ire of a great many people in the world I lived in. That was inevitable. The recollection of what she taught gives me a thrill of admiration and pleasure to this day.

To A. C. S. (*niece*).

December 5th, 1905.

I wonder if you saw my little letter the other day in the 'Westminster.' I enclose it in case you did not, as it touches the outskirts of the whole movement I have so much at heart. Sometimes I think I really am making a tiresome, boresome fool of myself, as so many think. At other times there is so much to encourage, such a wonderful change in ideas has come about, that I rise on the wings of hope, and feel, 'No, it is not waste of time, and I will persevere with all my might to the end.'

'CHRISTMAS CHARITY.

'Sir,—Christmas is now approaching, and the minds of charitable people all over the country turn their attention towards giving to the poor some share in the festivities which they hope to enjoy themselves. Will you allow me to express what I have felt strongly year after year—namely, that it is an impossibility for people habitually underfed to enjoy or profit from a large meal given all at once? Would it not be very much better if, when people were collected for the usual meal, a portion of the money had been spent in buying provisions which they could take away, either for themselves or for those less fortunate members of their families who had been unable to come to the treat?

'Small baskets can be procured very cheaply. These might be placed in front of each guest, packed with various articles of wholesome food—not tea or coffee, which are only unnourishing stimulants.

'Few people realise how ill those unaccustomed to much food eaten at one time feel after partaking of an unusually large meal: they try to eat in a few hours what might well be spread over several days, and this to their own detriment and discomfort. The baskets might contain foods which would be uninjured by keeping—such as cheese, cakes, brown sugar, rice, dates, dried milk, &c.'

To R. B. (*great-niece.*)

December 12th, 1905.

I am no lavish giver of presents, especially at this season, as, no doubt, you know, but when I find something which is to my idea especially appropriate nothing

pleases me more than to give it, and when I saw that Sir Joshua Reynolds's 'Discourses' had been republished, with notes by Mr. Roger Fry, the best English art critic of to-day, I instantly thought of you, and so now the book goes to you. I hope you will like the Discourses and appreciate the Introduction and the notes. I watch with hopeful interest the evident turn you have for drawing and water-colours; I think this book will immensely increase your knowledge in art generally, and so improve your own work. When I was young the enthusiasm was so great for the real pre-Raphaelites, and those moderns calling themselves the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, that we had no time or taste to think of all the great masters which lie between. The English school seemed to me in those young days very uninteresting. I thought that Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney and Hoppner only led to Sir Thomas Lawrence, whom I could not bear. An aunt of mine gave me a three-volume edition of Sir Joshua Reynolds's works. It had belonged to my grandmother, and was published in 1809. As a rule eighteenth-century literature bored me; in fact I was a hopeless modern and up-to-date young person. But all the same I am rather proud now to remember that even in those days, when Ruskin and the pre-Raphaelites were everything, I still much admired these Discourses and Reynolds's teaching, although with all the arrogance of youth I differed much with his taste in art, and rebelled against his entirely ignoring the early Italian painters. In all Reynolds's works the name of Botticelli never appears once. His philosophy is sound, and the style seems to me now most charming and old-fashioned, which is so different from being merely out of fashion and dry, as I thought it, comparing it, as I did then, unfavourably with Ruskin's glorious, glowing, word-painting prose. The new edition does not contain the letters to

the 'Idler,' nor the journey to Flanders and Holland in 1781, which is a pity, I think. In this journey to Holland he gives praise, though without enthusiasm, to Van Eyck, which is very interesting in an eighteenth-century art criticism.

The great charm of the modern book is Mr. Roger Fry's most interesting Introduction and the notes to the photographic illustrations, not of Reynolds's own pictures, but of pictures by the old masters named in the text. This makes the book more educational and helpful to the young than the old edition. I cannot recommend it too much. The notes before each Discourse bring the teaching up to date. Ruskin says of these Discourses: 'Nearly every word that Reynolds wrote was contrary to his own practice; he seems to have been born to teach all error by his precept and all excellence by his example; he enforced by his lips generalisation and idealisms, while with his pencil he was tracing the patterns of the dresses of the *belles* of his day; he exhorted his pupils to attend only to the invariable, while he himself was occupied in distinguishing every variation of womanly temper; and he denied the existence of the beautiful, at the same instant that he arrested it as it passed, and perpetuated it for ever.' I think that anyone reading the Discourses dispassionately will say that this is not quite a fair criticism. Mr. George Clausen, professor of painting at the Royal Academy, says: 'There is no book that an artist can read so illuminating and helpful as Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Discourses." These admirable Discourses give with the utmost candour and clearness, with entire freedom from the sentimentality and gush which mars so much that is written on artistic subjects, the ripe conclusions of a great artist.'

I feel that at my age I ought not to attempt to give you any advice or instruction in matters of art, the

fashion and taste in these things changes so with each generation. Amateur art has, I consider, been at a very low ebb for a long time, unconsciously destroyed by Ruskin himself. Admiration of the highly finished school of painting filled with alarm as to their own endeavours even the best and most intelligent admirers of art. They felt they could not undertake it, that it was too serious, too difficult; in fact, that it was almost sacrilege to try. The first time I showed some of my drawings to Mr. Ruskin, thirty years ago, he was very kind and complimentary, but said I had split on the rock that so many of his pupils had split upon, and only attended to the part of his teaching which recommended care and finish, and so had lost courage for bolder work. In his excellent little book, called 'The Elements of Drawing,' he distinctly recommends that the finished and the bold should go on side by side together. Now the whole taste in art is changed and has quite different aims. The flat, almost monochromic, sketching of the Early English school is what is most admired. The French Impressionists, too, have a great following in England; harmonies and values are often mistaken for true colour, and effective washes for artistic representation of nature.

It is good for you to read and study, that your drawing may not fall into the weak and slovenly effects of the pre-Ruskin period. Reynolds blames the Academies for allowing the pupils to draw from models incorrectly. He says: 'They change the form according to their vague and uncertain ideas of beauty, and make a drawing rather of what they think the figure ought to be than of what it appears. I have thought this the obstacle that has stopped the progress of many young men of real genius; and I very much doubt whether a habit of drawing correctly what we see will not give a proportionable power of drawing correctly what we imagine.' No

truer word in art teaching was, I think, ever written, and it applies as much to landscape, cloud, or mountain study, or the humblest flower or leaf, as to the live models in the Academy schools. The modern way of teaching by brush-work alone leads to very incorrect drawing, I think. In the second Discourse Reynolds says: 'In this art, as in others, there are many teachers who profess to show the nearest way to excellence, and many expedients have been invented by which the toil of study might be saved. But let no man be seduced to idleness by spurious promises; excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labour.'

Somewhere in pale sorrow's train
 Comfort comes unbid.
Somewhere in the bounds of pain
 Links of love are hid.
Somewhere with the barren load
 Golden sheaves are bound.
Somewhere on the last lone road
 A friend is found.

To V. B. (*niece*).

December 15th, 1905.

The country looks so divinely beautiful to-day ; I love it far more on certain days in winter than in summer, and oh, the west wind ! the very crows plunge and stiffen, and enjoy it. I feel on coming from London, with its dark days, noise and confusion, mud and fusses, like a prisoner let loose. I had forgotten how kind and soothing and sympathising the country's face is compared with London's ; I had only known acutely that London's was not all those nice things. You say I am to write to you about the best and bravest way of bearing the sorrows and disappointments of life. What helps me most now is to be alone and in the country. The real big sorrows and losses we all must bear in our own way, helped by what is our usual attitude towards life.

I think your plan of life admirable. You tell me the very things I like to know about yourself. Luckily your children are just the age when they are most help and least anxiety, especially now that you thoroughly know how to manage their health by diet and not by medicines ; and most earnestly do I wish you some happiness in the coming year. Even now you confess to being busy and occupied, so you are able to say ' I am not unhappy ' in spite of all you have lost. An old Japanese saying is that ' literary composition is the best medicine for sorrow,' but I am sure drawing and painting are equally a great help. Nothing cures but time, and you must not be disappointed at the overwhelmingly bad moments that will come to you : the terrible sense of loneliness, and the feeling that there is no one with whom we can share all the small sorrows and doubts of everyday life.

You say nothing in your letter about reading, except

102 LETTERS TO YOUNG AND OLD

that you won't read novels. There I think you are right. In some moods novels are either unbearably tiresome or unbearably upsetting. Like dreams, they bring back into our minds and thoughts what we have been doing our utmost to push away. But don't neglect other reading, biography especially; nothing is such a training to make us ultimately the friends of our children. They grow up under our care, and yet they are curiously hard to know. Self-education must go on all the time. Everything is to be found in books if we only look for it. Emerson says, 'Nature and books belong to the eyes that see them,' and they are friends that never leave us or grow cold. In my experience those who in middle life cease to read, cease to grow, they get quickly behind the times. Reading, too, is a habit. Unless we do it constantly we get out of the way of it, and cannot suck the heart out of a book without peace and quiet and long trouble. Others can take up a book at odd moments, in the midst of family life, and yet gain much from it. Then, as regards your art, I consider reading about art is most necessary. Two books have just come out, one Mr. Holman Hunt's 'Pre-Raphaelitism,' and another, which will be still more useful to you, a reprint of Sir Joshua Reynolds's 'Discourses.' I shall be anxious to know what you young ones feel on reading Mr. Holman Hunt's account of the famous brotherhood. It is not by way of being an autobiography, and yet it shows with interesting truthfulness the high aims and objects of the author's art aspirations, and the extreme consistency with which he has maintained them through his long life. I think it will raise the anger of some people, as his account of the influences which brought about the most notable art movement of the nineteenth century differs in many respects from the versions given in the Rossetti and the Burne-Jones 'Lives.'

The reprint of Sir Joshua's 'Discourses' is edited

with brilliant notes by Mr. Roger Fry. He says: 'Reynolds's contention was that art was not a mechanical trick of imitation, but a mode of expression of human experience, and one that no civilised human society could afford to neglect; that this expression required for its perfection serious intellectual effort, and that, however diverse the forms it might take, it depended on principles which were more or less discoverable in the great traditions of past masters. He regarded this tradition as embodying, approximately, these fundamental principles somewhat as the actual laws of a country embody the ideals of jurisprudence. Finally, he maintained a belief in the possibility of an organised co-operative advance in the knowledge of these principles of artistic expression, comparable in some degree with the advance in scientific knowledge.' I have copied this to whet your appetite. Don't you think it is original and true? Reynolds says in his second Discourse:

'This method of comparing your own efforts with those of some great master is indeed a severe and mortifying task, to which none will submit but such as have great views, with fortitude sufficient to forgo the gratifications of present vanity for future honour. When the student has succeeded in some measure to his own satisfaction, and has felicitated himself on his success, to go voluntarily to a tribunal where he knows his vanity must be humbled, and all self-approbation must vanish, requires not only great resolution, but great humility. To him, however, who has the ambition to be a real master, the solid satisfaction which proceeds from consciousness of his advancement (of which seeing his own faults is the first step), will very abundantly compensate for the mortification of present disappointment. There is, besides, this alleviating circumstance. Every discovery he makes, every acquisition of knowledge he

attains, seems to proceed from his own sagacity; and thus he acquires a confidence in himself sufficient to keep up the resolution of perseverance.'

You, or others, might say, 'I have no ambition to be a great master. How can my small sketches gain by comparison?' Every amateur, however humble, can go to those wretched cellars at the National Gallery, where the Turner sketches are buried, and compare his own work with them. Or he can try to draw a bare tree, and then look at the tree in Ruskin's 'Modern Painters,' 'The Aspen Unidealised,' vol. iv. Or let him try to draw a leaf or a bud and compare it with the leaves, vol. iii. p. 210. That will carry out Sir Joshua's teaching without going upstairs in the National Gallery, or visiting the art galleries of Europe.

Not to be self-satisfied and yet not over-desponding—that is the great difficulty, and I think nothing but work overcomes it.

To A. C. S. (*niece*).

January 4th, 1906.

You ask me what I think of the 'Times' article (December 26th, 1905) on how they fight infant mortality in Paris, viz. by giving two free meals a day to mothers before and after the birth of their babies. There is no doubt the article is most interesting and suggestive. It deals with two questions of especial importance to the State: (1) the right feeding of the mothers about to increase the race; and (2) the giving of free food to those in distress.

Nobody could possibly dispute the wisdom of encouraging in every way the possibility of a mother being able to nurse her own child. I am far from thinking that high feeding will do this either before the birth or after,

but actual starvation, of course, is good for nobody. In my own small experience, doctors are much too ready to say that artificial feeding is better for the child than the milk of a mother in indifferent health. The Paris idea of fortifying the mother as the best means of helping the child strikes me as decidedly good. The infant mortality is frightening us here, and I believe they now give at London hospitals free milk for the babies in imitation of what has been done for many years in Paris. This, of course, is much better than that the baby should be fed on tea and farinaceous food, but it helps the mother to fight the natural law and refuse to nurse her own baby. Of the two forms of charity, the newer French one of encouraging nursing by feeding the mother seems to me infinitely the best. Moreover, in Paris, the whole science of the matter is concentrated on the wish to save infant life; no inquiry is made with regard to character, and married and unmarried are treated exactly alike. 'If you ask on what principle the women are admitted to these meals, you come at once to what is considered the distinguishing feature of the charity from a romantic point of view. No questions are asked. Are they married, are they single; are they Protestants, are they Catholics, are they Jews; are they rich, are they poor; who are they, where do they live? None of these things need be said. They are mothers, they are hungry—that is enough.'

Good as all this may be, there remains the question so persistently urged by our Charity Organisation Society, that free feeding lessens the responsibility of those naturally responsible. If there is any remnant of humanity in the fathers they make some effort to support the mothers of their children at such a time. How far does the interference of State or charity tend to diminish one of the greatest incitements to personal effort? It is like everything else, right action lies in a fitting adjustment between

these two ideals—instigating to individual effort, and helping those who are incapable of it. In every policy which aims solely at the first, some weaklings will be sacrificed who might have been saved; in every charity for the other purpose some strong ones will be enfeebled. In the papers the other day there was an account of a Mayor in Yorkshire who gave 1*l.* reward for every baby alive and well at the expiration of its first year, and in this way considerably diminished the infant mortality in his town.

To F. P. (*niece*).

January 20th, 1906.

I have been thinking of you a good deal since we parted this morning. I have often wished to give you some small present that you would like. I now want you to accept the enclosed for a year's subscription to the 'Times' newspaper. It will give you a 'Times' all to yourself, it will give you the tickets so that whenever you go from home you can have your newspaper, and it will give you the run of that charming library where we were this morning. To go and change your books will be an object for a walk. You can change them every day if you like, or you can keep them for three months. Many people would think this a strange present to give to a girl and say that the 'Times' is an old man's paper. I don't think this at all; it contains the very newest information on all sorts of subjects, science, art, &c. It is a wonderful educator, and its correspondence is unique in journalism, and very often of great interest. I hate its politics, but that is of no importance, and it is good for everyone to read the side which is not his own, and indeed more amusing. Last, but by no means least, comes the Literary Supplement on Fridays. I find many people do not read, or even remember to look at, this Literary Supple-

ment, just as I do not read the Financial and Commercial Supplement on Mondays, or the Engineering Supplement on Wednesdays. But I do not understand how anyone who is fond of books could fail to find the Literary Supplement very interesting, though the real and peculiar gems to suit certain tastes cannot come every week.

TO A FRIEND

who is always working in the cause of peace and disarmament, in answer to a letter from him, telling of the loss of friends, and all the pain and sorrow and anxiety which his work had brought upon him.

February 6th, 1906.

Thank you and your wife for the nice things you say. I know quite well that words of encouragement and sympathy are the greatest help one can have, and the conviction that one is on the right road is the true armour of reformers. In a very small way I have suffered about the food question, as you say that you have from your greater work. Loss of friends, condemnation, and ridicule from those we love, moments of great depression as to result, and then again renewed hope and conviction that it is in every way true and worth while. Good health and absence of irritability are, I am convinced, the result of no stimulating foods and drinks, and so mine are the lower rungs of the ladder which you so bravely ascend, in preaching far and wide peace to Europe and goodwill among nations. But to see the full result of any work of the kind is not given to us, any more than travellers can see the snowy height of the mountain which they climb. The good in this world works very slowly. Still there has been progress even in your lifetime. I wish you had

been able to put that note of hope into your letter. Think how differently statesmen speak now of the *Conferences at the Hague* compared with a few years ago ! And, as a result, how much the possibilities of maintaining peace are increased. All diplomats hate your work, which is that of a free lance, as all doctors hate mine ; but, as you say, all are equally concerned in the reforms you wish to bring about. With that we must be content, and failures must only stimulate to fresh exertion. It is always the persecutors who are wrong, not the persecuted. All that is noblest in human nature grows from the ideas that are despised and rejected of men.

Be sure that you give the poor the aid they most need, though it be your example which leaves them far behind. If you give money, spend yourself with it, and do not merely abandon it to them,

Thoreau.

To G. B. W. (*niece*).

February 14th, 1906.

I am so glad to hear that you are getting settled in your cottage. Your difficulty of obtaining a single servant is a complaint which one hears on every side, in this neighbourhood at any rate. It is equally difficult to get under-servants, such as kitchen-maids, nursery-maids, or under-housemaids. I often hear it said that we shall have to bring the Chinese here. This strikes me as a monstrous idea, when we know of the masses of unemployed and starving people in England who, with a very little training and education, would be quite fit for the work we require. I had a very interesting luncheon here yesterday—three of what I call my adopted nephews and nieces, and Mrs. and Mr. L. No one has the position and hardly anyone can have the experience on all social matters connected with rich and poor that he has. By the way, do you know a book I have only just come across, though it was published in 1899, called 'Rich and Poor,' by Mrs. Bosanquet? I think you would find it very suggestive and sound. We put the question to Mr. L.: 'If you had a free hand in legislation, what would you propose as the first move for a new government, which we may take for granted will considerably alter the last Education Bill?' He said that, first, he would have more decentralisation, and give much greater freedom to the local authorities to adapt their education and training to the needs of their neighbourhood, not trying to cram down the throats of a West Ham population the curriculum suited to Kensington. He said, as many others do who are well acquainted with the subject, that everything can be done with the children, but the difficulty is to achieve it without taking them out of their homes.

He gave an example of the sort of improvement that can be carried out by the schools. He knows a poor district in which the boy and girl school are side by side, where, by her ability and strict discipline, the schoolmistress exacted of her girls that they should come clean, tidy, and fed, to school, and the result was obvious in the improvement of her pupils. The boys' school, on the contrary, was conducted by a kind but soft-hearted and inefficient master. He said he could not teach starving children; he made no appeal to the children or their parents, and the result was that his pupils were dirty, slovenly, and complained of hunger. Let us draw from this anecdote what conclusion we like, but the interesting point is that the boys and girls came from the same homes. Perhaps many will say, with the recollection of their own homes, that girls are more easily trained to bodily cleanliness and tidiness than boys.

Mr. Birrell, in a recent speech, had some interesting suggestions which seemed to me very practical. 'In Liverpool,' he tells us, 'much good has been done by visiting the schools by skilled and trained nurses—women accustomed to deal with children—who, after having seen the children, have got into communication with their mothers, and have been able to give the mothers information as to the state in which their children were, and instruction how to cure or modify its evils, which . . . instruction was gratefully received by the parents. . . . Medical examination is also being very strongly urged upon me by a number of persons who seem well competent to give me advice.'

To return to my luncheon party: Mr. L. referred to the national disgrace of our infant mortality. He described our ready-made machinery for instructing the poor as all that could be desired, but he declared the ignorance of the instructors to be such that they had

nothing to impart. It has always struck me as amazing that, even in the country, with all the admirable, organised means at our disposal, such as doctors, nurses, clergy and their wives, district visitors and schools, instruction in physical laws is never given. The doctor is called in for an emergency, and treats with remedies; the nurse advises about the sick child, but gives no general instruction about those not actually ill at the moment, and, in fact, she herself probably relies on the strong stimulant of tea to enable her to get through her very hard day's work. As to the clergy and their wives, their ignorance about food for mother and child is almost as great as in the uneducated classes. They depend on the doctor, who instructs in sickness, but rarely at any other time. I know things are improving in this respect, and the school-mistress of the future will be forced to learn hygiene and the value of various foods, both for herself and for her pupils. Mr. L. dwelt especially on the fact that, broadly speaking, all babies are born healthy. 'Isn't it splendid,' he said, 'to think how nature renews herself, and that race-degeneracy does not exist! It is produced by after-treatment, ignorance and neglect. In the case of work-house children, or waifs and strays, who are lifted out of their harmful surroundings, experience proves that they grow into healthy men and women.' The 'Journal of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children,' in alluding to this sad fact of the increasing infant mortality in England, which they are always trying to combat, recommend to their workers a pamphlet 'How to Manage a Baby' (Horace Marshall & Son, 125 Fleet Street, E.C., price 1d.), with an introduction by W. Collingridge, M.A., M.D., D.P.H., Medical Officer of Health for the City of London. The advice given for mother and infant, as regards diet and general hygiene, seems to me sound, and a great advance on previous leaflets of the kind. But I

am surprised that it should recommend broths and beef-tea for a baby over eight months old, considering that these have been universally condemned by the medical profession as containing no nourishment, and as only to be used, like other stimulants, in exceptional cases. In this pamphlet the food recommendations for mother and infant seem to me very superior to those given for the older child ; but, taken as a whole, if the advice it contains were carried out by the mother for herself and baby, it would greatly help to diminish the terrible infant mortality which is so alarming to all those who have taken any pains to study the statistics of the last few years. Doctor Chalmers, of Glasgow, says: 'One-third of the deaths among infants occur during the first four weeks of their lives.' Another doctor says: 'Preventable diseases destroy in England 72,000 children annually.' Surely these facts ought to appeal to every educated young mother. Even without being particularly in touch with the poor, if she kept these pamphlets by her she could give one away whenever a suitable occasion occurred, such as a servant's relation going to have a baby, &c. In one sense we are all our brother's keepers ; that is to say, we must never let slip an opportunity of helping others by passing on such knowledge as we have.

It is sweet and noble to die for the Fatherland, it is said, but the phrase, however noble and inspiring, does not touch the anti-militarist position.

The purpose of the soldier, though the fact is often obscured in rhetoric, is not to die, but to kill; that is how he differs from the Christian martyr. Dying is only a regrettable incident in war; killing is of the essence of it. Against the anti-militarists, therefore, it is not the case for dying but the case for killing that needs to be established.—'Times,' January 19, 1906.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS

111

To C. L. (*niece*).

March 1st, 1908.

The long talked-of visit to Aldershot has come off, and has been a great joy and interest. To be incessantly in the sound of drum and trumpet is queer for me, and the first night the grey, dark sky was cut into golden ribs with search-lights. It was a practice, of course, but what they were searching for was not apparent. Then next morning there was a fire-brigade practice. The mess of the Irish Guards was supposed to be burning, and out the men all came, like rabbits from a warren. I knew there was no real fire, but they did not at first. It must be a little flat when they find this out, but the practice was proved to be very necessary as the first fire-engine did not work at all, and they wired to the South Camp for another, which came tearing up the road. Few things, I think, are more exciting than a fire-engine at full speed. That, and a single policeman in a crowded London thoroughfare directing the traffic with a wave of his hand, always give me that feeling of pride in being English, of which most people would say I had not enough as I so long for the United States of Europe, which I believe will come some day. My friends have glorified the little Government House and made it all so nice with tasteful simplicity. The plainer and simpler the rooms are the more everything that is pretty tells, and E. had brought on in the warmth and then arranged beautiful branches of white ribes wedged in flat Japanese vases. It really was pretty, and at this time of year, when nearly all flowers are shop-flowers, it looked most distinguished. They have worked hard at the garden and improved it immensely, with the help of a smiling soldier. Did you ever go to Aldershot? It is a funny, ugly place. I have never been to the colonies,

but it must be very like what they are—long rows of low houses, with ugly, dark slate roofs and corrugated iron buildings here and there; long avenues of badly planted trees, which have been in for years and years and yet don't grow. In poor soils the only way to plant trees is to dig long trenches. If planted in holes, even with good soil put in, they become water-logged, the roots don't spread, and the tree is like a pot-bound plant. You remember, Aldershot was first started by the Prince Consort after the Crimean war to use up the Crimean huts. Just a few of these still remain. I noticed some most magnificent white posts put to guard corners and entrances, and wondered where the stone came from. They were not stone, but made by running cement into large earthenware drain-pipes, and when the cement hardens the drain-pipe is broken off. This is a good suggestion, and might be applied in many country places for posts as warnings at the corners of roads or entrances.

I had never before really fathomed the mysteries of the spaces between the Guards' buttons on their uniforms, or understood that they meant to represent the order in which the regiments were formed. The Grenadiers first, with their buttons at regular intervals; Coldstream second, two buttons, and then a space; Scots third, three buttons, then a space; Irish fourth, four buttons, then a space. I shall never forget it again. The drummers of all the battalions of Guards have the blue *fleur-de-lys* embroidered on their tunic lace, and this is the sole remnant in our army of the English kings putting the arms of France on their uniforms.

I went to one of the chapels filled with soldiers, and, curiously enough, they sang the same hymn that S. heard at the last service just before Modder River battle. In front of me was one of the charmingly dressed sisters (nurses). Her uniform was a blue-grey linen dress, deep

white linen collar, and cuffs fastened with silver studs; a snow-white apron with broad white band, a little cape of bright scarlet cloth fitted to the shoulders, and a large, square, stiff, hemstitched handkerchief of mull muslin folded in half, diagonally, and pinned under the hair at the back, leaving two wide wings. When Miss Nightingale invented the dress she intended the whole of the hair to be hidden, and the red capes were much larger.

I went over one of the hospitals. Everything seemed most charming and comfortable so far as is possible in these sad abodes of physical suffering. One poor man was dying from a strange disease—*Actinomyces*. Luckily it requires a combination of two circumstances to develop it—a very decayed tooth and picking in the fields and eating corn on which is a fungus to be found on many plants, but especially on corn. When it has entered the circulation through the decayed tooth, in time it eats away the throat and lungs. This poor fellow was the only son of his mother, who walks a long way every day to pass all the daylight hours by his bedside. She told us that he was the best of sons, and had never given her a moment's anxiety. In these military hospitals the rules are less strict than in general hospitals, and the matron seemed to be very kind about admitting friends.

There is a memorial monument at Aldershot which touches me supremely. It stands at the cross roads just as you leave the pretty fir and heather Farnborough country to enter the ugly, neat, inartistic North Camp. It was erected after the Boer war, no one knows by whom, and the dedication is equally anonymous. It is a large and handsome piece of stonework with steps on either side leading up to a platform, at the back of which is a large stone seat. Here the weary may rest and the sad may think. Behind this are a few old and somewhat weather-beaten trees, birches and Scotch

first. The steps and front of the platform are enclosed by a rather severe but handsome balustrading. Below this is a basin which in any other country but England would be filled by a copious fountain of water. Here the water flows from only one spout, and that only at times, into a large basin for horses to drink out of, and at either side are low saucers for smaller animals. Above the balustrade which forms the background to this fountain, and in front of the seat, is a high monumental stone. On the side facing the water and the road is written in plain letters: 'In Memory of one who died for his Country.' The execution of the design and the stone-work leaves a good deal to be desired artistically, but the idea, to my mind, is simple and admirable, and in perfect taste. Although dedicated to one in particular, it may be appropriated as a memorial to all those who lay down their young lives in war, and is a most suitable ornament to the entrance of a great camp.

To A. C. S. (*niece*).

March 8th, 1906.

I have been reading Mr. Maurice Baring's last article in the 'Morning Post' on the Russian writer Dostoievsky. As you know, all these articles of his from Russia are delightful reading to me, but perhaps because this one is literary rather than political I think it is one of his best, and in some ways it is easier to write of the past than of the present. The article describes an after-dinner conversation in Manchuria, when the talk turned in a desultory way on who was the greatest writer in the world. An individual referred to as X., after some discussion, impatiently exclaimed, 'There is one writer greater than all of them, and that is Dostoievsky.' This assertion raised much opposition, but it set Mr. Maurice

Baring wondering why X. was so convinced of it. Until the other day I had never read a line of Dostoevsky's, and only knew even *Le Crime et le Châtiment* by name, but this article makes me long to read his novels. All I know of him is from a side-light on his personality in that book which C. and I liked so much when it came out in 1895, the 'Life of Sonia Kovalevsky.' Did you ever read it? It is written by her friend the Duchess of Cajanello, and at the end there is an autobiographical sketch by Sonia herself, giving an account of her own and her sister's early lives under the fictitious name of 'The Sisters Rajevsky.' In this there is a most graphically described episode when Dostoevsky falls in love with her eldest sister, who accepts his admiration for a time, only to discover that she does not care about him. In the meanwhile little Sonia herself, who is only fourteen, falls desperately in love with him, and thinks she could devote her life to this man of forty-three. Besides the human incidents, the book is most interesting as a picture of some of the reform movements developing themselves in Russia at that time. Heinrik Ibsen encouraged Sonia's friend to write this *Mémoire*, saying to her, 'Is it her biography, in the ordinary meaning of the word, which you intend to write? Or is it not rather a poem about her?' 'Yes,' was the answer; 'that is to say, it will be her own poem about herself as revealed to me.' He replied, 'That is right; you must treat the subject romantically.' It astonished me that the book did not make more sensation at the time it came out. It is one of those wonderful accounts of a woman's life told with enthralling straightforwardness, which remains for always an enlightening study for those who are apt to forget their own youth and their past temptations. We can't all of us be Sonias with her brilliant talents, but her aspirations and her struggles appeal to our sympathies,

holding up as they do, though with some exaggeration, the mirror to our common humanity. It is a book which many mothers with growing-up daughters might read with advantage. The personal account it gives of Dostoievsky is of peculiar interest to me now that I have read his own account of the terrible sufferings he underwent during ten years' imprisonment in Siberia. This book, *La Maison des Morts*, is written with the usual thin pretence of being papers found in the room of a dead friend, but it is clearly autobiographical, and the preface by M. Melchior de Vogüé states that it is so. Certainly no ordinary language can describe the book. It speaks of a state of things that can only occur in Russia and Siberia, and only those with strong nerves should read it, but for anyone interested in human nature it is most deeply interesting. This is what de Vogüé says of Dostoievsky as he appears in the book. 'Il parcourt en tous sens ces âmes complexes. Le grand intérêt de son livre, pour les lettrés curieux de formes nouvelles, c'est qu'ils sentiront les mots leur manquer, quand ils voudront appliquer nos formules usuelles aux diverses faces de ce talent. Au premier abord, ils feront appel à toutes les règles de notre catéchisme littéraire, pour y emprisonner ce réaliste, cet impassible, cet impressionniste; ils continueront, croyant l'avoir saisi, et Protée leur échappera; son réalisme farouche découvrira une recherche inquiète de l'idéal; son impassibilité laissera deviner une flamme intérieure; cet art subtil épuisera des pages pour fixer un trait de physionomie et ramassera en une ligne tout le dessin d'une âme. Il faudra s'avouer vaincu, égaré sur des eaux troublées et profondes, dans un grand courant de vie qui porte vers l'aurore.'

In the *Mémoires* of a fellow-prisoner who shared with Dostoievsky the horrors of the journey to Siberia, he is referred to as follows:—'Convaincu qu'il n'y avait plus

rien à espérer pour moi, je résolus de mettre fin à mes jours. . . . Si je m'appesantis sur cette heure douloureuse, c'est uniquement parce qu'elle me donna l'occasion de connaître de plus près la personnalité de Dostoïevsky. Sa conversation amicale et secourable me sauva du désespoir ; elle réveilla en moi l'énergie. . . . Sa voix douce et sympathique, sa sensibilité, sa délicatesse de sentiment, ses saillies enjouées, tout cela produisit sur moi une impression d'apaisement. Je renonçai à ma résolution désespérée.'

Sonia Kovalevsky's description of Dostoievsky's love of music is so exactly true of many others that I copy it. 'He was not musical. He was one of those people whose enjoyment of music depends entirely on subjective circumstances and on the humour of the moment. Sometimes the most exquisite artistic playing would only make him yawn ; at other times he would be moved to tears by a street organ.' How many people are like that !

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please, you can never have both. Between these as a pendulum man oscillates. He in whom the love of repose predominates will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets—most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation, but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings and afloat. He will abstain from dogmatism, and recognise all the opposite negations, between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being.

Emerson.

To L. v. M. (*niece*).

March 8th, 1906.

I have lately been introduced to a little book, called 'The Preparation of the Child for Science,' by M. E. Boole (published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford). I don't pretend that, at my age, it is worth my while to give it sufficient study to understand it technically, or be able to carry out its recommendations. But for those who really grasp it, it seems to hold an almost magic charm and illuminating power; and I feel I must mention it to you, and even give you some extracts from it, because I think you are one of the people who would not only take interest in it, but derive considerable benefit from it, both for yourself and for your children. The author, Mrs. Boole, is an old lady, widow of George Boole, the famous mathematician. Her little dedication to Ethel Gertrude Everest gives a most fascinating glimpse into the general spirit of the book:

'My dear Cousin,—Three-quarters of a century ago your father, during a visit to his native land, infused into the minds of a few young mathematicians, among whom were Charles Babbage and J. Herschell, certain ideas about the nature of man's relation to Unknown Truth, which underlay all science in Asia, and which he had learnt from Brahman teachers. The seed which he then sowed has borne abundant fruit in English mathematics. Of his subsequent work in India some have sought to express their appreciation by giving his name to a great inaccessible snow-peak. You and I think that we shall more truly fulfil his ambitions by making as accessible as we can to little children in all parts of the Empire that open gateway to the Unseen at which he stood in perpetual adoration to the last hours of his life.'

The little book is in no sense a text-book. It merely suggests various ways in which a right mind can be developed in children about science, or, indeed, about life itself. 'The delicate sensitiveness to the touch of the illogical, to the limits of knowledge, and to the presence of the As-Yet-Unknown is too often destroyed in the human brain by rough and ready processes, adopted sometimes for the purpose of fixing the opinions of young people, sometimes for that of enabling them to pass examinations successfully in subjects which they do not really understand. To cultivate it in the young child is the object of some of the precautions recommended in the following pages. . . . In proportion as a mind is non-scientific, the occurrence of a non-familiar phenomenon stimulates it to form some immediate classification or judgment. A new statement is hailed at once as "true" or "false"; a new fact is classified as "good" or "bad"; an unfamiliar action as "right" or "wrong," &c. In proportion as a mind is scientific, the occurrence of a new phenomenon tends to set it vibrating with a consciousness of coming revelation, and to start a certain cycle of mental attitudes, a cycle of the following kind: homage, attention, observation, analysis, antithesis, synthesis, contemplation, effacement, repose, judgment, or classification.'

There is wide variety in the suggestion offered for developing a scientific attitude of mind in young children. Here is one which struck me as particularly simple and clear: 'It is a good thing to afford a child the opportunity for perceiving that there are three ways in which he might become aware of the connection between cause and effect, e.g. in which he might learn which handle sets a certain bell ringing. In one case mother might have told him; in another he may have heard that particular bell ring when that handle is pulled so often as to

feel compelled to connect the two; in the third case he may have followed, once and for all, a series of wires or cranks all the way from handle to bell. The three methods of acquiring instruction about the bell illustrate respectively (1) learning from authority by inheriting the stored-up knowledge of the race; (2) ordinary scientific induction, such as that by which a law of nature is inferred; (3) the specifically mathematical induction. All these ways of learning are equally legitimate, and all are useful; but he should be clear which he is relying on in any given case.' In answer to those who doubt the general educational wisdom of cultivating in children this scientific attitude and spirit of inquiry she finally sums up: 'One word, however, I would venture to say to the objectors. Whether they like it or not, science is sweeping on and swallowing whatever stands in its way. Now no ordinary teaching of ethics constitutes a safe basis of conduct for the young person immersed in a scientific life, for that life is one of actual communion with the Unseen, the Eternal Organiser, who is also the Eternal Destroyer. It is a reflection of creative activity, an incessant process of reorganisation of thought-material. Only those who have the orderly habit of organising thought-chaos, of correcting the disorderly first impressions by reference to laws of organic thinking, can be morally or spiritually safe in that glorious whirlwind which we call scientific progress.' As you are living in Germany and are rather out of touch with educational movements here, I thought you might like to hear of this book, which certainly is good of its kind and out of the common. Surrounded as you are just now with matters of education connected with your boys, you will be able to compare it with ideas of the same kind which may be current in Germany.

To C. L. (*niece*).

March 15th, 1906.

I have two children staying in the house since you left, a boy of nearly seven, and a girl of nearly five years old. As you say, it is refreshing to see and hear the live things after our theorising about them. So long as in daily practical intercourse with children it is brought strongly forward that they are not born naughty, that they are born good, that their falling away depends upon themselves; that they are encouraged to judge people by what is good in them, not what is bad, then the theoretical tag of 'born in sin' is of very little importance. Children do not understand it, and heaps of parents do not really believe it. But in nurseries and schoolrooms the form of the belief has often survived the original faith. Where occasionally it is still a genuine practical belief, I think it a great stumbling-block in the training of children, whether by causing a sense of helpless depression, or a hardened indifference to moral ideals, which is equally bad.

I do wish you had been here for me to know what you would have thought of these children. They are absolutely naturally brought up, not a bit naughty, but full of life and energy. The girl seems to be, quite of her own accord, the slave of the elder brother; not that he drives her, but merely accepts, as a matter of course, the devotion offered. She said quite sweetly yesterday, 'I crack the nuts and he eats them'; and is not this more or less life's history? though, after all, it is not a matter of sex, but of temperament; and I do think the people who crack nuts for love of others are on the whole the happiest, certainly happier than those who crack nuts only for themselves or from a sense of duty.

To return to my little guests, such discipline as these children have is put on to religion. For instance, they are made to clear their plates, whether they want the food or not, as a Lenten duty. That shocks me. It seems to me that the food of children should be entirely regulated on the ground of health, and never made a matter of reward or punishment. But in these questions, some parents have what I call the Macaulay-mind—that is, being cocksure that their way is the only right one, and that there is no other side to the medal. They proceed to instil their theories arbitrarily from the earliest age, at the same time being equally convinced as to the ultimate results. The children of such parents are the very ones who, in my experience, turn out absolutely different from what is expected of them, often causing their parents deep suffering and humiliation.

To M. B. (*nephew*).

March 27th, 1906.

You will see by enclosed I have done what I could for your friend, but he seems a difficult gentleman to push in these days, when money comes rather to commonplace ability than to talent and strong individuality. 'Custom lies upon us with a weight, heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.' I rejoice to hear you say that all the suffering in Russia has not been wasted; that everything is not to be once more all suppressed, and that all hope of better things is not over. I always see your 'Morning Post' articles and greatly enjoy them. I wish the right men would spring up. There is no trust to be put in those who act against their convictions. I had a charming Saturday and Sunday at B. B.'s, but one of our fellow-guests made our hair curl by her views on the present situation. She is convinced that Germany means war, and that the

Emperor will be forced into it, though she admits that, from the German point of view, last year would have been better than this. She says it is to be war not only with France, but with England, and that Germany has been accumulating masses of war material in the German West African colony, in order to arm the Boers to attack us the moment there is any trouble nearer home, never thinking of the hundreds of miles between German West Africa and the Transvaal. Now all this seems to me an imaginary danger. Their finances are in anything but a good condition. I don't believe the German nation wants war; they have a large Socialist party, and if they went unjustly to war with all Europe against them, I am not at all sure the Southern German States might not refuse to join. They hate the Emperor and North Germans in Bavaria. All the diplomats seem very angry with Germany, but the present custom of holding Congresses and the Hague Convention as a last appeal make people think, and once people do that war must get rarer and rarer. How many say to-day that the South African war need never have taken place! and no one now has a word to say in favour of the Crimean war, it is universally condemned.

We have been having such vile weather that I have to think of you and the other worse climates of Europe than our own to be at all cheerful. Sometimes it is well to remember the rich man's reply when John Wesley was preaching at him; he answered, 'My chimney smokes, Mr. Wesley, these are the trials that I have to bear.' Can you get books? If so, do get one, translated from the German, called 'Sex and Character,' written by Weininger, a young Austrian of twenty-one, who committed suicide at twenty-three. It is a very remarkable book, especially as being written by one so young. It has been much discussed in England by people who do not usually read books of this kind, and, as it is very abusive of women, it seems to

give particular pleasure to men. I have not read it very carefully, but, so far, half of it I do not understand, and with the other half I do not agree. What can a young man of twenty-one know about all that is best in women?

To C. L. (*niece*).

April 7th, 1906.

You know how clever I think Bernard Shaw, but how he disappoints me! I come away from his plays and breathe a deep sigh, though I have laughed as much as anyone all the evening. I have been longing to find, in the midst of all the praise, some expression of what I feel, and at last I have found it in a very remarkable, but not altogether pleasant, novel by Filson Young, called 'The Sands of Pleasure.' He says so exactly what I think that I quote the passage. A conversation takes place between two young men, named Lauder and Richard Grey, about the books belonging to one of them. "Now then," said Richard, "we'll have a Day of Judgment and make two heaps—the sheep and the goats. *Man and Superman!*"

"With the goats," said Lauder; "as you love your sheep, put that fellow with the goats!"

'Richard, taken by surprise, looked first astonished, and then amused, as he laid the book down.

"Man and Superman?" said Lauder derisively; "mischief and super-mischief! clever, if you like; as clever as it can be, but futile with the futility of the busy ape. It's all destructive: he takes the machinery of life to pieces, litters the floor with it, dances on it, and shouts to the harmless, necessary burgess, 'Look, I have unmade the world.'"

"Giving him a horrid shock, of course," said Richard. "And that is just what he meant to do."

"And what would he achieve? Who is going to put the machinery together again?"

"Bernard Shaw, of course."

"Exactly. And do you want to live in a Jaeger world? No, my dear Grey, don't, I beseech you, be deceived by the passion for subversion. I've read every word the man has published, and been charmed and absorbed and fascinated: but I can't find words to tell you how untrue the essence of it is. It is outside life and humanity. He's the serpent in the tangled garden of this world, and would like to have us all out into the wilderness of intellectual perfection. He offers you the apple; but don't tell me that you take it."

Now that puts into words my own feelings about Bernard Shaw. Nothing is all bad, and the right teacher both of children and men is one who sees evil enough to avoid it, and without persecution develops the good. To hold up a mirror to society is one thing, to deny that the mirror ever reflects what is good, noble, and self-denying is another, and I believe quite untrue; besides, it is cheap ridicule. To point out evil is comparatively easy, though I quite admit Bernard Shaw does it with great originality and skill; but to my mind the humblest individual without any of Bernard Shaw's talent who can teach how things can be made better, without tyranny or putting back the clock, is of infinitely more good in the world.

To B. B. (*niece*).

April 10th, 1908.

I am glad to hear you read the 'Times' Literary Supplement on Fridays. I quite look forward to the Friday 'Times.' Of course now and then the books reviewed are not to my taste, but it is rare to find nothing that interests me, and sometimes the reviews are gems and of quite

unusual books, both French and English. Last year there was one I have never forgotten on General Laclos, the author of that strange, immoral, licentious, and yet to me dull French classic, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*. This book made an extraordinary sensation at the time of its publication, just before the Revolution, and I do not wonder; no one ever likes to see the vices of his own time and country in plain print, especially as one can always say in all pictures of the kind, 'This is exaggerated.' The good is left out which in nature is always side by side with the bad, and that gives the effect of everything being bad, which it never is. The 'Times' review made me get the life of Laclos, published in Paris, 1905, *Le Général Choderlos de Laclos, auteur des Liaisons Dangereuses 1741-1803, d'après des Documents inédits par Emile Dard*. At the top of the title page is written the accusation: 'Un acteur caché du drame révolutionnaire.' This was the real reason why the priests and the noblesse were so furious against the author. His novel did not, of course, escape the charge that his heroes and heroines were actual members of society. This he denies, though he says that he had seen all that he had painted, and without lying he could efface none of the features; at the same time he used the usual plea of authors and said, 'Je prends à l'un le nez, à l'autre le talon, à l'autre—devinez.' All artists do this. His principal characters seem to have been drawn from society at Grenoble, where Laclos was in garrison for six years. When La Fayette was taken prisoner in 1792 by the Austrians the only book his luggage contained was *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, and during the six years of his captivity at Olmutz he had no other distraction than to read and re-read the book he had chosen on leaving Paris. I feel sorry for him, and yet he might have done worse, as the book is not easy reading and has a hidden purpose. After being

quite famous, Laclos' novel was almost forgotten, and Laclos himself in 1802 writes to his son that not a single copy exists of the two editions he brought out. Already in 1840 it was placed on the level of other erotic novels, and the author ranked as a boudoir man of pleasure. It is only of late that it has been recognised as a rare document of moral anatomy. 'Livre de moraliste aussi haut que les plus élevés, aussi profond que les plus profonds.' And the de Goncourts called it 'ce livre admirable et exécrable.' It was at any rate the last impression of a society that was passing away. Human nature in greater or less degree remains the same, and where Laclos differs from so many of the authors of the eighteenth century who only painted chimerical human beings, is that his novel—alas! that it should be so—is very human. His contemporaries seem to have misjudged the man, confounding the writer with his work. This judgment does not appear to have been at all true. He was a serious and ambitious man, bitterly disappointed with life. He became secretary to the Duke of Orleans, and a devoted husband and father through all those times of licence. This life of him throws many side-lights on the times, and is very interesting I think. He was imprisoned in the 'Abbaye' in 1793, where they say he met the Duke of Orleans. His letters to his wife from prison in 1793-4, and during his last campaign after his release, have been published, *Lettres inédites de Choderlos de Laclos*, par M. Louis de Chauvigny. A letter written from the prison when he believed his execution was imminent, and even to take place the next day, is I think one of the most delicate and touchingly unselfish letters I have ever read. The wish to spare her a shock and sorrow if his life was not taken, and yet the intense desire to send her a last message which she would understand if his execution took place, affects me deeply—here it is.

*À la Citoyenne Laclos, cour des Fontaines,
Maison Égalité, 1110.*

19 germinal,

Du corridor Challier, No. 7.

'J'envoie, ma chère amie, le commissionnaire savoir de tes nouvelles et te donner des miennes, sans avoir d'autre objet à remplir. Mais, par occasion, je le charge d'un petit cadeau. Mes cheveux me gênait pour attacher la boucle de ma perruque ; je les ai fait couper ce matin, et j'ai pensé que peut-être ils te feraient plaisir. À mon âge, ils ne repousseront plus, et il m'a paru juste, qu'ayant les premiers cheveux de tes enfants tu eusses les derniers de leur père. C'est un petit monument de tendresse que je te prie de conserver. Je t'aime et embrasse du meilleur de mon cœur.'

No one knows how or why, so near death, his life was spared. Though written a hundred years ago, I cannot after reading that letter think of him without emotion. Laclos says : 'Le cœur aime mieux souffrir que d'être insensible. J'ai toujours soutenu que c'était une véritable consolation que de sentir qu'on était inconsolable, et que la chose la plus capable d'augmenter un grand chagrin était l'idée que peut-être on s'en consolait. J'étais jeune quand je disais cela, on me taxait d'exaltation. Je suis vieux maintenant, mon expérience n'a fait que me confirmer dans ces sentiments. Je regrette encore mon père comme au premier jour, et ce long regret est la seule consolation que j'éprouve de sa perte.' He must, I think, have been a most attractive man, a mixture of sensibility and great energy of character. He was given a command in Italy by Napoleon, and died near Naples of dysentery. His last letters were begging for help for his wife and children.

The final details are very interesting. At the return of the Bourbons, in 1815, his tomb was destroyed and his ashes scattered to the wind. I don't mind that, but that his character should have been redeemed a hundred years after gives me great pleasure. I hope I have said enough to interest you in the book and in the man.

I am always looking in the 'Times' for some reviews of those remarkable books by Lenotre, on the details of the people and the times of the French Revolution. Lenotre has dipped as into a well and brought forth priceless treasures, pictures of human nature, varied and curious enough at all times, but abnormally so at times of such moral upheavings as occurred during the last years of Louis XVI. and the Terror. There seems to be now a rather dangerous reaction against the Revolution and all the sufferings which caused it. This is 'to pity the plumage and forget the dying bird.' These words were originally applied to those who at the time of the French Revolution thought more of the sufferings of the Court and of the nobles than of France as a whole. Some of the names of Lenotre's books are, *Paris Révolutionnaire*, *Un conspirateur royaliste pendant la Terreur*, *Vieilles maisons, vieux papiers*, *La captivité et la mort de Marie-Antoinette*, &c., &c. They are written very fairly and impartially, but without sympathy for the Revolutionary party, the aims of the liberal movement, or the recollection of all the evils that existed under the old form of government, the abuses, the cruelty, the tyranny, &c. I hope the innocent are not often ruined and punished now, though there have been most terrible examples in our time, have there not?

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

R. C. Trench.

To C. L. (*niece*).

May 11th, 1906.

I went yesterday to one of the most interesting, and yet most painful, shows I have ever seen in London, the Sweated Industries Exhibition, got up by the 'Daily News.' I wonder how it would have struck your dear original, unconventional mind. One lady I know nearly fainted when she had been round. That was not how it affected me: the principal feeling was one of the profoundest wonder that people who lead lives such as these poor hard-worked mortals have to do can look as well as they do. Many were quite middle-aged, but no one could watch the wonderful skill with which they did their work and doubt for a moment that they were the true professionals. One woman I spoke to was making the small strawberry baskets with a skill and rapidity that excited my admiration, so I asked her if she had learnt to do it very young. 'Yes,' she answered, 'my grandfather taught me when I was a little girl,' and she added, 'He used to make eight shillings a-week. I can never make more than five shillings.' I try to think that the absolute necessities of life are rather cheaper than they were in her grandfather's time. It is not unwholesome work and not even so tedious as some, as the turning out the finished basket and beginning again makes a certain variety in the work. But just fancy doing this all day for years and years, earning only 2½d. for the gross (144). Those who got up the exhibition do not pretend that they see their way to what might make such sweating impossible. The expensive shops and the West-end tailors employ sweaters as well as all the smaller tradesmen. It does make one realise all that Trade Unionism has done for the working classes.

Lady Dilke was always telling me about the condition of working-women at the time I saw much of her, and impressing on me the necessity of getting them to combine. She used to speak much of the wonderful work done by a working-woman called Mrs. Emma Paterson.

In those early days Lady Dilke thought that women-workers might be put at a disadvantage by special protective legislation. Her later experience led her to look upon this view as a heresy, but she never succeeded in quite converting me, for there seems so much to be said on both sides. I was then so much under the influence of people who took the other view as to the immediate harm that special legislation did to women. They wanted the protective laws to be for men and women alike.

Lady Dilke had the strongest views about what I should call the selfishness of life, namely, not working in some direct way for public service. She held strongly, and I believe she was right, that to lead a purely individual life, however innocent, is a loss to the community and bad for the individual. I did not profit as I might have done by what she taught, my mode of life in those days requiring all my time on somewhat other lines. I can't help thinking this Sweated Industries Exhibition may do some good, and induce the House of Commons to listen to a Bill, which I believe Sir Charles Dilke has ready to introduce, on the model of a Wages Board Act that has been tried in Victoria, and worked very successfully there. A committee of employers and employed in any given trade is thereby officially called into existence. There are thirty-eight such boards in operation, and they provide a living wage in most of the industries which represent our sweated trades. Everybody I have seen who went to the Exhibition comes away with the feeling that

the whole sweating system is intolerable, and that something must be done. Lady Dilke's niece, Miss Gertrude Tuckwell, who is now, I think, the head of the 'Women's Trade Union League,' is all in favour of the women themselves combining, and for the charitable public to help them in that direction. She says, 'No voluntary system can really meet the sweating evil. Lists of fair shops are a thoroughly illusory recipe. Granted all the ramifications of modern industry, it is impossible to cope with a deep-seated trouble by beginning at the end of the scale represented by the retail salesman; we must get at the other end, and protect the workers themselves. As they suffer through the action of the whole nation, so they must be protected by its action.' And so legislation seems the only remedy, and it is the necessity for that, and the slowness with which it comes, that makes one realise the desirability of the franchise for women, even if it has disadvantages, so as to let a wholesome and gradual development of social reforms be brought about.

So sleep, for ever sleep, O marble Pair !
 Or, if ye wake, let it be then, when fair
 On the carved western front a flood of light
 Streams from the setting sun, and colours bright
 Prophets, transfigured Saints, and Martyrs brave,
 In the vast western window of the nave ;
 And on the pavement round the tomb there glints
 A chequer-work of glowing sapphire-tints,
 And amethyst, and ruby—then unclose
 Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,
 And from your broider'd pillows lift your heads,
 And rise upon your cold white marble beds ;
 And looking down on the warm rosy tints
 Which chequer, at your feet, the illumined flints,
 Say : *What is this ? we are in bliss—forgiven—*
Behold the pavement of the courts of Heaven !
 Or let it be on autumn nights, when rain
 Doth rustlingly above your heads complain
 On the smooth leaden roof, and on the walls
 Shedding her pensive light at intervals
 The moon through the clere-story windows shines,
 And the wind washes 'mid the mountain-pines ;—
 Then, gazing up through the dim pillars high,
 The foliaged marble forest where ye lie,
Hush, ye will say, it is eternity !
This is the glimmering verge of Heaven, and these
The columns of the heavenly palaces.
 And in the sweeping of the wind your ear
 The passage of the Angels' wings will hear,
 And on the lichen-crusted leads above
 The rustle of the eternal rain of love.

Matthew Arnold.

To E. E. E. (*niece*).

May 12th, 1906.

My visit to Canterbury was a very great success in every way. How I wish you had been with me. I got down about 11.30, and went straight to the Cathedral, my hostess having arranged that an old friend and high dignitary should take us round. He had not time to tell us all, so he confined himself to the famous murder of nearly 800 years ago. The old historical tradition that Becket was killed in front of the high altar is not true. He was murdered close to a door by which he had just entered from the cloisters, and for the sake of their own consciences the knights tried to drag him back so as not to kill him in the church, but he refused to go and clung to a column. The monks with him helped to hold him back, and one had his arm broken in trying to protect the Archbishop's head. After death the monks took him and laid him in front of the high altar; next day the knights insisted he should be moved, and the monks carried him to the crypt, where there seems to have been a stone sarcophagus ready. He suffered much from cold, and he was wearing coat upon coat, and, underneath all, the hair garment which encased his whole body; and the monks' admiration, which was unbounded at such austerity, was only increased when they saw that it was alive with vermin! No wonder that cleanliness was not encouraged in the Middle Ages. He was then re-dressed by the monks in the magnificent robes he wore at his consecration, laid in the marble sarcophagus, and buried in the crypt in the dry earth, unpaved. Here he remained from 1170 to 1220, till translated to the shrine, above the crypt, behind the high altar. In this lower crypt Henry II. performed his famous penance; having walked with bare and bleeding feet in the garb of the

ordinary penitent pilgrim, the King knelt at the tomb and received five strokes from each bishop and abbot present, and three from each of the eighty monks. After this he resumed his clothes, and was left all night in the crypt, resting against one of the solemn and severe Norman pillars with feet unwashed, and fasted the whole night. 'At early matins he rose and went round the altars and shrines of the upper church, then returned to the tomb, and finally, after hearing mass, drank of the martyr's well, and carried off one of the usual phials of Canterbury pilgrims, containing water mixed with the blood, and so rode to London, which he reached in a week.' So Dean Stanley ends his elaborate description of the penance. No one ought to go to Canterbury without that very interesting little book of Arthur Stanley's called 'Historical Memorials of Canterbury,' published, I think, about 1853. Since this book was written the full confirmation has been found that Becket's bones were not burnt by order of Henry VIII., as was affirmed by the Church of Rome, but buried again in the crypt after the destruction of the shrine by order of the King. The friend who took us round actually saw the skeleton with the head broken by the sword, and all complete, except a few of the smaller bones which were known to have been taken to Rome as relics. And in the British Museum there exists part of a sermon ordered to be preached in London by Henry VIII., stating that he had never ordered the bones to be burnt. What he did do was to have the jewels and gold of the shrine carried off in two enormous coffers, and the remaining offerings filled twenty-six waggons. And so was swept away one of the most wonderful superstitions in all Europe. But as long as the stones of Canterbury Cathedral can be held together this murder, with all its results, must always be its chief interest.

Froude in his 'Short Studies' has a thrilling article on 'Becket and his Times.' It gives an extraordinarily vivid picture, first of the murder, and then of the state of things brought about by the event, and which continued till another Henry broke down the power of the spiritual courts, which had developed a system of tyranny and corruption unparalleled in any time or country. Froude says: 'The English laity were for three centuries condemned to writhe under the yoke which their own credulous folly had imposed on them, till the spirit of Henry II. at length revived, and the aged iniquity was brought to judgment at the Reformation. . . . Miracles come when they are needed. They come not of fraud, but they come of an impassioned credulity which creates what it is determined to find. . . . In the eyes of Europe the cause in which Becket fell was the cause of Sacerdotalism as against the prosaic virtues of Justice and Common Sense. Every superstitious mind in Christendom was at work immediately, generating supernatural evidence which should be universal and overwhelming.' When once the impression was started that Becket's relics were working miracles it spread like an epidemic. For three and a half centuries Becket's was the most famous and frequented shrine in Europe. The last jubilee of the translation of St. Thomas was in 1520. Henry VIII. was there, accompanied by the newly elected Emperor Charles V., whom he had met at Dover. It must have been a magnificent procession; Cardinal Wolsey immediately in front, then the King and Emperor, followed by the nobility of England and Spain. The streets were lined with priests and clerks from miles around with censers, crosses, surplices and copes of the richest sorts.

Two new books on Canterbury have come out lately—'Canterbury,' by Charles Cox ('Ancient Cities' series), and 'The Canterbury Pilgrimages,' by H. Snowden Ward.

Motors are making these books necessary, now that people are seeing more of the country than they have done since railways came in, and the combination of history, literature and guide-book is just what is wanted. The difference in the value of money in those days is made very apparent in Mr. Charles Cox's book. The Emperor and King jointly offered 20s. on arriving at the Cathedral, and gave a further sum of 20s. at High Mass.

I was just a little disappointed with the Cathedral inside, it is so crowded up; and the fact of the nave being so much lower than the chancel, and so divided from it, reduces the general effect of the size and grandeur of the building. The Cathedral service is so simple and Protestant, one misses the warmth of the high altar and the incense and the officiating priests. I saw, a year or two ago, an ordination in St. Paul's, in London, which was very different. The Bishop of London was a most effective figure, and extraordinarily graceful in his magnificent green cope; the whole ceremony required nothing but the incense for it to have all the warmth and beauty and suggestive mystery of a Roman Catholic service.

The outside of the Cathedral was clothed in scaffolding, which has a picturesque charm of its own, particularly with so large a building, but it prevented me from judging of the external architecture of the Cathedral itself. But the precincts which surround Canterbury Cathedral are unusually beautiful, spacious and grandiose, more so, I think, than any surroundings of cathedrals that I have ever seen either in England or abroad. Salisbury is the one that comes nearest to it, but that is too open and bare. At Canterbury the reverent peace peculiarly belonging to monastic institutions lingers about its tall and spreading trees, and flickers in the light and shade of its broad expanses of beautiful green grass. Possibly in the monastic days there was no turf at all!

To M. B. (*great-niece*).

May 20th, 1906.

Here is an old convent legend which I came across the other day in a leaflet by Lady Lindsay. I think it is the sort of thing which would please you: 'When birds were first created they had no wings. They hopped and chirped and sang; they were clad in feathers of lovely hues; but they could not fly. Then God made wings and laid them down in front of the birds, saying: "Take ye up these loads and carry them." So the birds obediently took up the unknown wings with their beaks and laid them on their shoulders. At first those loads seemed heavy and irksome; but presently, as the wings folded closer and closer to their hearts, the birds grew more reconciled. The very loads which they had at first carried were in turn ready to support them, and to enable them to soar joyously upward to the sky. Men and women are the birds; their duties are the wings. When we bear our burthens cheerfully they cease to be heavy and wearisome; nay, ere long they become the very pinions that lift and carry us upwards.'

To E. M. (*niece*).

June 2nd, 1906.

Your letter makes me sad. Kicking against the pricks at all ages seems to me a miserable way of spending one's life, and it hurts no one so much as oneself! I think I must copy you a few extracts from my note-books, beginning with the well-known sentence of Susannah Wesley, which helped me very much in my first sorrow, when I was eighteen. It seems to me absolutely true now; it is only the 'pleasures' and temptations of life that

differ at different ages. 'Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure, take this rule: * Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things—in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself.' The next is part of a letter of Shelley's to Claire: 'If you would take my advice you would give up this evil pursuit after shadows, and temper yourself to the season; seek in the daily and affectionate intercourse of friends a respite from these perpetual and irritating projects. Live from day to day, attend to your health, cultivate literature and liberal ideas to a certain extent, and expect that, from time and change, which no exertions of your own can give you. Wherever you go or stay let the past be past.' That is the advice from the abused man of the early days of the last century. This next is from Oscar Wilde, the poor condemned prisoner of the last days of the same century to a young writer. Both seem to me full of wisdom. 'As regards your prospects in literature, I believe it is impossible to live by literature. By journalism a man may make an income, but rarely by pure literary work. I would strongly advise you to try and make some profession, such as that of a tutor, the basis and mainstay of your life, and to keep literature for your finest, rarest moments. The highest form of literature brings no health to the singer. For producing your best work also you will require some leisure and freedom from sordid care. It is always a difficult thing to give advice, but as you are younger than I am I venture to do so. Make some sacrifice for your art and you will be repaid, but ask of art to sacrifice herself to you and a bitter disappointment may come to you. I hope it will not, but there is always a terrible chance.

You must try and get some post which should enable you to live without absolute anxiety—I do not mean luxury. To attain this end you should be ready to give up some of your natural pride; but, loving literature as you do, I cannot think that you would not do so. Finally remember London is full of young men working for literary success, and that you must *carve your way* to fame; laurels don't come for the asking.'

To wind up my quotations, Goethe says: 'Man is not born to solve the mystery of existence, but he must nevertheless attempt it, in order that he may learn to know how to keep within the limits of the knowable.' You may think these quotations fit rather for the young than the old. But I don't think this; these general rules fit all ages. We should never give up striving, never become apathetic, idle, and indifferent. This does not mean we ought to fight the growing years; we should be perfectly contented with our time of life. Mr. Benson says that 'the tragedy of growing old is the remaining young.' I think that does not come to a healthy old age.

To N. C. (*nephew*).

June 3rd, 1906.

Thank you very much for your letter giving me an account of your visit to Eton. How difficult it all is, and there are always the two sides to every question, even to the physical development of boys. I think it may be true that a great increase of physical exercises, &c., might make it more difficult for boys to control their bodies, just as insufficient physical development might produce that same result. Among nations a very inefficient, unprepared state may lead to war, but certainly the whole nation being armed to the teeth tends to produce a war-like spirit. As I think you know, I am much against gymnastics, games, physical exercises being turned into

the main business of life, but purely sedentary pursuits are also full of evils ; the proper balance between the two is the most difficult thing to achieve. S. and I were talking the other day of the many problems connected with a literary life, and he drew my attention to this passage in Carlyle's 'Life of Schiller,' one of his earlier works. He has been drawing a vivid picture of the Man of Letters 'not wholly made of spirit, but of clay and spirit mixed,' to whom 'the cares and toils of literature are the business of life,' who 'too often spends his weary days in conflicts with obscure misery—harassed, chagrined, debased, or maddened—the victim at once of tragedy and farce—the last forlorn outpost in the war of Mind against Matter'; and then he concludes with what seems to me to be his own *apologia pro vita sua*: 'Yet among these men are to be found the brightest specimens and the chief benefactors of mankind! It is they that keep awake the finer parts of our souls; that give us better aims than power or pleasure, and withstand the total sovereignty of Mammon in this earth. They are the vanguard in the march of mind; the intellectual backwoodsmen reclaiming from the idle wilderness new territories for the thought and the activity of their happier brethren. . . . Such men are the flower of this lower world; to such alone can the epithet of great be applied with its true emphasis. There is a congruity in their proceedings which one loves to contemplate: he who would write heroic poems should make his whole life a heroic poem.'

Here, too, is a sentence from my favourite, John Morley, whom I never read without feeling better and stronger. Do you know him well? When you get into your little cottage in the country have his books on one of the first shelves you put up, especially the three volumes of 'Critical Miscellanies':

‘There are two crises in the history of grave and sensitive natures. One on the threshold of manhood, when the youth defines his purpose, his creed, his aspirations; the other towards the later part of middle life, when circumstance has strained his purpose and tested his creed, and given to his aspirations a cold and practical measure. The second crisis, though less stirring, less vivid, less coloured to the imagination, is the weightier probation of the two, for it is final and decisive; it marks not the mere unresisted force of youthful impulse and implanted predispositions, as the earlier crisis does, but rather the resisting quality, the strength, the purity, the depth of the native character, after the many princes of the powers of the air have had time and chance of fighting their hardest against it. It is the turn which a man takes about the age of forty or five-and-forty that parts him off among the sheep on the right hand or the poor goats on the left. This is the time of the grand moral climacteric: when genial, unvarnished selfishness, or coarse and ungenial cynicism or querulous despondency finally chokes out the generous resolve of a fancied strength which had not yet been tried in the burning fiery furnace of circumstances.’

To V. B. (*niece*).

June 10th, 1906.

I see you date from Thurleigh; is it very near Bedford? If so, do go in and see the town. There are several things worth seeing, one of the best grammar schools in England, and such a fine statue of John Howard, the philanthropist, by Gilbert at his best. To my mind, for that kind of memorial statue in a native town it is quite perfect, simple, beautiful, dignified, and impressive, and most artistically and originally carried out; light, extending upwards like a flame, strong and

solid, and well placed. The base is made of shallow stone steps, and the column supporting the figure is a mixture of stone and wrought bronze in Gilbert's peculiar and original manner. Four great bronze clasps enclose a massive stone on which is carved, in very plain letters,

JOHN HOWARD,

1726-1790

1890.

The bronze clasps seem to lose themselves in the dark shadow cast by a deep stone cornice which serves as an unusually broad base for the figure. This is in bronze, in the picturesque costume of Howard's day. The face and attitude are thoughtful and dignified. How little likeness matters in decorative memorials! The important thing is that the type should recall the man and his work as he appeared to his generation. The monument, as I said before, is admirably placed in an open space, which gives one every opportunity of appreciating it from every point of view. It is backed by the trees of a churchyard. This accentuates one of my favourite contentions, that all memorials of distinguished citizens, whether erected by individuals or public subscription, should be placed in streets or squares, never enclosed in graveyards, churches, or crypts. He who lives and runs and works, ought to be able to gather as he goes a faint knowledge of the kind of citizens who deserve honour from men of all ages. Of course these advantages are greatly enhanced when the statue is a really decorative work of art such as this of Gilbert's.

The statue to Bunyan, by Boehm, in the same town, is a rather painful example of all that a monument should not be—ill-proportioned and full of false sentiment. The

pose of the figure and the expression of the face aim at the sublime, and attain only to the ridiculous. On the pedestal are four bas-reliefs from scenes in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Even these I do not much admire. The statue is surrounded by heavy stone posts connected by spiked iron chains. I think this form of railing is peculiarly inappropriate, as it does not prevent the approach of the mischievous boy who might deface, while it does give the impression of keeping at a distance the citizen who comes to admire.

The Soldiers' Memorial, erected the other day after the South African War, again is a good example of what can be done by right feeling and intelligence, without any great artistic genius, such as Gilbert's, to carry it out. The well-proportioned base and pedestal support the figure of an infantry soldier. Every detail of his dress and war equipment are exactly those which were worn and carried during the campaign. The names of officers and men, which are very numerous, are most legibly written, as should be. All honour to the present citizens of Bedford who have thus immortalised their great men of such varied types in both bygone times and in their own day!

Of the subjects of these three statues at Bedford, perhaps the name of John Howard is the one which conveys least to the public of to-day. Have you ever read a life of him? I had not. I knew he was a great philanthropist, but I knew nothing else. He started life as a grocer's apprentice, but inherited a considerable fortune from his father. His youth and middle-age were spent in the ordinary pursuits of travel, and devotion to ameliorating the conditions of the poor around his home. After the death of his first wife, he took a voyage to Lisbon to inspect the effects of the earthquake which had recently destroyed that city, but he was taken prisoner by the

French and never reached Lisbon. The hardships he suffered and witnessed in the French prison probably first roused his sympathies, and led to his important future researches and intense wish to reform prisons. When he reached England he laid before the Commissioners of the 'Sick and Hurt Office' the information he had gained, and his communication was well received. But it was not till 1773, eight or nine years after the death of his second wife, when he was nearly fifty years old, that, on being made sheriff for the county of Bedford, and more or less responsible for prison discipline, his attention was first seriously drawn to the many abuses which existed in the management of gaols. From that time to his death he devoted his life to the investigation of these abuses, and the means of correcting them. He visited prisons, not only in his own country, but at different times made ~~tours~~ all over Europe, including Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Poland, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Turkey. His principal book, which he several times re-edited with additions, first appeared in 1777, and was called 'The State of the Prisons in England and Wales; with Preliminary Observations, and an Account of some Foreign Prisons.' He extended his inquiries also to hospitals, and the means of preventing the communication of the plague and other infectious diseases. In 1789 he published 'An Account of the Principal Lazarettos in Europe, with various Papers relative to the Plague; together with farther Observations on some Foreign Prisons and Hospitals; with additional Remarks on the present State of those of Great Britain and Ireland.' He met his death at the town of Cherson, a Russian settlement on the Black Sea, where, prompted by humanity to visit patients labouring under an infectious fever, he caught it, and died in consequence. He was buried in the neighbourhood of Cherson, and a memorial was erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathe-

dral. His work seems to have been fully recognised some years* before his death, for Edmund Burke, in a speech at Bristol in 1780, speaks of him thus: 'I cannot name this gentleman without remarking that his labours and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of mankind. He has visited all Europe—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals, or collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depth of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original, and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity.'

We were as men who through a fen
 Of filthy darkness grope :
 We did not dare to breathe a prayer,
 Or to give our anguish scope :
 Something was dead in each of us,
 And what was dead was Hope.

This too I know—and wise it were
 If each could know the same—
 That every prison that men build
 Is built with bricks of shame,
 And bound with bars lest Christ should see
 How men their brothers maim.

From '*The Ballad of Reading Gaol.*'

To E. L. (*niece*).

June 21st, 1906.

I went yesterday to a meeting to hear Lady Henry Somerset explain the principle on which she works her Duxhurst Home, near Reigate, for the reclaiming of female inebriates. She speaks exceedingly well, and brought home the conviction that methods of loving-kindness and a complete change of occupation and surroundings are the only chance of saving those who are addicted to alcohol. I came away with the impression that this depressing subject is by no means so hopeless as has been generally supposed. Several doctors have told me that they had never known a successful cure of a female inebriate. She told us that, when she started her farm colony nine years ago, the only public attempt that had till then been made to deal with the evil of drunkenness was imprisonment. Even now the County Council Reformatories are only for those who have been through the police courts. She said that the patients they receive at Duxhurst are of another calibre. The majority have not been criminals, but drunkenness has desolated their homes. Men of all classes go to them and appeal for their wives, their daughters, their sisters, or their mothers to be received into the Home. These cases are so piteous that it is obvious that assistance should be afforded to those who wish to help their relations, and to the women who, at the urgent request of those they love, are willing to be helped. She described her early difficulties, and how older and more experienced workers shook their heads at the rash experiment, saying, 'Where are the protective barriers? . . . You will need miles of wall to safeguard the inmates.' Truly the gates and bars were all waiting,

the aim being to detain the women by something stronger than bolts and bars. An appeal is made to the spiritual nature of the inmates. 'From the very first moment that they come into our midst we try to show them that love is the spirit that controls the colony, love for the crushed and despairing lives that come to us; and then to lead them on gently and tenderly to believe that human love is but the faint reflection of the great love that is in the Shepherd's heart, Who seeks for the wandering ones until He finds.'

The building plan is one of small separate houses, which are increased as the money comes in; one has been built by the charity of a single individual. Lady Henry dwelt very much on the absolute necessity of a whole year's stay. Change of surroundings and occupation is also one of the points she considers most advantageous. The very poor are made more comfortable; the well-to-do are taught simplicity and frugality. In talking to Lady Henry Somerset after her lecture, she entirely agreed with me that a reformed diet would immensely help her work with the inebriates. But she said, 'You have no idea of the difficulty that change of diet means in a "Home." You may do almost anything for people if you do not touch their food.' As if I did not know this only too well. How often has it not been said to me, 'I would rather die than give up meat and tea'! Of course there is no hope of any change in this matter for 'Homes' and asylums until doctors take a different line from what they do now.

Lady Henry in her lecture also dwelt much on the importance of recognising that the central idea of a woman's life is maternity. If this is dead in the patient they try to revive it artificially by the care of living things, such as chickens, bees, plants, &c. By these means they can regain the pride and self-confidence

which they have lost in their own homes. One woman is said to have been actually saved by having full charge of a brood of chickens raised in an incubator. They have now started close by, in the Duxhurst Colony, a permanent home for waifs and strays, who are under the charge of a motherly sister. The presence of these children, all involuntary sufferers from the evils necessarily attending inebriety, has, as might be expected, a markedly beneficial influence on the patients. Evidently all the freedom possible and much development of individuality are allowed—no uniforms, no needlessly rigid rules or similarity of conduct. The results during recent years are returned as over 65 per cent. of cures.

A pamphlet called 'The Drink Problem: Thoughts towards a Solution,' by H. B. A. (Richard J. James, 3 and 4 London House Yard, E.C., price 1d.), is well worth getting. The motto on the title-page is quite in my style: 'The eating and drinking reformation is at the foundation of all the good that would be produced in society.—Joseph Brotherton, M.P.' Amongst other things, the pamphlet recognises the numberless causes which help to bring about drunkenness in women; but the author adds: 'I submit, however, that these are secondary and not primary causes; that the real cause is organic and vital, not relative or impersonal. I submit that the drink is more responsible for the creation of the slum than the slum is for the drunkard, although the one undoubtedly acts and reacts on the other; it is not the sty so much as the occupant of the sty that needs reforming.'

This brings me back to the root idea that the great thing in all philanthropic reforms, which I know you believe as much as I do, is prevention rather than cure. For this reason I have always supported Lord Grey's scheme of reform for public-houses. The principles of this scheme are well set forth in one of Mr. Stead's

pamphlets, 'The Temperance Movement and the Public-house Trust,' by the Earl of Lytton (Publishing office, 3 Whitefriars Street, London, price 1d.). He says: 'If it be true that the problem of intemperance is largely a moral problem, and therefore only capable of being solved by moral influences, it follows that we must not expect too much of legislation. . . . Sumptuary laws and those which aim at enforcing virtue have always failed in the past, and if we try to make people sober by Act of Parliament we shall no less surely fail in the future. At the same time, though Parliament cannot abolish the evils of intemperance, it can do something to mitigate them; if it cannot make people sober it can materially strengthen or weaken the moral forces by which sobriety is established. The State, therefore, has some responsibility in the matter, and in every country it is the recognised duty of the Government to exercise some control over the trade in intoxicants. . . . The object of the Trust Companies is to acquire public-houses and manage them solely in the public interest. . . . The supporters of the movement firmly believe that if the system of company management could receive Parliamentary sanction, and be applied to the entire retail trade throughout the country, the result would be not only a considerable decrease in drunkenness, but even a reduction in the normal consumption of alcohol; that the preponderating influence of the trade in the sphere of politics would disappear; and, finally, that by spending the profits derived from the sale of liquor upon such objects as clubs, reading-rooms, recreations, &c., the temptation to frequent the public-houses would be largely reduced.' After describing the drink laws now in force and the abuses to which they lead, Lord Lytton adds: 'Who would make haste to blame those who succumb under such circumstances? No, let us never lose sight of their temptations;

let us strive to supply opportunities for healthy recreation and uncontaminated social intercourse; let us honour those who rise superior to their surroundings, and even find pity in our hearts for those who fail. But do not let us try to shift the responsibility from off the shoulders to which it belongs, or minimise in any way the utter degradation of the state of drunkenness.'

One of the great interests to me of Lady Henry Somerset's experiment is that the same principles could be extended to the reform of criminals of all kinds. Something must be done in the face of the damning evidence as to the failure of the existing system to reform the criminal. * 'The reason of this failure is not far to seek. All individuality is mercilessly suppressed in the prisoner. No prisoner is allowed to do anything except with the permission and in sight of a warder. He is the object of constant and ceaseless vigilance from sentence to liberation. . . . He is made to feel in every particular of his routine life of silence and labour that he is treated not as a man, but as a mere disciplined human automaton. For instance, even to share a piece of bread with a more hungry fellow-unfortunate is to commit a breach of the prison rules. The human will must be left outside of the prison gates, where it is to be picked up again, five, seven, or fifteen years afterwards, and refitted to the mental conditions which penal servitude has created in the animalised machine which is discharged from custody.' Can anything be more abjectly idiotic than such a system? With all their filth, neglect and immorality, the prisons of Howard's time were not so bad as that. I have quoted the above sentence from 'Prison, Police and Punishment,' by Edward Carpenter (Arthur Ffield, 44 Fleet Street, E.C., price 2s.). I think this book would interest you very much—perhaps you already know it. It is full of practical suggestions for reform. I have

often wondered whether the recurrence in released criminals of the same crime or vice for which they were condemned may not in some way be due to a physically diseased state, such as the inflammation of some blood-vessels in the brain, a particular nerve pressure, &c., and whether such a condition may not be brought about by the sudden return to unhealthy food and drink, the evil effects of which would be greatly accentuated after long semi-starvation during their incarceration. One more little extract from a passage in the book quoted from Dr. James Devon, medical officer of Glasgow prison. 'Perhaps in time we shall get rid of the superstition that institutions are necessarily good things, and be less ready to send prancing over the country intelligent, zealous officials, whose mission seems to be—to shut up everyone who is a different kind of fool from themselves. Of course I do not suggest that all institutions are useless and harmful. Some are not so bad as others; but I think we could do without shutting up so many people who do not act just as we desire—if we would only be a little more reasonable than they are. . . . If one half the ingenuity spent in leading some of them astray and in oppressing them were devoted to their reclamation, the results would amaze.'

To M. B. (*nephew*).

July 14th, 1906.

Yesterday's papers were filled with Mr. Haldane's wonderful speech about the army, but, interesting as that subject is to me, I confess that I could think about nothing but the telegraphic news from Paris of the complete vindication of poor Dreyfus. I had always firmly believed in his innocence, but had found it very difficult

really to understand the political influences at the back of all this cruel injustice and these false accusations, and why the various parties took it up so hotly. I suppose that if the first court-martial, and those who were behind it, had had their way, Dreyfus would have been shot, and there would have been an end to the Republic. It all serves to convince me more than ever that courts-martial in times of peace are most clumsy means of justice. Where *esprit de corps* is stronger than the respect for truth, it is impossible for justice to adjust the scales. How I wish that Zola, who did and sacrificed so much for *l'Affaire*, had lived to see this day. Zola's prophecy of the *dénoûment*, in *Vérité* (published after his death), seems to have turned out wonderfully correct. He said it would come after the Republic's victory over the Church, whenever that might happen, and when great changes would have been effected politically and administratively in France. Since those days the French Church has been disestablished, and many of the changes indicated have occurred. Zola also prophesied that the case would end quietly, almost amidst indifference, the last proceedings being little more than a formality, and the former convictions of the alleged culprit being purely and simply annulled, without any reference to any other court. It remains to be seen whether this last prophecy will be fulfilled, though at this moment to us in England it appears likely. When I read of Madame Dreyfus, who always faithfully believed in her husband's innocence, and his two children going to the court, and his waiting for the verdict alone at home, this picture seems to me the crowning touch to all he had suffered. How true it is that *la joie fait peur*! Perhaps you are too young to remember vividly the original condemnation, the tearing off of his uniform, the spitting in his face as he passed along the lines. Even then, with the possibility of his

guilt, this scene in front of his regiment always seemed to me barbaric and worse than death. Then the cruel governor of the Ile du Diable, the building up of the wall to hide his peep of the sea, and the possibility of his seeing a vessel coming to take him back to France, hope being the one thing that keeps sane the brain of the prisoner; the return to France, followed by that frightfully unjust Rennes trial, and the final insult of a 'pardon' for an offence never committed. Such a long-drawn-out sorrow is very rare, and it is good to read that he said, when the verdict of his innocence was announced to him the other day, 'I am now at the end of my sufferings: my honour is restored.' Is it hardest to be punished when one is innocent or when one is guilty? At first I should think when one was innocent the sense of rebellion would be very hard to conquer, but in the long run the martyr-spirit that would grow in the heart of the innocent would be a great help. Well, now it is all over, and suffering is, I believe, never wasted. It will probably help the honour of France—the strength and solidity of the great Republic which I so admire, as well as the cause of justice everywhere—that they have had the courage at last to publish the whole truth, and officially proclaim Dreyfus's innocence all over France. I am not generally revengeful, but I own it seems to me that there ought still to be some public denunciation of those alive who really knew what they were doing. My only regret is that the trial before the *Cour de Cassation* was conducted in secret; this gives a loophole to the enemy. Is it not strange how passions cool, and that one ungentlemanlike duel should be apparently the only violent outcome to-day of all the rage and fury of some years ago?

To M. B. (*nephew*).

July 21st, 1906.

After my letter to you the other day about Dreyfus, you will imagine my feelings now that a French friend has come to stay here who simply shakes with rage at the idea that the acquittal by the *Cour de Cassation* means for a single moment that anybody in France believes he is innocent. She alludes mysteriously to plots and conspiracies which she says have been formed against the army and the Church. She declares that the events of the next few months will prove this and bring many things to light, and that numerous officers will leave the army now that Dreyfus is reinstated. The interest of these views, so widely differing from the general opinion in England, is to watch the development of the immediate future. I rejoice to see in to-day's papers that the official stenographic report of the evidence before the *Cour de Cassation* is to be published. This is much better than nothing, but is not as satisfactory to my mind as an open trial.

To A. C. S. (*niece*).

July 28th, 1906.

I do hope you and F. like Mr. Arthur Benson's 'Walter Pater' in the new 'English Men of Letters' series. I like all Mr. Benson's books, but this seems to me his very best, and I doubt if there is any writer alive who could have done Pater's life so ably and so sympathetically. In the preface to a volume of Essays Mr. Benson published some ten years ago he says, 'Perhaps one of the greatest mistakes we make in Literature and Art is the passionate individualism into which we are betrayed.' Now this passionate individualism is thrown more or less

into all Mr. Benson's books, and is to my mind one cause of their great charm. It is what I love both in a painter and a writer; nothing else gives so much character. It means a touch of genius, and is more worth having than all the patient labour in the world; in fact it is the golden aureole to a man's work. It is true Mr. Benson does throw himself heart and soul into his subject, and this book is a brilliant result of his methods; it is Pater seen through the eyes of Benson. It can hardly be called a 'Life,' for, except that he was born and died like other men, his life seems to have been as uneventful as a cloistered monk's; but it is a very clever and very sympathetic search after what is autobiographical in Pater's own writings, and to my mind the book is full of new, subtle, and interesting criticism of Pater and his work.

In the same preface to the *Essays* Mr. Benson says that he would rather have been Lovelace than Sainte-Beuve, and written one immortal lyric than thirty-five volumes of the acutest discrimination. I don't agree with this. All gifts are not alike, and it is certainly not true if the greatest object in writing is to give instruction or delight to the reader. And he must feel this himself as he adds, 'What critics can do, what I have attempted to do, is to strengthen and define the impression that a casual reader may derive from a book, a reader who wishes to see what is good, but has not the knack described by the poet, who says, 'what is best he firmly lights upon, as birds on sprays.' That seems to me a unique description of the vocation of a critic, while most critics on the contrary seem to think their reason for existence is to find fault. Mr. Benson quotes the famous saying of Sheridan's, that culture and criticism in certain sterile natures lie 'like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilise.' I have known this saying all my life, as it was in one of

my father's common-place books, only worded slightly differently; my father had it 'like lumps of marl on a barren soil, disfiguring that which it cannot fertilise.' I wonder which is right.

To me half the interest of this study of Pater is the side-light it throws on to Mr. Benson's own mind. The language is beautiful, perhaps a little richer than usual from the study and contact of Pater's highly finished prose, but there is no sign of the fault so common with the would-be imitators of Pater, no falling into the error of far too many words for one thought, this being a style of writing I particularly dislike. Poor thoughts are best expressed in very homely, simple language, and not weighted by studied wording which only accentuates their vacuity. It is curious that when men and women part from their own individuality and try to copy the style of another in writing, or of a method in painting, the result is almost always a copying of the faults, not the merits.

One of the most interesting chapters in this Life of Pater is called 'Later Writings,' especially the description of the unfinished story, 'Gaston de Latour.' It is 'Marius' over again, in other clothes and living in other times—a youth innocent, serious, devout, keenly sensitive to impressions of beauty. A state of things that can no more endure than can a beautiful flower; it is doomed to pass into something else, and what is produced is not always beautiful or satisfactory. This calls up the old thought, 'Whom the gods love die young.' Perhaps besides the historical difficulties it was something of this kind that made finishing 'Gaston de Latour' impossible to Pater.

III

HEALTH AND FOOD

As for curing, how can anybody know? There's no physic'd cure without a blessing, and with a blessing I know I've seen a mustard plaister work when there was no more smell nor strength in the mustard than so much flour. And reason good—for the mustard had lain in paper nobody knows how long—so I'll leave you to guess.

George Eliot.

To M. v. G. (*niece*).

March 9th, 1906.

I feel I did not half thank you enough yesterday for so frankly writing to me about the new book, and advising me entirely to leave out the diet and health question. I do not think the greater success of the first 'Pot-Pourri' was entirely due to my knowing nothing about the importance of non-meat-eating in the days when I wrote it. I am quite sure, however, that your advice is right as far as a society success is concerned; but I am past that. I am so absolutely convinced of the good I have done even through the 'Third Pot-Pourri,' so many have been really benefited and were drawn to the diet through that book, that I cannot go back now. It would be absolutely unnatural, even despicable, if, for the sake of gain or popularity, I brought out a book without giving to the public, who do care, my fresh experiences and beliefs as regards the benefits of a fleshless diet. You say the idea is universally known, and what you call 'thrashed out' in every newspaper. But indeed what is in the paper is often entirely wrong, and the ignorance of hygiene and diet in those I am continually meeting is simply astonishing. Half the people who take up diet carelessly, with that tiresome 'Oh, yes, I know we all eat too much!' often do themselves great injury by eating far too little, and continuing tea and coffee, which on low diet does them far more harm than before.

Mrs. Hugh Bryan's experience from her little book, which is excellent, 'The Secret of Perfect Health,' price 6d., is just the same as mine. From all classes she gets letters full of gratitude for the benefit they have received from carrying out what she recommends. On the other hand, there are people who try the diet and underfeed, or

who eat large quantities of unnourishing foods. This causes failure and brings a great deal of abuse on the whole system, which is quite undeserved, and is merely brought about by people refusing to take the trouble to understand what is taught them. But where people really try and reap the benefit, I cannot tell you the amount of undeserved gratitude which is showered on my head: undeserved because I in no way invented or am answerable for the system, and have only, in season and out of season, done my best to expound and propagate what I believe in more and more every year that goes over my head. It is an impulse of the heart to share with others the benefit of restored health which gilds all life and takes away all dread from old age. Did I attempt to mention the cases of benefit that have occurred under my own eyes, it would read like a quack advertisement, though I confess to many failures. I often wonder how frequently these advertisers of drugs take them themselves! In my case, every word I preach I practise, and it is only natural when one believes as I believe, and has been benefited as I have been benefited, that one should long to pass on one's knowledge and experience to those who will listen, trying never to mind when they turn a deaf ear. I only write all this to explain why, best and kindest of friends, I cannot take your advice, though in a way I believe in its wisdom; but if discarding it saves two or three lives, it seems to me worth while. If diet is adopted in health one never knows how it may have saved that individual from cancer, or tumour, or diabetes, or tuberculosis. It is often those who appear most healthy and well who are in danger of the more deadly diseases. For it is only when uric acid is in circulation that its presence is felt, and when it is being deposited and collected in an unknown pocket, so freeing the circulation as by a filter, then the real danger begins. Its presence is

unfelt till disease, more or less serious, is developed at say forty, fifty, or sixty years of age, and sometimes—indeed very often—when much younger. How then can I hold my tongue? In fact, *au fond*, it is probably what makes it seem to me worth the trouble of publishing these letters. I have been fourteen years on the dull diet, as you know, and am only now beginning to understand its mysteries: the difficulties of overfeeding and underfeeding, and the truth, in a way, of the doctors' favourite saying that 'one man's meat is another man's poison.' It is untrue of certain foods, but it is true of individual digestion and assimilation. Within certain lines, and with greater and greater strictness very often, each one must give attention to what suits himself best, and that is just what makes people so impatient and angry.

Doctors will readily change a prescription and own that one drug suits one person and not another, but they will give no attention to details of diet, and no thought as to what is nourishing and what is not. This pushes the whole responsibility on to the patient, which is often very hard in the face of family opposition.

To H. B. W. (*nephew*).

March 20th, 1906.

Last year Sir Frederick Treves, the great surgeon, gave an address at the Church House, Westminster, under the auspices of the Women's Union, on alcohol, which, though it was reported at different lengths in all the papers, I think so interesting that I send it to you, particularly as it is still surgeons who, as a rule, make the greatest use professionally of alcohol. To please the ladies whom he was addressing he may have put forward his views rather more strongly than he would have done to

co-professionalists. Still, when one remembers the fury of the profession fifty years ago against the teetotallers, it is a most valuable and useful contribution to their literature, and for months I have done my best to spread it far and wide. People do not believe these things, but when they proceed from the mouth of so great an authority, they do make a considerable impression and gradually cause truth and knowledge on the subject to advance, and destroy old-fashioned and incorrect beliefs.

Enclosure.

'I do not propose to trouble you with any detailed accounts of the effects of excessive drinking, and the lamentable diseases that follow from it. The train of physical wreckage that lies in the wake of drunkenness is, unfortunately, a matter of only too common knowledge. I should like, rather, to occupy your time for ten minutes in dealing with the effect of alcohol on the body generally.

'The point in regard to alcohol is simple enough. It is a poison, and it is a poison which, like other poisons, has certain uses; but the limitations in the use of alcohol should be as strict as the limitations in the use of any other kind of poison. Moreover, it is an insidious poison, in that it produces effects which seem to have only one antidote—alcohol again. This applies to another drug equally insidious, and that is morphia, or opium. Unfortunately, the term 'poison' is by no means an exaggerated one, when it is realised that with alcohol, as drunk by many of the poorer classes, there is apt to be mixed a very definite poison in the form of fusel oil.

'There is no disguising the fact that alcohol is of late years less used by the medical profession. It has a certain position as a medicine; that no one will dispute. But looking back over hospital records for the past twenty-

five years, there is little question that the use of alcohol is diminishing.

'In the first place, some people say, "Alcohol is a most excellent appetiser. There can be no possible harm in a little before a meal. It is, as the French say, an *apéritif*, and helps digestion." What are the facts? First of all, no appetite needs to be artificially stimulated. There is no need, supposing this property of alcohol to be true, to use anything that will excite an appetite. So on that ground I do not think there is much to be made out for its use. Dr. Rolleston, writing in Allbutt's "System of Medicine," says that alcohol "hinders artificial digestion."

'Then it is said that it is strengthening, and that it gives great working power. We hear a great deal of this in the advocacy of British beef and beer. That sounds very well, but let us view the facts. Alcohol modifies certain constituents of the blood, and on this account, and on others, it affects prejudicially the nourishment of the body. It is said "to diminish the metabolism of the tissues," or to lessen the activity of those changes by which the body is built up. The output of carbonic acid from the lungs is much lessened. The drinker invariably becomes ill-nourished. No man dreams of going into training and taking but a minimum of alcohol. If he must reach the acme of physical perfection, it must be without alcohol.

'Alcohol has undoubtedly a stimulating effect, and that is the unfortunate part of it. The effect, however, lasts only for a moment, and after it has passed away the capacity for work falls. It does this: it brings up the reserve forces of the body and throws them into action, with the result that when these are used up there is nothing to fall back upon. Its effect is precisely like a general throwing the bulk of his army into the fray, and then bringing up, as fast as he can, all his reserves, and

throwing them in also. The immediate effect may be impressive, but the inevitable result is obvious.

'As a work-producer alcohol is exceedingly extravagant, and, like other extravagant measures, it is apt to lead to a physical bankruptcy. It is well known that troops cannot march on alcohol. I was with the relief column that moved on to Ladysmith. It was an extremely trying time, apart from the heat of the weather. In that column of some 30,000 men, the first who dropped out were not the tall men or the short men, or the big men or the little men, but the drinkers; and they dropped out as clearly as if they had been labelled with a big letter on their backs.

'With regard to the circulation: alcohol produces an increased heart-beat, a fuller pulse, and a redder skin. It calls upon the reserve power of the organ, but the moment the effect has passed off, the action of the heart is actually weakened. Consequently the temporary effect is produced at an unfortunate cost.

'Then there is its action on the central nervous system. "Here," writes the authority already quoted, "it acts directly on the nerve cells as a functional poison." It first stimulates the nervous system and then depresses it, and, as with other poisons which act upon this part of the body, the higher centres are affected first. They become a little dull—a little less quick and acute. It may be very trifling, but there it is; so that the man who does his work on alcohol, even on a moderate amount, is not at his best.

'Alcohol is certainly inconsistent with what might be called fine work. It is inconsistent with a surgeon's work, and with anything that requires a quick, accurate, and alert judgment. I am much struck with the fact that many professional men have discontinued the use of stimulants in the middle of the day. Why? For no

other reason, probably in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, than that they find they can work better without it.

“Oh, it is an excellent protection against cold! If you are going into the cold air you ought to take a little nip of something. It does keep out the cold!” This argument is used so often that even medical men would sometimes seem almost to believe it. I can answer this impression with a quotation from the authority above named, that “alcohol tends to lower the temperature by increased loss of heat, and to some extent by lessened oxidation, while the power of the body to resist cold is much reduced by it.” That answers this particular argument, which, as you know, is one of the most potent circumstances under which alcohol is used in this country.

‘There is a great desire on the part of all young men to be “fit.” A young man cannot be fit if he takes alcohol. By no possibility can he want it. No one who is young and healthy can want alcohol any more than he can want strychnine.

‘In conclusion, let me add one little testimony. Having spent the greater part of my life in operating, I can assure you that the person of all others that I dread to see enter the operating theatre is the drinker. I share with the late Sir James Paget his absolute dread of the secret drinker.’

To E. L. (*niece*). .

April 3rd, 1906.

If the account that I wrote you the other day of my general views about diet interested you, you had better buy an American book called ‘The Aristocracy of Health,’ by Mary Foote Henderson (The Colton Publishing Company, Washington). It is full of most interesting statistics and details of the food of man all over the

world, and the effect of certain poisons on his health and energy. For everyday use you would find a good deal of information by taking in the 'Vegetarian Messenger,' price 1d. a month, to be got at the Vegetarian Society, 257 Dean's Gate, Manchester, where also can be got all Mr. Albert Broadbent's cheap books, so helpful to those who are ignorant on questions of health and diet. In this month's 'Vegetarian Messenger' there is a rather unusual letter from a man stating his own experience with regard to tea-drinking. As the conclusion he comes to is that he cannot do without it, it accentuates the fact that tea-drinking is a stimulant, and must be ranked proportionately with those of a stronger kind in its injurious effects.¹ I have no doubt myself that the medical profession will be driven to pay more and more attention to this matter. I am sure that tea is injurious, though less so when taken very weak and freshly made. It is very difficult to compute the rôle that tea and coffee have played in the lowering of the standard of health of the entire civilised human race, and it is regrettable to believe that there is harm in what gives so much pleasure and relief from fatigue and pain. Here I enclose in full the letter mentioned above on tea-drinking :

Enclosure.

'Some years ago I became convinced that this was harmful, and decided to give it up. I had no idea what a slave I had become until then. I suffered intense depression, and the longing for tea was sometimes almost irresistible. To sit at the table while others were drinking it was at times excruciating. One day I was so ill after an excessive dinner that I asked my wife to prepare me a cup. Ten minutes after the headache and depression vanished, and it seemed as if I were in a new world.

See p. 181, Address by Sir Frederick Treves.

I began to study the reason. The tea did not digest the food, nor did it alter the fact of an overloaded stomach. The conviction came in a flash. It drugs the nerves of the stomach, and renders one unconscious of the present discomfort. This conviction has been repeatedly confirmed since by experience, observation and reading. The danger of tea-drinking does not consist so much in the tea itself as that it enables us to practise indulgence in the pleasures of the table and escape the discomfort. Diseases are caused, of the presence of which we should have been aware by the stomach's protests, did we not silence them with this narcotic. This has been my case, and I now suffer no matter what or how little I eat. I confess to resuming tea in moderation, because I believe the depression I suffer without it harms me more than the tea itself.—J. G.'

I also send you an excellent unpublished leaflet about the poison of tea, written by my friend, Mrs. H.

Enclosure.

'The enormous consumption of tea in the United Kingdom renders the questions connected with its taxation a matter of much greater consequence than those of merely Exchequer interest. Its influence upon the public health (unless it were absolutely inert, which, I believe, no one contends) must be marked in one direction or another. Children of the poorer classes are almost brought up on it, to the exclusion of milk. Men and women alike depend upon its stimulating properties, and any proposal to increase taxation on what is regarded as a national blessing raises a storm of sentiment, before which politicians are disposed to beat a hasty retreat. The Temperance Societies and the Salvation Army are partly responsible for this deification of the teapot, though the Salvation Army is now mending its ways.

Religion has, so to speak, taken tea under its ægis, and tea and virtue are almost as closely associated in the middle-class mind as alcohol and vice. Yet to the student of dietetics the prevalence of the tea habit gives cause for alarm, and none the less because its results are chiefly cumulative, and, therefore, not so likely to be manifested quickly or in sudden attacks of illness. It is consequently a very insidious evil, and the more so because its immediate apparent effect is good. It raises the spirits, dispels headache, and is for these and other reasons the most refreshing drink in existence.

‘The first circumstance that should rouse suspicion is the dependence upon tea—the difficulty experienced in giving it up. No evidence need be adduced upon what is a matter of common knowledge. It is more important to point out what has been lately ascertained as to the cause of this universal effect, for “the bearings of this observation lays in the application on it.”

‘I subjoin extracts from a useful report by Dr. Tebb, the public analyst to the Southwark Borough Council, on the constituents of tea. He quotes many authorities in support of his position that excessive tea-drinking is followed by dyspepsia, heart ailments, and nervous disorders, reaching even to insanity and suicidal tendencies, and proceeds :

“Tea contains about 3 or 4 per cent. of an alkaloid supposed to be identical with that found in coffee and known as *caffaine*. This drug possesses pleasant qualities; clears the intellect and removes languor and fatigue. . . . In excess, tannin tends to depress the action of the digestive fluids and ferments. It interferes with the normal activity of secretion by constricting the blood-vessels and diminishing the circulation. . . . The tendency of this substance is greatly to impair digestion, and it gives rise to palpitation of the heart,

headache, flatulence, loss of appetite, constipation, and other symptoms so well known at the out-patient department of our hospitals."

'The symptoms attributed by Dr. Tebb to tannin have been, on closer investigation, referred to the alkaloid to which he first alludes—one of the groups of purins of which uric acid is another and the most familiar to the public. Tea-drinking is simply drug-taking. A striking calculation is made by Dr. Tebb, from which he concludes that the average (not the excessive) tea-drinker in this country consumes about 3·6 grains of alkaloid and 9·7 grains of tannin per day.

'The dose of caffeine, according to the British Pharmacopœia, is from 1 to 5 grains, and of tannin from 2 to 5 grains. Hence, on an average, each person in the United Kingdom is day by day consuming half as much alkaloid and nearly as much tannin as would be permissible to be taken occasionally as a drug.'

'After this the report of Dr. Wood, of Brooklyn Central Dispensary, is hardly surprising. He found that of 1,000 consecutive cases applying for treatment, 10 per cent. were suffering from deleterious effects of tea; of these 100 patients,

45	complained of	headache;
20	"	" persistent giddiness;
20	"	" despondency;
19	"	" indigestion;
19	"	" palpitation of the heart;
15	"	" sleeplessness; •

all these being symptoms connected by modern knowledge with the ingestion of the poisonous alkaloid contained in tea. The difficulties are great, for there is no drink so cheap, so easily prepared, and so popular. It needs some courage to attack a national institution, yet a striking letter from Dr. J. H. Clarke, which appeared in

the 'Daily Chronicle,' should be studied by all who are endeavouring to understand these matters. '

"The sinking, empty feeling," he says, "accompanied often by irritability, low spirits, and shortness of temper, means that the stimulating effect of the last dose of tea is passing off, and the state of reaction setting in. It is just the same with the tea-drinker as with the alcohol-drinker; when the effect of the last dram is passing off another must be taken to keep up the stimulating effect. The effect is an increased wear and tear upon the nervous system. Tea belongs to a group of nerve-stimulants which enable a person to get more out of himself than he would be able to get without them. This is drawing a bill on the bank of his nervous system, and the bill will have to be met. Tea is the parent of much neurasthenia. Allied to neurasthenia is dyspepsia of the nervous or flatulent type. Another effect of tea is to produce anæmia. A tea-taster informs me that if the infusion of these (cheaper) teas is left in the tasting-cups for any time it will eat off the enamel. From which it is easy to understand the effect the infusion produces on the human stomach. It is a moot point whether tea does not do more harm in this country than alcohol. The sooner that tea-abstinence societies are formed in this country the better. On no consideration whatever should children be allowed to have tea."

'These symptoms also are the now well-known results of the poison contained in the tea, a poison of the same group as uric acid and producing identical effects in the body.

'I have condensed these remarks, though I should like to have given them in full. Another physician wrote to controvert them, and to make it a question of moderation, but I noticed that he did not apparently attempt to contradict Dr. Clarke's statement as to the essential

qualities of tea. Dr. Andrew Wilson wrote to express his "cordial approval" of the views of Dr. Clarke, whilst Dr. Briggs (in the 'Manchester Dispatch') added that the tea-pot always by the fire "in its effects was a good second to the whisky-bottle." All this surely deserves consideration, and no one can fully appreciate the action of tea who has not given it up for eighteen months or so and then takes a cup, of average strength. I have seen it under these conditions produce attacks of giddiness and internal pains which were surprising to those who believe in its harmlessness. Moderation is a very trite counsel, but what we want is to get to the bottom of the difficulty and understand its effects fully and clearly. "Well may we look for the day," says Dr. Andrew Wilson, "when we shall swallow not according to faith, but in the light of a knowledge of what we consume."

'There is another point. It is more than a suspicion that tea-drinking is frequently the parent of alcoholism. I may recall a statement made by Dr. Howie in Liverpool nearly thirty years ago at the Temperance Conference. He said he had a large number of patients, mostly domestic servants, suffering from a peculiar form of heart affection due to drinking stewed tea. When in the depressed condition caused by this complaint they would find relief in recourse to alcohol, but the alcohol would take a stronger hold on these women than on healthy ones, and hence the abuse of tea-drinking was, in his opinion, one of the chief causes of the sad number of female inebriates.

'An Irish correspondent lately wrote to me to the following effect: "The extent to which tea-drinking has spread among the labouring classes in the rural districts is alarming. The tea is stewed in the pot and drunk at all hours of the day. The giving up of oatmeal porridge is partly, I am told, the women's fault, who will not get up early enough to prepare it. I personally believe that

tea-drinking has paved the way for increased drinking, as it produces dyspepsia, for which drink is sought as an alleviation. In the North of Ireland some years ago, and, I daresay, at the present time, bread soda was put into the tea-pot to bring out the strength of the tea. The labourer drinks tea at every meal in many districts; the milk now going to the creameries."

'In the invaluable evidence lately given before the Committee on Physical Deterioration references to tea-drinking were frequent. Dr. Brown, of Dublin, spoke of the increase of insanity, and said that the Lunacy Commissioners ascribe it partly to the excessive use of tea. He added that the athletic class in Ireland, from which the constabulary is drawn, live on milk, eggs, and potatoes in large quantities, with a little meat. Sir L. Ormsby (President of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland) spoke of the serious increase of lunacy, and Sir C. Cameron (Medical Officer of Health, Dublin) of the growth of the drink habit amongst women. The Bishop of Ross's evidence was also interesting. He spoke of tea taken in the place of milk, and complained that the milk is all drawn to the creameries, and that the use of porridge has almost died out.

'The case is the same in England and Scotland. The certifying surgeon of Glasgow (Dr. Scott) gave striking evidence. One anecdote of a delicate boy killed by the mistaken kindness of the mother in substituting tea for milk, makes one wonder how many children annually share the same fate from the same cause. 'That boy,' said Dr. Scott, 'was poisoned simply through the ignorance of the mother.' Professor Cunningham stated that tea has a very marked effect upon the brain, and that he thought that tea tended to produce anæmia.

'Of late there have been some useful experiments on the determining effect of tea upon digestion. Schultz re-

ports that in normal cases there is a 94 per cent. digestion of proteid without tea. Add tea, and the percentage of proteid digested falls to 66. Fraser and Roberts demonstrate that the effect of tea is not only to paralyse the digestion of proteid by the gastric juice, but also the digestion of starch by the saliva. This aims at the tea-and-bread meal which is the stand-by of so many of our poorer homes, and may account for much of the sallow listlessness observable in young and old.

'Surely in view of such evidence (only a fractional part of what might be adduced, for I have but alluded in passing to the laboratory and clinical investigations of those purin poisons) a little more consideration is necessary before tea is hailed as the prop and stay of temperance and of all the civic virtues. It is the opinion of competent judges that the cheapening of tea has done more to undermine the national physique and morale than alcohol itself, and it is only because of its insidious quality that the danger is not universally recognised.'

The question of diet is constantly bringing before one's mind all kinds of collateral subjects which would be greatly affected if people in positions of responsibility and authority would consider the effects, both physical and mental, of foods and drinks; for instance, those who have charge of that large class of poor people supported by the State and confined in institutions of various kinds. In all workhouses, asylums, idiot and epileptic homes, I believe that the inmates are supplied with tea several times a day, and it is given to them black and stewed, and just in the way that is most unwholesome. Now, if the statements, quoted from many authorities, in the leaflet which I have sent you are true, as I believe them to be, why should that go on? Why should we give to people under our charge that which the medical

profession and the chemists declare to be injurious? It seems to me that it must be bad to give highly stimulating foods and drinks, such as meat and tea, to those who are shut up, who get hardly any bodily exercise and no mental employment. If meat and tea were discontinued, many little luxuries could be substituted in the way of fruit, puddings, dried fruit, &c. The ailments of patients in these asylums, whether slight or serious, are all treated by drugs, and that is hopeless, for even the drugs which do apparent good at the time, such as bromide and many others, do ultimate harm. The 'Times' had some excellent articles last spring on this subject, but the daily press is a most ephemeral mode of instruction; it wakes up a few people for a short time, but makes very little permanent impression. I do wish the Home Office could see its way greatly to increase female inspectors of madhouses and private asylums; women are much better fitted for that kind of work than men. But whether the inspectors are men or women, their visits should be surprise visits. It is a ridiculous system, as now too frequently practised, when the matrons and keepers have sometimes as much as a week's warning that the inspector is coming round; of course everything is then made straight for his arrival. This seems to me to render inspection nearly useless.

To E. L. (*niece*).

May 1st, 1906.

Last year, by the kind permission of our clergyman here, I wrote some very simple little monthly articles for the parish magazine, in the hope of interesting my poorer neighbours in diet and hygiene, more especially directed towards the health of their children. I send them to you, although they might be much better, because I think they would serve as a basis of instruction and discussion at

Mothers' Meetings. With all the philanthropic machinery which seems to exist in every village, the spreading of knowledge on these matters would not be so very difficult if the educated would learn first, and then explain the ordinary rules of health.

Enclosures.

HOW TO KEEP IN HEALTH.

No. 1.—I am going to write each month in your magazine a short paper on health, and so try to tell you by what means it is within the power of everyone to improve their health.

It is only lately that all classes are beginning to understand that the state which is called disease, or being very ill, belongs to the doctors and surgeons, the hospitals and nurses; but that keeping well and curing small ailments, both our own and our children's, depend on ourselves. How we live, how we eat, and how we drink, are the chief things, for though fresh air and exercise are very important, they matter far less than what we put inside us day after day. All wise country people understand this, knowing it is the case with animals. They know that the young animal requires more food than the old one, and the sick animals less food than the animal in work.

Now it is, of course, just the same with men and women and children. A clever veterinary surgeon said to me the other day, 'If people only knew the number of dogs that are killed by the medicines that are given to do them good, they would indeed be surprised.' And that also is the same with human beings. People feel ill, they have headaches and cold and coughs, or they catch the influenza. They then suddenly notice all sorts of advertisements in the newspapers, of how this cures one thing and that another and is quite harmless. It all sounds very attractive and charming. A neighbour, perhaps, comes in and

says, 'Those pills, or that powder, did me a lot of good ; do try them.' So they go and spend their money in getting a 'something' which they know nothing about, and which, if it does good at the time, as it often does, is all the more likely to do them harm afterwards, and may work permanent injury to the very delicate machinery of their insides.

Now this is especially dangerous in the case of young children, who often lose their teeth and suffer all their lives from the medicines that kind and loving parents give them in their youth. What I want you to feel is that medicines are unnecessary and undesirable. I am an old woman, but I am well and strong, far more so than I have ever been before in my life. And you must remember that this is not generally the case, for most people get more and more gouty and rheumatic when they pass fifty years old. Yet I can assure you that for more than fifteen years I have not taken medicines of any kind.

Later on I will try and explain to you how it has come about that I am so well. The foundation of what I have to say is : Never go to a doctor for small ailments ; above all, never buy or take any advertised medicines. If you knew as many doctors as I do, you would know that they have little faith in medicines themselves, and seldom give them in their own families. When I have said to them, 'Then why do you give them to other people?' they invariably answer, 'Everybody, rich and poor, *will* have them.' So the first thing I have to say is, give up medicines of all kinds ; and when you are ill, or your child is sir, say to the doctor, 'If you think it really necessary, sir, I will give the child the medicine, but we none of us ever take medicine, and would far rather not.' I think you would be astonished to find how often the doctor would be only too glad to give no drugs. The getting

well might, perhaps, be a little slower, but it would be much surer. Medicines, believe me, are the cause of many of the terrible illnesses and diseases from which rich and poor alike suffer, and which send so many prematurely to the churchyard.

No. 2.—My words last month were a kind of introduction. I propose now to begin my subject as it were at the beginning, namely, at motherhood. We must, when pregnant, get back as much as possible to a simpler and more healthy life. If a woman is ever so ailing, what will help her most is not sitting still, but to think of the sort of life gipsies lead in our country: moderate exercise and plenty of fresh air, windows thrown open night and day, and so on. One of the commonest ideas for the mother is that it is good for her to eat and drink what she fancies, and at any time she fancies it, and that she must eat as much as she can. Now this is not the case at all, and these cravings are not to be encouraged. They are rather a sign of bad health than good, and should just be firmly put away; and what helps to do this best is little sips of hot or cold water, whichever is liked most. A woman should strive to eat cleanly and sufficiently three or four times a day, and take nothing in between. The principal nourishing part of her food should be good home-made bread, and of that she should try to get down from twelve to sixteen ounces a day, her other foods being used as flavouring to the bread. A little milk is most desirable if she can get it. Salt fish—in fact all salt things or tinned goods—are to be avoided. Vinegar and lemon juice, which are often craved for, should not be taken in cold weather. Tea injures the child's nerves and digestion, and so if the mother has not the courage and self-denial to give up the tea, which is probably what she likes best of anything she takes in the day—well, then, I can only implore her to take it very weak, never letting

it stand, but pouring it off into another jug directly it is made. I know many will think this is a hard saying. I know what it cost me to give up tea, which I had been used to all my life. But after a bit it gets all right, and one forgets all about it. There is no nourishment in tea; it is only a nerve stimulant, which has a great and depressing effect afterwards. This makes it bad for everyone, but is more especially bad for women, and is, many think, one of the greatest causes of increasing drink amongst women, which is a sad fact. In these latter days of teetotalism all the good people have talked and written as if tea and coffee were harmless. They are not so at all, though I admit the mischief they work is slower and not so outwardly apparent as of those alcoholic drinks, beer, wine, and spirits, which produce drunkenness. Cheap wines are very injurious. If a woman must drink something, a little pure light beer, if it agrees with her, is the best, but it should not be taken till the end of the meal. To drink and eat at the same time is a bad habit. Food should be much chewed and eaten very slowly. The appetite will improve and fancies disappear if plain food is taken, such as bread, nuts, green vegetables, roots cooked or raw, potatoes, onions, carrots, turnips, swedes, cabbages, radishes, celery. These are all excellent, and a piece of cheese in the middle of the day is more nourishing than meat. Space fails me, and I must finish this subject next month.

No. 3.—With a very little practice home-made bread is easy to make, and this is far more wholesome and more satisfying than bakers' bread, for various reasons too long to tell you. The best flour to use is that bought at the mill, ground between the old-fashioned stones, and called 'seconds.' The flour is mixed in a basin with a little warm water, and a small quantity of German yeast: this is mixed apart with warm water, and poured into the

middle of the flour. The kneading takes a short time; the dough is then covered up and allowed to rise for about two hours, kneaded again and made into loaf shape, and then put into the oven, and well baked a good rich brown, but not burnt. A little salt is an improvement, but *very* little should be added.

An excellent way of doing potatoes is to wash them, peel them, and throw them into clean cold water. Put into an iron saucepan a piece of butter or a little fat; cut up an onion very fine, shake it in the butter, then take the potatoes out of the water, put them into the saucepan wet, but with no added water, let them stand and cook by the fire for two hours.

I did not quite finish last month about the great desirability of extra carefulness in the matter of the mother's food before the baby is born. It is specially desirable to diminish the quantity; there is nothing gained, as has been sometimes supposed, by extra feeding at this time. Every mother in health will, of course, nurse her own child. The old custom of substitutes is, happily, dying out. It is everything for an infant to be nursed by its own mother, no matter to what class the mother belongs, provided only that she is healthy.

But if this is for any reason impossible, then let it be remembered that a child is so made that it cannot digest anything till after six months or so, except some form of milk and water; and where the best cows' or goats' milk cannot be had, then Nestlé's milk is the safest and best, or the new dry milk (in powder form), Cow and Gate Brand, now being introduced by the West Surrey Central Dairy Co., Guildford. In America this dry-milk process has been brought to great perfection, and I am told hundreds of babies are successfully reared upon it. Milk that is not quite fresh is very bad for infants.

When two or three teeth are through, the baby's

digestion changes, and then it is safe and desirable to thicken the milk and water with cereal foods, barley water, or boiled biscuit powder, or a small piece of loaf baked till quite dry and then boiled to a jelly, or baked flour tied up in a piece of muslin and then boiled, taken out and dried, and then grated into the milk and water.

All this is not very much trouble, and it is much safer and better than the advertised tinned foods; these often have something in them which weakens the child's digestion afterwards. After nine or ten months every effort should be made to try and teach a child to masticate and eat hard bits of crusts or biscuit, on its mother's lap so that it should not choke itself. This develops certain glands which are absolutely necessary to right digestion, and it should, for the same reason, be taught to drink out of a spoon or cup, for going on too long with a bottle only weakens a child's digestion, and then at two or three the child falls away and seems less well.

You see, I am trying to explain to you that all this is not mere fancy, but there is a reason for everything. When babies are ill people say, 'Oh! it's the teeth, or the weather,' or 'It's like its father,' and so on. A child that is healthy and given proper food, according to its age, ought to feel teething very little indeed. Instead of medicine a baby may be given a little fruit-juice, the juice of grapes, or water in which an apple has been boiled, or a little orange-juice, or, if none of these can be had, the water in which a few raisins or sultanas or currants have been boiled, and then pulped through a strainer or a piece of coarse muslin, so that no skin or pips may escape notice. It is very important only to use Maw's screw-top bottles. The old bottles with long flexible tubes are impossible to keep clean even with the greatest care, and are a frequent cause of babies being actually poisoned. All bottles should be kept in a basin

of fresh water and washed very clean. Next to wrong food, dirt is the commonest cause of diarrhoea in a baby. This ailment is very easily produced, and very difficult of cure if not stopped quite in the beginning by removing the cause, and reducing the nourishment for some hours. Other very injurious modern inventions are those horrible 'soothers,' or 'dummies,' or 'comforters,' that are so constantly given to babies with a mistaken idea of keeping a baby quiet. A good cry does not hurt a baby, whereas these things are very injurious and weakening, and no mother who really loves her baby would ever give them if she knew how bad they are.

No. 4.—We come now to children growing out of first babyhood. It is not uncommon for good but busy mothers to take great pains in washing their small babies, but when the child gets to two and three years old they are apt to think washing face and hands and a tub once a wee' all that is necessary. This, of course, may not be injurious to the child's health, but it is certainly not that which is best for it. A good sponge down every day and a rub with a towel, especially up and down the spine, is an immense advantage to every child. Nearly all the nerves of the body are more or less connected with the spine, and gentle friction counteracts any congestion, which is so frequently caused by cold winds, a little indigestion, or any of the small ailments to which children are subject. McClinton's Irish soap, which I consider most excellent as well as cheap, is to be got now at most stores. A good run about with no clothes on at all delights a child, and is very good for it, and is conducive to no colds, rather than the contrary. But, as regards children's clothes, it is of the first importance to have them both warm and light. Naked arms, which used to be the fashion for all children, are now thought most undesirable. The back of the arm has a tendency to be

cold, and from its close connection with the lungs should be kept well covered.

The most important thing when children begin to run and sit about is to provide good little flannel knickerbockers; the covering of the hands and feet matters less if the body is warm, but thick, very warm things round the throat are thought positively injurious. A thing that never used to be done in my day, but which I am glad to see is now almost universal, is for young children to have their mid-day sleep out of doors. It is quite a superstition that the perambulator must be moved about. What does matter is that a young child should be able to lie down with the weight of its head taken off the spine. A sitting-up perambulator can easily be turned into a little bed by placing a board across the front, and if kept close to the door or window the mother can watch it while going on with her household work. She would then easily hear the child when it woke. The great thing is to have all those hours of fresh air. In cold weather the child must be well wrapped up in a blanket, and, of course, brought in in case of rain. If there is no porch or shed, and if the perambulator has no hood, an old umbrella or parasol should be fixed to keep the strong light off the child's eyes, as lying in the sun is quite good for it, except in very hot weather. A child of two or three years old may safely share its parents' food, with the exception of meat, fish, tea, and beer. There is a strong impression about that separated milk is not nourishing. This is absolutely denied by scientific men. All the nourishment contained in milk remains in it when separated. It is the cream or fat which is removed. This is essential to the very young animal, and it is therefore quite true that infants do not do well on the separated milk because their digestion is not suited, as I said before, to the addition of farinaceous foods. The moment this

cream can be replaced by any form of flour, or supplemented by lard, dripping, or butter, separated milk is a most useful article of nutrition.

Here is one of the many ways of using the milk powder mentioned in last month's letter. Take four ounces of flour, two ounces of separated milk powder, one ounce of butter, mix it with a little cold water, roll it out rather thin, bake on a tin in a quick oven.

No. 5.—If ever anyone feels anxious about a baby or a child the great thing is to weigh it; once a week for a baby, and once a month for a child. No child is doing well that does not gain in weight. There ought to be a weighing machine in every village; perhaps there is. Certainly there is always one at mills and stations. When a child is not getting on, do not think it wants bad port wine or tonics. What it wants is care about its digestion and some change in its food. It wants more milk or cream, more cheese: if cheese is grated or pounded down with a little butter, or, still better, some olive oil, a child will often eat it spread on bread, when a plain slice of cheese would be too strong. Almost all children like nuts and dried fruits: both these things are very good for them.

When children are growing and going to school, what matters most of all is that they should have a sufficient quantity of nourishing food. Change is not necessary, nor are any stimulating, strong-tasting foods good for children. They want very little salt, but plenty of good bread and biscuits, and as much milk as can be got for them. Bread-and-jam is not a sufficient meal for growing boys and girls; cold meat is undesirable and indigestible; bread and cheese is excellent if they will eat enough of it. Sugar is not bad for healthy children, nor jam, if both are given as an extra, and at meal-time. Eating sweets between meals must always be discouraged, as it

destroys the digestion. As a rule, children's instincts for honey, butter, sugar, sweets, &c., can be trusted. It is, at any rate, far safer to let growing children now and then upset their stomachs, than that they should be at all consistently underfed. There is no nourishment at all in tea; it is an injurious nerve stimulant, and makes other food more difficult to digest. If there is no milk, a little milk powder, and hot water and sugar, is far better for children, and, indeed for everyone, than tea. But it is well to remember that where tea is drunk the damp leaves, besides being useful for cleaning floors and carpets, make an excellent mulching for the tops of pot plants and keep the roots cool. Tea and coffee refuse should never be put into pigs' tubs; it is very bad for the animals; brine also is very poisonous.

With regard to the feeding of children, the great thing to remember is that they have to grow out of their food as it were, as plants grow out of the ground; and we can all see the difference between a well-nourished plant and a badly nourished one. Plants vary in their requirements. Animals vary in their nature; a horse and a dog are different. But children are all one kind of animal, and they no more want different foods than horses do. It is a diseased state that makes them crave for variety; the more children can all be fed alike the better. There is very little nourishment in vegetables, but they are full of useful properties most excellent for the health. So it is a great waste to throw away the water in which vegetables have been boiled. A great deal of the good of vegetables goes into the water. This should be reduced, and then used for the evening meal, thickened with rice, barley, pea-flour or lentil-flour, onions and potatoes, or any vegetables, and bread cut up into squares and put into the vegetable stock. A small piece of butter and a little milk powder added at the last improves these soups.

They should not be too liquid, and always eaten with bread or biscuits.

No. 6.—I am going, this month, to introduce to you a leaflet which gives you part of an address delivered this spring by the great surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves.¹ I think his life-long experience makes it at any rate worth while that we should give what he says our best attention, and make up our minds *why* we do not agree with him, if such is the case. Many people do not quite know the meaning of the often-used word 'alcohol.' The dictionary definition is that it is 'pure or highly rectified spirit, obtained from fermented liquors by distillation.' Now that last sentence is what we have to consider. All fermented liquors contain more or less alcohol, even many so-called teetotal drinks, and a great many people say and believe that alcohol is good for human beings, and does things for them that Sir Frederick Treves says it does not do. And so we have to fall back upon the old consolation, which is the same with regard to wrong foods, that a little poison is much better than a great deal. People ought to recognise that what little alcohol there is in any drink is injurious, and not good for them, as so many think and say.

Considering what the world is, and how many take alcohol, and maintain it is good for them, I think Sir Frederick Treves is a brave man, and much to be honoured for standing up in public and saying what I hope you will read in the leaflet.

I should like all loyal subjects of his Majesty the King to remember that one of the great and wise acts of his reign has been to give his leave that the Army and Navy may drink his health in water. This does not bind people to drink water, which, when you are used to it, is

¹ See p. 181.

the best of drinks ; but I think it does mark his consideration for those who do not partake of alcoholic beverages.

Barley-water made thin by not boiling it too much, and adding a little thinly cut lemon-peel, makes a most refreshing drink. Most English cooks, after making the barley-water, throw the barley away (for in all that concerns cooking we are the most extravagant and wasteful nation in the world), but this is quite undesirable. If allowed to soak some hours, nearly the whole of the water having been strained off before the lemon-peel is added, the barley mixed with milk, and boiled up the next day and allowed to get cold, makes a delicious soft pudding, which children, and men and women too, like very much ; but it must be well cooked. Or it can be warmed up by adding more water, with cut-up vegetables and onions, herbs, and a little butter, when it makes an excellent broth without any meat at all.

Lemonade or orangeade are best made with water and sugar, and no barley. Cereals of all kinds do not mix well with the acids of fruits. Ginger-beer, soda-water, all those kinds of aerated drinks are refreshing and pleasant to take at the moment ; but they are very undesirable, and decidedly weaken the digestion and the power of assimilation—that is, the power of so digesting food as to enable it to become part of our blood. Unless this happens the food we eat does no good at all. In fact, it only tires the organs with the work of throwing it off, just as coagulated oil will stop delicate machinery instead of helping it work well and freely. And that is why very often twenty-four hours without any food at all makes people stronger, not weaker, as then they get the *full* benefit of the first meal they take, and feel an hour after it as if they had had a good glass of wine or beer.

No. 7.—One of the great troubles of the present day is

bad teeth. I firmly believe that this is chiefly due to wrong feeding, but a good deal can be done by teaching a child to use its teeth. This prevents the teeth from spoiling and greatly helps digestion, much of which is begun in the mouth by the action that saliva has on food. If a mother notices that her child eats too fast and bolts its food, she should try and correct this, not by scolding, but as a joke seeing who can bite the longest, and explain how the great Mr. Gladstone attributed most of his health and strength to the fact that he always masticated his food till there seemed nothing left to swallow. If a child loses its appetite, never try to force it to eat; when it is not hungry let it alone; if there is nothing the matter the appetite will soon come back. If it is sickening for any of the illnesses which in our civilised life we cannot avoid catching, reduce the food. If it hardly eats anything for a week that will do it no harm. Do not give it medicine, and it will probably get through the illness much better than if the stomach were loaded with all sorts of undigested food; above all, never give it wine or beer, or beef tea, or meat, or tea. Keep the child very warm, but allow the windows to be wide open. Even in winter, fresh air is more essential in illness than in health. The old idea that night air is unwholesome is quite a mistake. What is true is that the breathing in the breath of other human beings in a close room is really poisonous.

Teaching a child to shut its mouth, and to sleep with it shut, is a good thing; also to take long breaths through the nose is a great help towards opening a child's lungs, which purifies the blood and makes the child broad-chested, strong and healthy. I am told that Neaves' food is often useful as a slight laxative for young children, given at the evening meal, instead of medicine.

What we have now to learn, for it is quite a new idea, is that wholesome food, well digested, may contain that

which is injurious ; and in fact medical men are more and more coming round to the conclusion that seventy-five per cent. of the diseases which afflict all classes of society are due primarily to the introduction into the body of foods which hitherto have been considered healthy and nourishing, but which all the same contained, in different proportions, poisons which are most puzzlingly called by various names, but which all mean the same thing. Meat of any kind is undesirable, but for those who eat it, it is unfortunate that the cheaper portions of the animals, such as liver, lights, kidneys, heart, tripe, &c., are all more injurious than the better and more expensive joints. Tinned, salted, and potted foods are often bought by those who can ill afford them with the idea that they are strengthening, whereas a good slice of bread and a cup of milk would be a far wholesomer and more nourishing meal. Rice, I think, is much too little used. It makes excellent food when well cooked. When served, it should not be at all wet ; every grain should be swelled and dry, but not chippy. It is much better to plain boil it, and then afterwards to mix anything with it, such as milk, onions, fat, treacle, dates, raisins, &c. The usual milky pudding, baked with the milk and rice together, is not nearly so digestible. English people, as a rule, do not like rice at first, but once they get accustomed to it, they like nothing so much ; and I know people who eat rice twice every day of their lives, and never get tired of it. All people interested in simple health questions will find most useful information in Professor Kirk's ' Papers on Health,' price 3s. It is a good family book, and contains much information and instruction. We all have to learn what is good for us and our children. As a rule, being ill is merely a disgrace, and contrary to common sense.

No. 8.—I am just back from a most interesting visit to Germany. I am distinctly able to state that food

reform in Germany is making some progress ; slowly, as it does here, but a greater abstinence is being practised by the rich ; and I was told the Emperor himself has given up tea, coffee, beer, and strong tobacco, and that he only eats meat once a day, and very often not even that, and he openly states that meat-eating is the cause of two-thirds of modern disease. This is very interesting, as few men work so hard as the German Emperor, and if he perseveres it will have an immense effect on his country, as he is not a man who is ashamed of his opinions.

In Germany the great majority of doctors profess disbelief in a careful diet being desirable for all men, perhaps because most of their patients are pleased to be told they may eat and drink what they like, and they come back for a *cure* the following year. But many are coming round ; surgeons, especially, say how much abstemious living with no alcohol helps them with their work. Many doctors are giving up strong medicines and are trying simpler remedies.

One of the first doctors of Berlin has been recommending to his patients for irritation of bowels or kidneys a very simple prescription—linseed tea, made in the following way : A small cupful of whole, unground linseed is put into a jug, pour on this a pint of boiled water which has been allowed to get *quite* cold ; let it stand, covered up, for twenty-four hours, and it is ready for use. It ought to be about the thickness of oil, perhaps not quite so thick. Take a wine-glass three times a day after meals ; as you take out replace with the same quantity of boiled cold water for two or three days, then pour it away and make fresh. It must be continued for some time. It is not nasty if made with the water quite cold, and has a nutty taste. Servants in Germany poison themselves with black coffee, just as ours do with strong tea ; and I am glad to say doctors in hospitals are

beginning to explain to the patients how by doing this they have brought the most serious diseases on themselves. It seems rather cruel to say this to those who are ill and suffering, but it is the only way to get rid of the idea that sickness is the will of Providence.

This is a German way of cooking green cabbage which I think very good : Boil the cabbage in the usual way in water and a little salt, but rather under-boil it, drain off the water and put it under a tap of cold water for a few seconds ; drain it again, turn it out, and chop it up with a knife. Each piece should be about the size of a broad bean. Put some butter or fat into the saucepan, a little pepper, no more salt, as salt is to be avoided as much as possible, a very small pinch of flour. Put the cabbage back into the saucepan when the butter is melted, toss it up till quite hot and serve. Do not let it catch. It sounds rather complicated ; but it is really quite easy, and makes a very nice change from plain boiled cabbage. Eaten with plenty of bread it makes a good meal.

Now that summer is over, it is the time to see that children, especially girls, are warmly enough dressed. Chills are what do harm to young and old, and chills come from insufficient underclothing, not from fresh air, so do not shut the windows. As the evenings close in the children should do, to amuse their parents, the exercises with arms and legs they learn at school ; this sends them to bed warm and pleasantly tired. Good mothers should watch to see that their backs are flat and straight, that they use one arm as much as the other, and that one shoulder-blade is as large as the other. It is the arms rather than the legs that are undeveloped in civilised peoples.

No. 9.—I am told that some people were rather shocked last month at my suggesting that we must try and get rid of the idea that we are sick by the will of Providence. All I wish to point out is that much depends on ourselves.

For instance, if you take away a guard from the fire and the child gets burnt, it is an evil we ought to have foreseen, and against which we ought to have provided. It is the same with many other circumstances which result in sickness. One of the first duties of every human being is to think, and we must therefore try to understand why we are ill. Drink, evil living, dirt, bad air and bad food, all go to make up the chief causes of sickness.

Sometimes diseases are inherited from parents and grandparents, but I believe hereditary evils, with two exceptions, are more rare than is generally supposed to be the case. The reason we grow like our fathers and mothers in middle life is that we eat and drink and act in the same way they did. Babies are nearly always born healthy, but they quickly get poisoned and more or less injured by neglect, dirt, and wrong food, especially the latter. As a child grows bigger the parents' tastes and tendencies begin to show themselves. But this tendency alone would never make a young man drunk. What makes him drunk is that he takes the same stuff his father or his mother took ; and it is the same with other things, tobacco, tea-drinking, &c.

These tendencies can be fought by education, by understanding, by strength of will, and by trying to prevent our children making the same mistakes in life which we made ourselves. However simple a duty may be, it still requires strength to do it, and I think people who do little duties every day will best bear big trials and sickness when they come. What we have to learn, and what life repeats to us daily, is that nothing seems just ; the injury done by one has to be repaired by another. ' One tears down, another builds up ; one defaces, another restores ; one stirs up quarrels, another appeases them ; one makes tears to flow, another wipes them away ; one lives for evil doing, another dies for the right. Yet, in

the workings of this grievous law lies salvation.' Each one must say for himself, given the evil, the great thing is to make it good, and to set about it on the spot.

What a blessed time our winter evenings are for helping us to know our children more, and trying to train them into better ways! I do not think reading aloud to children is much good. What they like is to be told things and allowed to ask questions. They love to know what father and mother, and, above all, grandparents did when they were young. If the father and mother are reading a book or a newspaper, let them tell the children about it, and then make the children tell a little story in their turn that they have learnt at school or in their play-time, and so show interest in the children's work.

The more the children go about in the house in winter with no boots or stockings the better, wearing only some cheap slippers, if they like. It gives more time to dry the boots and stockings for the next morning, and is very good for the children's feet; it makes the toes grow straight, which is so important in after life, as if the toes get really twisted they cause great pain and never get right again. I know how expensive boots are for the family, and no better thing could be done by a man who is tempted to drink beer, or to make a small bet, than to put that money into a box for the children's boots. Then it would not be lost.

To C. C. (*nephew*).

June 5th, 1906.

You ask me for experiences with regard to fruit. The only broad rule I can see is, that fresh ripe fruit can be eaten with impunity by many people in fine, warm weather, but not in cold. I myself have eaten strawberries every day for the last ten days without, as far as I

know, any harm at all. All through the summer I can eat fruit in moderation, but I have entirely given up oranges, and even raw apples in the winter, till warm weather comes in April or May, and I never touch lemonade at any time. In the winter, raisins and figs and other dried fruits I eat in small quantities, rather avoiding plums and prunes as too acid for cold weather. But if any of these things produce rheumatism or gouty symptoms, there is only one remedy, and that is not to take them, however fond you may be of fruit. If we are not diseased our health depends almost entirely on ourselves. One can only repeat it a thousand times over, but sensible feeding will not cure past follies nor make delicate and weak people strong. Too much is hoped from it. There are many diseases which diet cannot cure, and these cases, which cause disappointment, act as a deterrent to those who are suffering only from food-poisoning and would be cured by a uric-acid-free diet. I have found very great difficulty to this day in giving up salt altogether; I am always trying to take less and less, but nuts and raw vegetables seem really to require it to be palatable, and of course the cooked vegetables have a little in the water. Miss Alice Braithwaite has just brought out another of her excellent little pamphlets, 'Saline Stimulation, with Remarks on a Common Ill,' to be had from the author, 45 West End Avenue, Harrogate, price 6d., postage 1d. I am relieved to see that she says about salt: 'A great outcry is being raised against the use of common salt. Now, while an excessive use of common salt is by no means a good thing, it is true also that for many persons a little common salt with food when desired will be found much less harmful and irritating than many of the very strong salts present in vegetables when these are cooked with their skins on, or by steaming, instead of by boiling in water.'

The Chicago revelations have been the occasion of a very proud moment for vegetarians, but we are surrounded, most of us, by people we love who won't hear of making any change in their diet. Those who do sincerely believe in a non-meat diet are still very few. The most dangerous form of all meat-eating seems to be all kinds of potted meats. I am told that in the houses of the rich the servants constantly have potted meat at breakfast and tea. As a warning, I should like to tell meat-eaters the last fact that has come to my knowledge, and I know that it is true, and sanctioned by the Local Government Board. Calves are inoculated with small-pox obtained in the post-mortem room from dead small-pox patients. An average of fifty small-pox eruptions are produced on each calf. When the vaccine matter has been taken from these the animal is slaughtered and sold for food. It was admitted by Mr. Gerald Balfour, as President of the Local Government Board, that about a thousand carcasses of such vaccinated calves were sold for food in London in 1903-4, and the Local Government Board refused to give the dead bodies of the much used animals burial, on the ground that this would entail a loss of 4,000*l.* per annum. The defence for this apparently disgusting economy is that, according to doctors, there is not a tittle of evidence that the calves are the worse for their inoculation, and that no one is the worse for eating the meat. The calves are not killed, I am told, till they recover. But how can that be ascertained? And if the alleged healthiness of the calves when killed is so certain, the difficulty arises that if they completely recover from the effects of inoculation why do not human beings, and if they do how can the process be of the slightest use as a protection against small-pox? The truth comes home to one that the case in favour of vaccination is nothing like so clear as the doctors make out that it is. It can never be forgotten

that the medical profession has a very large pecuniary interest in the continuance of the practice. I am told that the introduction of Pasteurism into India and other countries has largely increased the number of hydrophobia cases. The dogs who bit the patients were often perfectly healthy, and it was only in the process of inoculation against a non-existing poison that the patients became diseased. Butchers in all country districts finding animals diseased think themselves very extra honourable if they cut out the diseased part before selling the rest as first-class meat. I presume if animals were inspected before they were slain the Government inspector would declare that there was no tittle of evidence to show that diseased meat did any harm. The nearest approach to proof that we have that diseased meat does harm is that the Jews, whose inspection of meat is very careful, have a far greater immunity from both cancer and consumption than other people who eat the meat cheerfully which has been rejected by Jewish butchers. Our hospitals and asylums are crowded to overflowing, and cost millions yearly; who can dare say that diseased meat is not answerable for many of the frightful maladies that fill the wards with suffering human beings? The public have the remedy in their own hands as far as meat is concerned. Let them cease to eat meat, and give up the ridiculous idea that it is impossible to be healthy and strong without eating it in some form or another.

There has been a tremendous, and doubtless deserved, outcry against the methods of the meat-packers of Chicago, but it is very desirable that we should not overlook the beam in our own eye. There is plenty going on here which is both fraudulent, disgusting and insanitary, and those who make money at the expense of the public health are of the nature of murderers, though it may be impossible to bring the facts directly home. Poisoning from

food may not show itself for many months. Consumption is even more prevalent in Ireland than here. She sends England her best meat and uses her worst meat at home. Our flocks and herds are just as liable to disease as those of America. Ask any farmer what becomes of the tuberculous cattle—'wasters' they are called, cows that die of fever after calving, &c. They are sold at twenty shillings a head to butchers who deal in that class of meat. In an Ulster town this spring, one dealer was detected in possession of a beast that had died of advanced cancer, and another that had died of a tumour in the throat. The servant of one of these dealers told the local sanitary inspector that it was none of his business as the meat was going to Belfast! One may say surely the law should reach the farmer who sells such carrion. He has just lost a beast, say worth 15*l*. The dealer comes and offers him 20*s*. for the animal, saying he can use the hide. The farmer thinks it is little enough to save out of his loss, and pockets the money. There is some excuse to be made for him.

I have taken the account of these facts from a letter sent me from Ireland. The more such things are known the better. People don't like hearing them, but there is no safety in ignoring them, and I feel so sorry for people who think they would be really ill if they gave up eating meat. At the same time, there is a very great danger that those who adopt a non-meat diet will cherish the idea that they will do away with the consumption of decayed or adulterated foods. It has been recently in the newspapers that a large cargo of raspberries were in a filthy condition, and actually dyed in order to restore their attractive colour to sell them for making jam; and there exists a trade for making artificial pips out of wood in order to pass off as raspberry jam that which has been made out of something else. No laws can be too stringent, I think,

against the adulteration of food, and selling as one thing what is really another, even if that other is supposed to be harmless.

To L. L. (*niece*).

June 10th, 1906.

I am so glad that you liked the little pamphlet I sent you, 'Saline Stimulation,' by Alice Braithwaite. I, too, think it excellent. I knew that you liked all her books. It is quite true; Miss Braithwaite is most human as a teacher. She has suffered so much herself that she is very sympathetic to others who suffer. She has given great thought to different specialities of diet within the uric-acid-free foods, and you imply with some reason that she is not like myself, who dogmatise perhaps too much that all are to be treated alike. On that point I think you have never quite seized the idea of why the uric-acid-free school dogmatises on certain points. How shall I try to explain? how shall I find a parallel? Let us say, all civilised religions, all dogmas, and all philosophies would enunciate without reserve: 'Thou shalt do no murder;' but when it comes to the commandment 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' there are endless varieties of method as to how the order should be carried out. For another example I think I must quote you a passage from an article I published some years ago:

'I may be a greater fool than most people, but I believe that Dr. Haig's theory of poisoning by food containing uric acid to be of a kind that cannot be refuted by the saying: "One man's meat is another man's poison."

'In the days of Charles I., when Harvey made his great discovery of the circulation of the blood, the King sent for Harvey to explain his new theory to him and his

children. Is it not quite possible that the doctors of the day, only partly understanding the theory of a new and important physical law, may have said: 'In some people the blood may circulate in this strange way, but why assume that it should be the same with everybody when we are all so different? It remained to our day to discover that although people vary much in being—some hot, some cold, some having good circulation, some bad—yet, except in the rise and fall of temperature from fever, the normal blood-heat of every human being is practically the same. Nor can we get rid of the fact that the functions and system of digestion are alike in everybody, from infancy to old age, and that we belong to an order of animal which has intestines much longer than those of the carnivora.

'It is not wonderful that doctors who have such an immense acquaintance with and knowledge of the extraordinary variety of disease should tremble before any generalisation, even for the comparatively healthy. But I think that in the case of swallowing either strong drugs or alcohol they would admit that the symptoms resulting therefrom are more or less the same for everybody, and that the variety shown in different individuals is a question of degree rather than of kind. To take a well-known example, the man who is accustomed to opium can take a dose which would kill one totally unaccustomed to it. Yet no one would use this as an argument to prove that opium-eating was harmless.

'In the case of alcohol it is much the same, but I believe it is accepted amongst doctors that with hereditary drunkenness the bad effects of alcohol are much more immediate. May not this theory equally apply to those who suffer from inherited gout, rheumatism, and other complaints due to uric-acid poisoning consequent on meat-eating and tea-drinking?'

Miss Braithwaite believes as much as anyone in uric acid as a causation of disease, but once you come to those with injured internal organs, very delicate digestions, great sensibility to retention from change of weather, and still more from change of climate, then the tiresome study must begin for each one to find out for themselves what they can eat and drink with impunity, not only as to what is taken, but when and how. Some require a little nourishment very often in the day while the dyspeptic condition lasts. Others find themselves all the better for only two, or at most three, meals a day. Unfortunately nerves play a great part in any watching of one's own health, and that is one of the great difficulties for the delicate, especially if they are surrounded by opposing elements. If every time one looks pale or is less well some kind companion remarks, 'Of course, the diet is not suiting *you*,' it is no wonder if this turns out to be in some ways a true prophecy. Underfeeding, though a thing to be carefully avoided for the young, need not, I think, be dreaded after fifty, especially if the appetite is fairly good and the food well masticated. A friend of mine, who has a clearer head than I have, has kindly epitomised from Dr. Haig's book 'Uric Acid: an Epitome of the Subject,' the most practically important of the theories in connection with uric acid. I think she has done it admirably, and in a way which you will understand and find helpful.

UREA, URIC ACID, AND ACIDITY.

Urea is formed in the body by the taking of nitrogen, albumen, or proteid—that is, every molecule of proteid material in breaking up in the body furnishes also the constituents of urea. Urea is the nourishment required to furnish to the body the necessary forces. Uric acid is a

by-product of the formation of urea, and is formed in certain proportions. The proteid in our food which furnishes the urea furnishes also certain acids, salts, or substances capable of oxidation which affect the acidity of the blood, such as sulphur and phosphorus, and the metabolism which converts nitrogen into urea probably converts the sulphur and phosphorus into acid substances. Acidity is reckoned as oxalic acid.

Uric acid obstructs the capillaries by its presence in the blood in the form of a colloid which, hindering the capillary circulation in millions of tiny capillary vessels, obstructs the flow from the arteries into the veins.

ALKALINITY AND ACIDITY OF THE BLOOD.

The blood is alkaline in the morning hours, and contains more acidity in the afternoon or evening hours. When the blood is alkaline, its solvent powers are increased and it is able to hold more uric acid in solution, and then only, when uric acid is held in solution in the blood, can it be got rid of and excreted by the kidneys. If the uric acid formed is not excreted daily it stores itself in the various organs, joints, or tissues of the body, and is said to be retained. So the alkalinity (or solvent-powers of the blood) causes us to get rid of both our daily output of uric acid and of the stores that have accumulated in our bodies; the acidity (or non-solvent powers of the blood) causes retention of uric acid in the body. The alkalinity of the blood may be increased first by taking alkalies, as bicarbonate of soda, bicarbonate of potash, salicylate of soda, &c., or in food. Second, by getting hot and into a perspiration, either by heat, exercise, or hot drinks. Alkalies and exercise augment the solvent powers of the blood and increase the excretion of uric acid. The acidity of the blood may be increased, first, by taking

acids, metals, such as iron, mercury, &c., and various substances, such as citrate of lithia, manganese, calcium, chloride, &c. These substances drive the urates (uric acid) out of the circulation into the joints, fibrous tissues, heart, liver, spleen and other organs, veins, nerves or brain. Secondly, too much albumen, want of exercise, suppression of perspiration, and cold, all of which cause a rise in the acidity of the blood, which then being incapable of holding uric acid in solution, deposits it in various parts of the body.

EXCRETION AND RETENTION OF URIC ACID.

Alkalis and heat increase the excretion of uric acid, and are called solvents. Acids and cold free the blood from uric acid, but retain it in the joints, tissues, &c., and are called precipitants. Deficient oxidation in hot, close rooms, &c., lowers the acidity, increases the alkalinity of the blood, and by flooding it with uric acid makes us languid and depressed, whereas fresh air and cold north-east winds raise the acidity and, by freeing the blood from uric acid, make us brisk and cheerful for the time. But the uric acid in our bodies is not got rid of by this process—it is only stored up to make its presence felt later on by rheumatic or neuralgic pains, or comes back into the blood, causing headache, depression, &c. The chief precautions to be taken with a view to promote excretion and avoid retention of uric acid are, first, to keep warm by clothing warmly enough, and not to expose oneself to cold, especially in the morning hours up to 2 P.M. Secondly, not to eat acid fruits or vegetables, or much sugar or jam with breakfast, because the blood being alkaline in the morning, cold or acids (sugar and jam turn acid) tend to diminish the daily excretion of uric acid during the morning hours. Thirdly, not to take more

albumen than is necessary for nutrition (and with sedentary life less will be required) because, with large production of urea from the albumen, there is also a larger production of acids, and with higher acidity the alkalinity of the blood will be lower, resulting in less excretion and more retention. To uric-acid-free food-eaters heat is not a depressant, but it depresses most meat-eaters and tea-drinkers. To uric-acid-free food-eaters, cold acts as a stimulant, and as they have little or no storage of uric acid they are practically absolutely free from rheumatism, bronchitis, or catarrh. Those, too, who have no excess of uric acid in their system do not feel fatigue so quickly, nor do they feel the after-effects so much as those whose bodies are full of storage of uric acid. Fruit may be freely eaten by those who have no storage of uric acid in their system, and it will not tend to cause retention or accumulation of uric acid in their blood, but rather the reverse. Fruit and sugar, if the body is filled with uric acid, tend to raise and keep up the acidity by augmenting fermentation, and also tend to precipitate urates on the joints, and so do harm in arthritis. Therefore, although the taking of acids or of uric acid in meat, tea, &c., or by going to a bracing place, seems to do one good by clearing the blood of uric acid, yet it is only a temporary well-being, for sooner or later it shows itself in arthritic pains, or comes back with depressing effects into the blood, as shown in colds, headaches, and anæmia.

To E. M. R. (*niece*).

May 30th, 1906.

I am glad you have once more resolved to give up tea. I know I benefited greatly from leaving it off, and I am equally certain that I am the better for giving up the

small amount of coffee for flavouring the milk which I used to take at breakfast. I have never liked milk, but one gets used to it as to everything else, and I prefer the Cow and Gate dry milk to any fresh milk. I am sure the physical dislike you have to all the simple foods is only an hereditary longing for stimulating foods, just like the longing for alcohol. The longing does no harm in either case if not yielded to ; but, alas ! it is so true in all things that 'Our faith comes in moments ; our vice is habitual.' I have been on the diet for years, but never had a completely satisfactory spring till this year. I have been over a year now without a cold of any kind. I attribute this to two things—leaving off the small flavouring of coffee, and taking bicarbonate of soda, off and on, all through the cold weather. The soda used to make me feel quite ill, as it does many people when they really want it ; now it makes me feel better even at the time of taking it, but I am sure it ought not to be taken except by those who are strictly on the non-uric-acid diet, and never for long at a time. It is dangerous to try and counteract wrong food by a drug, but you can slightly help nature to do her work of elimination by keeping the blood more alkaline than nature can do herself, especially after a lifetime of wrong feeding. In a case like yours, where the distaste of the right foods is so great and the taking them causes such mental irritability, I should advise you to try a little meat once a day, especially mutton—it is better than either fish or chicken. Take it through the summer and then leave it off entirely when the weather gets colder, and after a month or so of strict diet try the soda : first, 10 grains an hour before breakfast and before lunch for three or four days, then 20 grains in the same way for a few days ; then leave it off. While taking it eat nuts, but not fruit or jam. The tiresome part of these complaints, such as under- or over-

feeding, indigestion, non-assimilation, &c., is that no one can help another; we must find out for ourselves, within certain lines, what suits us best, and how to eat very simply and yet not underfeed. This can only be learnt at first by weighing and measuring foods. Many people think this degrading, unworthy, turning ourselves into hypochondriacal invalids, &c.; those who hold these views had certainly better leave diet alone and go on in the old way. But those who persevere must, as I said before, experiment for themselves, as the principles which should regulate the diet are not yet understood by any ordinary doctor. Some people digest nuts who cannot eat bread in any quantity: the apple morning and evening, so recommended by many people, produces gastric irritation in others. Digestive powers differ enormously, but introducing injurious poisons is the same for everyone, though some are more injured than others, and for various reasons. One may say about the uric-acid-containing foods as about alcohol: 'How can people live who take these poisons daily?' The body must in a way get used to them, and they do less apparent harm to those who take them continuously than to those who completely leave them off and then try them again. I feel sure they do less harm to the overfed than to the underfed. Many meat-eaters are underfed, and many who eat well are underfed from non-assimilation of their food. We must also not forget, in studying this question, to look to the second generation if we wish to see the full results of injurious eating and drinking. I think you will like to see this letter from a father who is taking the deepest interest in bringing up his children on the uric-acid-free diet. There are three of them, and the eldest, a boy, is about six years old:

Enclosure.

'I think the state of my children is, on the whole, very satisfactory. If ever they get a slight cold or sore throat, it is invariably from insufficient alkali, and it yields at once to aspirin. Our present nurse teaches them exercises, which they do every morning, and they have limbs like little Indians. They only go off their feed when they are unwell, and then a short rest from food restores them. They hardly have any fruit, and if they are constipated I cut down the milk and increase the water, which always cures them. They always have plenty of fresh air, which in cold weather rather increases the amount of acid they produce, and a good deal of alkali is necessary for children. I think it is a great mistake to give children meat when they go off their feed. All they want is a little rest and a larger amount of open air.

'Exercises are also the greatest possible help to them and most important.'

To E. C. (*niece*).

June 15th, 1906.

You cannot believe how glad I am to hear that you are thinking seriously of trying the non-meat diet; the longer I go on with it, and the greater the number of people trying it who give me the benefit of their experiences, the more I believe in it as being the true road to health; but I do not deny for a moment that the road is hard and narrow, and that failures and disappointments are very frequent. This in no way shakes my faith; it only convinces me that it is a very difficult thing to completely change diet after years of wrong feeding and with a digestion injured by drugs. In the early stages of the

diet the uric acid comes into the circulation from the stores in the body accumulated in past years. This causes the feeling of weakness and depression so often complained of, and an increase, rather than the contrary, of the evil effects of climatic changes. And yet people who suffer in this way are the very ones who rush to the South from a cold to a warm climate, eat hotel food, take coffee, &c., and come back to all the severity of our northern June and wonder that they feel ill, and are inclined to say, 'the diet does me no good.' I have heard people say with a tone of grievance, 'I have not eaten even fish, for a week, why should I feel ill?' forgetting that in many cases we have the wrong-doing of a lifetime to eradicate. As a matter of fact, I have known several cases of people going back to small quantities of wrong food and feeling more aggravated symptoms than before they began the diet, though they also respond more quickly than at first to the benefit of careful dieting or missing a daily meal. There is no doubt that the diet produces a great increase of sensitiveness: this, of course, has its good and its bad side.

The best way I can think of to help you is to enclose you a list of books on health-diet, which seem to me the most useful that have been published; at least the best that have come to my knowledge since the publication of my 'Third Pot-Pourri' in 1903. It seems to me perfectly impossible to undertake the diet at all unless people are willing to give considerable time and study to the subject, or to put themselves under the advice of someone who has followed the diet and has had personal experience. When things go wrong I always think that the selection of food has been unscientifically managed. This may occur from actually eating too little, or from living on food which contains too little proteid, as potatoes, vegetables, and fruit; underfeeding may also come from

nourishing food, such as cheese, milk, and nuts, not being assimilated or digested. Another cause of failure may be the taking of too large quantities of food containing a high percentage of proteid. In ordinary cases of people with good appetites, far the best cure for any slight ailments is missing one or two meals altogether: this causes no weakness, as habitual underfeeding will do; to give the machinery a rest is far more beneficial to the system than the taking of drugs, and is equally safe for the young, the middle-aged, and the old. The cases that have baffled me are those which are quite recognised by all doctors, namely, of people who have so completely lost their appetite that they can only eat very small quantities, and so must of necessity be very underfed, whatever their diet. I think the only wise thing for these people is to consult some doctor they have faith in, and try to follow what he advises them. But in ordinary cases, of people with an average digestion, they must find out for themselves what suits them best within the strict lines most clearly pointed out in 'Diet and Food,' mentioned in the enclosed list; this book is essential as a text-book for all beginners. Of course what I say against underfeeding does not apply to the old; it is natural for us to eat less, as there is less and less tax upon the system. Taking to a non-meat diet on sentimental vegetarian lines and eating what one likes is almost sure ultimately to fail from the point of view of health. I enclose you my list of books.

'The New Glutton or Epicure,' by Horace Fletcher. (Stokes Company, New York.) A great many people have been very much taken with the theory put forward by Mr. Fletcher. The book is an elaborate essay on the art of chewing, carrying out to the utmost limit what has long been known, that sufficient mastication is an immense assistance to digestion. Mr. Fletcher recommends no

particular diet, but the interesting fact is admitted that nobody who 'Fletcherises' properly is ever able to continue eating meat. The more you practise what he suggests, the less food you require; but then this might turn out a danger and encourage underfeeding, which causes at first such a sense of well-being, but in the end undermines the constitution, and is the cause of many evils, not to say dangerous disease.

'The Building of the Body, or the Development of Health and Strength, and Prevention of Disease, by Wisely Selected Food,' by Albert Broadbent. (Manchester, 2s. 6d.) This little book is the best and clearest I know on the subject of food-values. It has tables not only for vegetarians, but for flesh-eaters as well. There are many excellent and simple receipts, but, like all vegetarians, he does not dwell on the dangers of tea and coffee, which are generally acknowledged now by food-reformers to be poisonous stimulants. Mr. Broadbent has published many other little books on health and diet, of which 'Science in the Daily Meal' (3d.) is perhaps the most useful. They are all to be procured at 19 Oxford Street, Manchester.

'Diet and Food in Relation to Strength and Power of Endurance,' by Dr. A. Haig (Churchill, 2s. 6d.), has reached a sixth edition. It is now well known, but no beginner who is at all an invalid can get on without it.

'The Aristocracy of Health: a Study of Physical Culture, our Favourite Poisons, and a National and International League for the Advancement of Physical Culture,' by Mary Foote Henderson. (The Colton Publishing Company, Washington, 7s. 6d.) This is an extraordinarily industrious and complete account of the foods and poisons of the whole world, and is full of interest for those who are students of the relation of food to health. It contains

many statistics and several excellent quotations. The author brings many facts to bear on the subject of the liability to take disease being increased tenfold by meat-eating.

'Plain Dinners: a Help to a Uric-Acid-Free Diet,' by Alice Braithwaite. (Harrogate, 6d.) 'The Starchy Food in Health and Sickness, with Side-lights from the Japanese,' by Alice Braithwaite. (Harrogate, 3d.) Miss Braithwaite's books are particularly useful for those who suffer from indigestion and acidity. The objection is often raised that the uric-acid-free diet is such a starchy diet. This is true as a fact, but not as an objection. The objection comes from the quality of our blood and digestive secretions. Certain doctors, finding the modern digestion unable to manipulate much starch, conclude that starchy foods are inadvisable in any quantity. So they say, 'Reduce the starch and eat more meat or more fruit.' But we now know that this is only the superficial view of the matter, and that the better advice would be, 'Reduce the acidity of the blood and secretions and get them alkaline again,' and the difficulty about digesting starch will vanish. As far as my small experience goes, nobody does really well on this strict diet who cannot take and digest good white home-made bread and biscuits. In our ordinary civilised life it is so very difficult when away from home to get in sufficient nourishment unless, where only baker's bread is to be had, one can supplement with nut or nut foods. I can hardly speak strongly enough about the usefulness of these two little books. Miss Braithwaite's instructions for parboiling onions before cooking them enable a great number of people to digest them who have never been able to do so before, and vegetarian cooking without onions is apt to be flat. She winds up her introduction by saying, 'Natural foods should always be chosen in preference to manufactured

articles. Chemists to-day are terribly clever, but there is no chemistry so suited to man's needs as that of Messrs. Earth and Sun.' This I am sure is true.

'The Secret of Perfect Health,' by Mrs. Hugh Bryan. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 6d.) This is an excellent little book, most useful, and especially adapted to small families. Its exceedingly sanguine tone as regards the effect of diet on health encourages some people and depresses others, but it is the result of the extreme benefit derived from strict diet, both in Mrs. Bryan's own case and that of her children, who are now respectively four and six years old.

'A Healthy Home and How to Keep it,' by Florence Stacpoole. (Wells Gardner & Co. Two vols. 1s.) These little books have just come to my notice, and are not especially addressed to food-reformers, but I can recommend them to all those who take active interest in the poorer classes and the general health of town and village life. They are full of useful, practical hints, and teach how to live simply and healthily, and how to save money. The detailed instructions as regards cleanliness are particularly useful, and are not touched upon in any of the other volumes that I have spoken of. There are, however, instructions with regard to the preservation of raw meat, and especially the purifying of meat already tainted, that seem to me dangerously near the methods employed at Chicago, which have caused such a world-wide scandal this spring. There is only one remedy for high meat or game—burn it or bury it. The instructions about tuberculosis and infection, and the idea that illness is to be prevented by common sense rather than cured by drugs, is quite up to date, though, in other respects, the general tone of the book is that of the ordinary practitioner of the day who left his hospital and its training many years ago. Florence Stacpoole quotes Dr. Erasmus

Wilson's saying, that 'Change of food is to the stomach what change of air is to the general health.' She takes this to mean that the more variety in diet you give yourself and your families, the better you will be. I do not at all agree with this. It is the sick who require change of air, and the morbidly fanciful who require change of food; once a proper diet is selected, the less variety the better.

Mr. Eustace Miles has written, as we all know, a great many most useful books full of receipts and advice. One, 'Muscle, Brain, and Diet' (Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d.), was especially written to draw attention to the various preparations of dried milk which were known in 1902; he has lately (1905) written a little pamphlet to put before the public the advantages of the Just-Hatmaker Process, Cow and Gate Brand, of Dried-Milk Powder, made and sold in England by the West Surrey Central Dairy Co., Guildford. Anyone interested in the dried milk, of which so much has been written of late, had better get this little pamphlet from that company. Mr. Miles declares that he has no financial interest in the West Surrey Central Dairy Co., and his wish seems the same as mine, only to make it known far and wide for the benefit which I believe the dried milk is likely to prove to the public. There are three qualities—the full cream, the half cream, and the dried separated milk. The latter, as sold in the 10-lb. tin at 4s. 6d., is cheaper than any other milk, and is excellent for drinking; in fact I myself, not being fond of milk, prefer it to fresh separated milk, and take it every day at tea-time. Dr. Robert Hutchinson spoke to me of it in the highest terms as one of the greatest dietetic discoveries of the age; in the last edition of his work on 'Food and the Principles of Dietetics,' he says 'The Just-Hatmaker Process consists in drying the milk by passing it in a thin layer between two heated

rollers in such a way that it is immediately desiccated, and requires the addition of water to bring it back again to the condition of ordinary milk. The powder so prepared contains all the solids of the original milk in a sterile and soluble form, and is, therefore, of the highest nutritive value. There can be no doubt that desiccated milk will come into large use in the immediate future.'

Tu ne lèveras point la main contre ton frère :
 Et tu ne verseras aucun sang sur la terre,
 Ni celui des humains, ni celui des troupeaux,
 Ni celui des animaux, ni celui des oiseaux :
 Un cri sourd dans ton cœur défend de le répandre
 Car le sang est la vie, et tu ne peux la rendre.
 Tu ne te nourriras qu'avec les épis blonds
 Ondoyant comme l'onde aux flancs de tes vallons,
 Avec le riz croissant en roseaux sur tes rives—
 Table que chaque été renouvelle aux convives,
 Les racines, les fruits sur la branche mûris,
 L'excédent des rayons par l'abeille pétris,
 Et tous ces dons du sol où la sève de vie
 Vient s'offrir de soi-même à ta faim assouvie.
 La chair des animaux crierait come un remord,
 Et la Mort dans ton sein engendrerait la Mort ! '

LAMARTINE.

To A. C. S. (*niece*).

A book of unusual interest has lately been brought to my notice, published not yesterday, but in 1883, and probably now out of print. You, of course, could get it from your London Library. It is called 'The Ethics of Diet: a Catena of Authorities Deprecatory of the Practice of Flesh-Eating,' by Howard Williams, M.A. I have never seen it alluded to in any of my vegetarian literature, which is curious, as the key-note of the book is humanitarian rather than hygienic, this being only secondary. The preface implies that eating meat is on a level with the once orthodox practices of cannibalism and human sacrifice. Many, even enthusiasts, will not be able to go so far as this, but the high ethical standard of the book will, I think, appeal to those who are revolted by the theory which many food-reformers, myself amongst them, have taken up, that a fleshless diet is worth while solely for reasons of health, and for the physical improvement of the human race. I am quite willing to own that people of my temperament are apt too much to ignore the influence of the mind on the body, and to lay too much stress on the influence of the body over the mind. The chief interest of the book is that it consists of a series of concise biographical notices of the great intellects through all the ages (beginning with the eighth century B.C.) who have been in favour of food reform and against the practice of flesh-eating. No one who gives the subject any serious thought can doubt that during the last ten years there has been an immense increase of interest in all that concerns human food. Apparently the greatest drag on the movement is still the medical profession. Of course, love of good food plays a part, but this would soon be relegated

to a comparatively small class of the luxurious and self-indulgent if the worth of a non-meat diet were accepted scientifically. In some ways it is rather depressing to see collected in a book the opinion on food reform of so many great men—medical men amongst others—in bygone times. One dreads that the present movement may fade away as others have done before it. Nothing can be more impressive than the account of a certain Dr. Cheyne, mentioned as being a distinguished English physician (1671–1743), who first cured himself and then had considerable influence on others. His list of illnesses to be treated by diet singularly resembles those mentioned in ‘Uric Acid as a Factor in the Causation of Disease,’ published in recent years by Dr. Alexander Haig. In a publication called ‘English Malady; or, a Treatise of Nervous Diseases of all Kinds,’ Dr. Cheyne wrote: ‘There are some cases wherein a vegetable and milk diet seems absolutely necessary, as in severe and habitual gout, rheumatism, cancerous, leprous, and scrofulous disorders; extreme nervous colics, epilepsies, violent hysterical fits, melancholy, consumptions (and the like disorders mentioned in the preface), and towards the last stages of all chronic distempers. In such distempers *I have seldom seen such a diet fail of a good effect at last.*’

Dr. Cheyne was medical adviser to Samuel Richardson and John Wesley. The latter tells us in his journals that it was to Dr. Cheyne that he was indebted for his conversion to those dietetic principles to which he attributes in great measure the invigoration of his naturally feeble constitution, and which enabled him to undergo an amount of fatigue and toil, both mentally and bodily, seldom or never surpassed. Richardson evidently hankered after the flesh-pots of Egypt, and seems to have been a less satisfactory patient.

I spoke of depression, but that must not be allowed.

Truth is still, as always, slow in prevailing. But the growth of any movement to-day is a very different thing from what it has ever been before. The knowledge and discoveries of the few very soon become the property of the whole world, and truth is sifted from falsehood more rapidly than in former times. This much-abused publicity and quick diffusion are essentially modern, but have their good side as well as their bad. In these days the humblest experience is not lost, but adds its tiny rivulet to feed the great river of knowledge which flows onward to the ocean of truth.

What is duty? With regard to ourselves, it is to be independent of the senses, and with regard to others, it is to be untiring in giving help and support; help to live well, to do well, to will well, to wish well; help by agreement and by opposition, by giving and by withholding, by firmness and by compliance, by praise and by blame, by silence and by words, by what is pleasant and by what is painful. Dwellers on the same earth, travellers of the same hour, and companions along the same road, we ought to help one another; and when we reach the resting-place we shall have first to render an account of what each has done for the happiness of the rest—for joy, or for goodness.

JOUBERT.

G. B. W. (*niece*).

July 20th, 1906.

What are your views about Cottage Hospitals? We have started one here, which is a great success, and seems to supply a real want. It is very small, but it has been full ever since it was opened. It seems to me unfair to send people up to the overcrowded London hospitals from outside the postal area, and it is of course a great joy that friends and relations can come and see their invalids in the nice clean little rooms of the country hospital. A great many people here objected to our starting this hospital, and in some ways I sympathised with their objections. One friend boldly wrote on the subject of Cottage Hospitals, 'I keep an open mind and a closed purse!' but he has very kindly opened his purse-strings now that it is all started, and that we have kept entirely free of debt. The whole village has come forward most generously to help, and that seems to me the real way to manage these things; they should not be endowed or even built by one or two rich people, but every soul for whom the hospitals are intended should help by their mite. Is it not dreadful that no one can get money without bazaars, or shows, or balls, or something of that kind? I do hate it so, but there it is; people *will* have something for their money. Perhaps in some ways it is a wholesome instinct, but it is not charity, or giving, or self-denial. In hospitals everything should be managed with the strictest economy, and yet nothing should be quite free. So very much depends on the matron, and no trouble can be too great in selecting her. The head of a hospital, however small, requires gifts far beyond pure goodness and a nurse's cap! The waste that goes on in food in many of the large hospitals, I am told, is terrible.

In every department of life, from the highest to the lowest, we are the most wasteful nation in the world. In our large gardens all over England the waste of vegetables is appalling. The cooks will not cook them, and the servants will not eat them. The result is most disheartening to the gardener. People are very kind about sending flowers to hospitals, but they are often in such a condition as to be quite useless; flowers that have decorated the tables at hot London dinner parties, faded herbaceous plants from the country, and so on. What is of the greatest importance is not only that the flowers should be quite fresh, but that they should be of a kind that last well in water. Each season produces some of these, and each season produces some that do not live more than a hour or two in water, even in the country. The greatest charity of all to hospitals is to send vegetables, as long as the sending is properly organised, so that there should not be a superfluity one week and none the next. Even when the hospitals are, as I hope they will be some day, under the State, or, at any rate, under some one management, I see no reason why helpful gifts of wholesome food should not go on. In the country it is almost impossible to buy fruit and vegetables for those who cannot grow them; they are very dear, and come from London. I only know of one really vegetarian or fruitarian hospital; it is the Lady Margaret Hospital, at Bromley, Kent. A very interesting experiment, only it is far more difficult, and causes more discomfort, to change diet when people are ill than when they are well. But this does not affect the poor and underfed as it would those that are better off. It is the starving that has to be done in illness which makes people feel so weak, from the rush of uric acid into the blood. The simple feeder does not experience this, and can reduce his food to only rice and raisins, or arrowroot, and not feel lowered at all.

IV

COOKING RECEIPTS

To E. M. (*niece*).

July 21st, 1906.

From my personal observation, I think that the longer people are on the diet and the more they understand it the surer they are to prefer the simpler food, and the less variety they wish for or require. The desirableness of change of food is quite an exploded idea, and the more people live on a few suitable foods, the only change being regulated by the seasons of the year, the better they will be. However, there are often members of a family who still cling much to variety, and the forms, at least, of an ordinary late dinner, so I am sending you two or three names of lately published cookery books and a few unusually good receipts, which have either been given me by kind friends or which I have lately evolved myself. There are two excellent cookery books, 'Vegetarian and Simple Diet,' by Colonel A. R. Kenney-Herbert (Sonnen-schein & Co., Bloomsbury, London, 3s. 6d.), and 'The Apsley Cookery Book,' by Mrs. John Webster and Mrs. F. W. Jessop (Churchill, 3s. 6d.). The first is most useful, but it panders to adapting vegetarianism to the ordinary French cooking; the latter is more scientific and anti-uric-acid, and altogether recommends a diet less mixed and on more correct lines. It is, I think, the most practical of all the vegetarian cookery books which I have come across. It is very clear, there is an excellent table in the beginning of food-values, and a short, useful introduction. I can quite recommend you to get this book.

'Italian Recipes for Food Reformers,' by Maria Girouci (George Bell & Son, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn, 1s.). These Italian receipts are taken from an old book, and are the national dishes of Italy adapted to modern reformed food ideas by leaving out those receipts

which contained meat, fowl, or fish. The book is skillfully addressed to those who are food-reformers on the broader lines, and rebel against too great strictness. It has been recently edited and brought out by one who signs herself 'E. B.' In the preface she says: 'While some would like to reform away most things which are habitually eaten nowadays, and to return to the wholesome and invigorating diet of the arboreal ancestors from whom we inherit our canine teeth (wrongly so called), there are many others who are content to advocate only the discontinuance of the grosser and more barbarous forms of food, consisting of the bodies of creatures who have once had life, while they retain to their use such animal products as milk, eggs, butter, and cheese.'

In this list you will scarcely expect me to leave out the little pamphlet written by Mrs. Hugh Bryan and myself, called 'Food in Relation to Health, with Eighty Receipts' (Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 2d.). This is advice to working people—fathers, mothers, and children. The receipts are of the simplest; the cost of the dishes, which is always given, often does not exceed a penny per head. I hope it may be useful to those who visit the poor and try to help them to a more sensible and economical way of living, but who themselves have not time to study the health subject.

RECEIPTS.

I find that in the ordinary vegetarian cookery books the receipts for soups are almost all thick soups, made with milk, eggs, &c., which many people do not like. In Colonel Kenney-Herbert's book, already referred to (p. 245), there are excellent detailed descriptions of how to make clear as well as thick soups without meat; but his foundations are all made with pulses, haricot beans, white

and red lentils, butter-beans, and peas. Now all these are objected to by those who for health reasons are strict food-reformers. I have succeeded in teaching several cooks to make clear soup, to which any of the ordinary French names may be given according to the garnish, *Julienne*, *Printanière*, *Brunoise*, &c. Here is the receipt.

CLEAR VEGETARIAN STOCK AND CONSOMMÉ.

The stock is made of the water in which vegetables, macaroni, or spaghetti have been boiled—about two quarts. Early in the morning cut up rather small all kinds of vegetables, except potatoes and cabbage, according to the season—lettuces, carrots, turnips, celery, parsnips, onions, Jerusalem artichokes, leeks, and a bunch of sweet herbs (stalks, outside leaves, and peelings may be used). Let this boil slowly all day in a two-quart saucepan, adding a little more of the cold vegetable water or macaroni water to make up to the necessary amount, skimming every twenty minutes or so for about two hours. About an hour and half before dinner strain the soup through a fine strainer, and leave it to cool. If too light in colour add a little onion juice fried in butter; it ought to look quite clear, and the colour of pale sherry. The vegetables strained from this soup are useless. This stock is a good foundation for all sauces, and the greatest improvement to many dishes. It is the French Pot-au-feu without the meat. England is the only country in the world where the outside leaves, stalks, shells, parings, &c., of vegetables are thrown away. For making vegetable soups from this stock, fresh vegetables must be cut up and prepared as directed in all good cookery-books—fried in butter and added to the stock, which by this time is nearly cold. For soups with macaroni, Italian

paste, vermicelli, &c., they must be boiled apart in a little of the vegetable stock; the rest of the soup made very hot and poured over them. If excessive clearness is wished for, the paste had better be drained from the stock in which it has been boiled. If any butter floats on the top it must be taken off in the usual way. Soups with paste or rice require more onion than vegetable soups. All soups are made more nourishing by adding grated Parmesan cheese, which must be handed at table.

VEGETABLE POT-AU-FEU.

Cut up into small pieces as many vegetables as you have—carrots, celery, turnips, cauliflowers, onions, or any other vegetable. Fry them in butter or nut-butter till browned. Put them in a saucepan with water. Add a handful of tapioca, and let it simmer gently all day. Skim occasionally. Strain it, and serve with sippets of toast.

SPRING SOUP.

Cut up two large lettuces into small pieces. Slice up a piece of cucumber, a few leaves of mint, tarragon, chervil, and parsley. Dissolve an ounce of butter in a saucepan, put in the vegetables, stir for a few minutes, then add one and a half pints of good vegetarian stock, and simmer till tender. Remove the soup from the fire, add the beaten yolks of two eggs mixed with a gill of milk, season with salt and pepper. It must not boil, or it will curdle.

POTAGE PANNANTIER.

Slightly fry in some butter, onions, leeks, carrots and celery, five minutes on a moderate fire. When slightly brown add peeled potatoes but not cut up, and some

vegetable stock. Let it cook for an hour. Then pass it all through a sieve, put it back into a clean stewpan, let it simmer and take off the scum. Mix in a basin the yolks of three eggs, some cream, a little fresh butter, pepper and salt. Add to these a little of the soup and strain it into the soup tureen. Pour the boiling soup on it, and serve with or without crusts.

HOW TO COOK CABBAGE OR SPROUTS.

Lightly boil some young cabbage in salt and water. Strain it, put it on a board, chop it up, not very finely. Make a little sauce with some water or vegetable stock, an onion, a lump of butter and a small pinch of flour. Let it cook a quarter of an hour; remove the onion, return the cabbage to the sauce with or without some chopped parsley, make very hot and serve.

RAMPION.

This is a most useful vegetable. Boil the leaves like spinach, drain and pass through a sieve; take a piece of butter the size of an egg, a little flour, mix and cook it in a saucepan, but do not let it brown; put in the vegetable, add a little cream and stir well. Then put a little more cream on the top and let it all cook slowly by the fire. Stir in the cream before serving and make all very hot. In the spring the roots are equally good to eat, boiled like carrots. The dish can then be served with the root in the centre, the white sauce over it, and the green *purée* put round.

GREEN SAUCE FOR SUMMER.

Chop up a very few fine leaves of purslane, parsley, chive tops, a good deal of tarragon, and burrage. Prepare a white sauce which has been passed through a fine

strainer, put the herbs in and mix just before serving. It ought to look quite green.

PAPLICA SAUCE.

Peel four large onions and cut them up, put six ounces of butter into a saucepan, add the onions and stew them a bright golden colour. Rub them through a fine sieve with half a pint of sour cream, a little salt, and half a teaspoonful of paplica pepper (to be bought at any good London grocer's). Heat again. This sauce is good with anything.

CHEESE BALLS.

(From 'The Apsley House Cookery Book.')

Ingredients.—Two ounces cheese, whites of two eggs, pepper to taste.

Beat the whites of the eggs on a plate, add the cheese grated and the pepper, mix with a knife, form the mixture into small balls, roll in toast crumbs, put into boiling albene, butter or oil. Cook till a pale brown colour, and serve very hot on a napkin. The drier the cheese the better.

MACARONI A L'ITALIENNE.

(For six people.)

Take eight ounces of the best Naples groult, throw it into a well-tinned stewpan in three quarts of salted boiling water, and add half a pound of fresh butter. Let it cook slowly for three-quarters of an hour. Then try if it is cooked. Drain on a sieve, but without washing in cold water. Return it to the large saucepan with some sweet cream (four teaspoonsful for six people). Grate in a little fresh Parmesan* cheese, mix together, see if salt enough, and serve with a little grated cheese on the top.

TERRINE DE LEGUMES.

(From Colonel Kenney-Herbert's 'Vegetarian and Simple Diet.')

Cover the bottom of the terrine with slices of onion, carrot, and turnip, arrange a layer of cooked spaghetti thereon, covering that with a layer of sliced vegetables, then another of spaghetti, finishing with a layer of vegetables on the top. Roughly cut parsley and a few strips of celery should be put in with the layers, and sliced tomatoes also. Season as you go on with seasoning mixture (receipt given below). When arranged, pour in sufficient good vegetable broth to come level with the top layer, and seal the lid of the tin all round the rim with stiff paste, fixing it securely. Now put the terrine into a fish kettle or large stewpan with sufficient boiling water to reach half-way up its depth. Cover this vessel, and keep it on the fire boiling steadily for two hours. At the time of serving the lid should be cut off, and the terrine, wrapped in a napkin, should be placed upon an ordinary dish, and sent to table immediately, or the lid may be removed at the table as may be preferred. Grated cheese should be handed round with this, and soup plates should be used for its service. Note that in packing the terrine space should be allowed for the fluid which will be drawn from the vegetables; the topmost layer therefore should be an inch and a half below the rim of the terrine.

SEASONING MIXTURE.

Two ounces of mixed dried herbs carefully picked and pounded to powder, half an ounce of newly ground black pepper mixed together and sifted through a perforated strainer. The best assortment of mixed herbs is one composed of equal weights of marjoram, thyme and rosemary.

STOVED POTATOES.

Potatoes, cream, salt, pepper, onions. Peel the potatoes and cut them in medium slices. Half fill a quart saucepan with them. Put in two teaspoonsful of salt, and pepper to taste. Cut the onions—two medium-sized Spanish or a handful of green. Put into the saucepan and pour over all a gill of cream. Put lid on tight and cook on slow fire twenty or thirty minutes, or till onions and potatoes are quite done and cream nearly all boiled up.

NUT CUTLETS.

Take two ounces rice, boil till soft in milk, pound in a mortar till quite soft like paste. Put two ounces of almonds or any other sort of nuts through the nut mill, pound in a mortar, add them to the rice, make them into small cutlets, brush over with white of egg, and fry a nice brown.

RICE SALAD.

Boil a cupful of Carolina rice for twenty minutes, well rinse in boiling water, then drain and let it get quite cold ; mix with it ordinary salad dressing, and add tarragon and chervil chopped finely. Use best salad oil and fine vinegar.

TOMATOES.

Cut the tomatoes in thick slices, fry them in butter in a pan, dredge a little flour over them ; when cooked take out and lay on a hot dish ; add to the butter and juice a little milk and cream and a little more flour ; cook till it just colours, then pour this over the slices and serve with dry rice to eat with them.

• GNOOCHI OF SEMOLINA.

Bring half a pint of milk to the boil, sprinkle in two ounces of coarse semolina; when it is off the boil add an egg and a little cheese. Spread it on a dish to get cold. Then cut into rounds with a cutter or wine-glass; put the rounds into a fireproof dish, with a little cream and some more grated cheese, Parmesan and Cheddar, and put a little butter on the top. Put it into a hot oven for five minutes and serve immediately.

MELTED CHEESE.

Cut some slices of best English Cheddar very thin, put them into cream that has been brought to the boil, pour into a fireproof dish, add a small piece of butter on the top, and place in a hot oven for a few minutes; serve at once with dry toast.

NUT AND FRUIT PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of dates, quarter of a pound of raisins or sultanas, quarter of a pound of pine kernels, quarter of a pound of almonds.

Stone and clean the dates, stone and chop up the raisins and sultanas; blanch the almonds, grind them and the pine kernels in the nut mill, and afterwards pound them well in a mortar. Then add the fruit, and mix well in a mortar or large basin. When well mixed cook for a long time (7 hours) like a plum-pudding. It cannot be too much cooked. A flavouring of lemon or marmalade may be added. Other nuts, as Brazils, may be substituted for the above and treated in the same way.

SEMOLINA PUDDING.

Boil some milk and sugar, and, if liked, a little vanilla, then sprinkle in enough semolina to thicken it. Leave by the fire till cooked and reduced, then butter a pie-dish well with fresh butter and pour in the mixture. Bake in an oven till quite brown. To prevent burning, if the oven is very hot, put a piece of butter on the top.

A GOOD WAY OF TREATING LARGE DATES.

(At 2d. per lb.)

Wash your dates, stone them, introduce a blanched almond in place of the stone; pour boiling water over them; strain, lay them tidily on a dish, and press between two plates.

POMMES A LA CARMEL.

Ingredients.—Four large apples, two ounces of butter, quarter of a pound of lump sugar, half a cup of cold water.

Make a caramel of the sugar, water and butter, put in the peelings of the apples to flavour the caramel; pass the syrup through a sieve; pour into a saucepan. It should be like a thick cream, but brown. Put in the quarters of apples or whole apples. Stand it on the stove to simmer for one hour. The apples should be a golden brown.

A GOOD PUDDING.

Beat up a quarter of a pound of butter to a cream, add a quarter of a pound of castor sugar, two well-beaten eggs, quarter of a pound of sifted flour, two ounces of sultanas, one ounce of candied peel, and a little essence of vanilla. Beat all well together, pour into a buttered mould, tie down and boil for two hours.

*BROWN PUDDING.

Two eggs, their weight in flour and butter, the weight of one in sugar. Beat the butter to a cream with sugar, add eggs well beaten; stir in the flour then two table-spoonful of jam, or fruit jelly or treacle; before putting the pudding into a mould stir in half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda. Boil or steam for an hour and three quarters; allow plenty of room for pudding to rise in the mould. Serve with wine or sweet sauce.

The following delicious receipt is from the 'Apsley Cookery Book':

BANANA CUSTARD.

Four bananas, one pint of milk, two bay leaves, two ounces of sugar, five eggs (fresh), and the peel of half a lemon.

Slice the bananas thinly into a glass dish; pour the following custard whilst hot over them; the heat brings out the flavour of the fruit. Serve cold.

Custard.—Pour the milk into a clean saucepan with the bay leaves and lemon peel, and set it on a moderately hot stove for about twenty minutes, and when on the point of boiling strain it into a basin to cool. Then stir in the sugar and the well-beaten eggs; again strain it into a jug, which place in a deep saucepan of boiling water, and stir it one way till it thickens; then pour it over the bananas.

QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.

Half fill a pie-dish with bread crumbs. Beat the yolk of an egg and mix it to about half a pint of hot milk. The whole or half-cream dried milk of the West Surrey Central Dairy Company is excellent instead of ordinary milk. Pour this over the bread crumbs; it should be enough to

soak them thoroughly. When well soaked, spread jam over this, then beat the white of the egg and put it on the top and brown it in the oven.

BISCUITS.

Four ounces of flour, four ounces of separated milk powder made into milk, one ounce butter. Mix the other ingredients with the milk, tinged with yolk of egg, into a stiff dough; roll out very thin, bake a golden brown; turn and brown the other side.

Every year that goes by I feel less and less sympathy with meat-eaters, and yet as I was myself a meat-eater till past fifty, I cannot resist putting in a receipt I got last year from Holland, which is, I know quite well, made of two of the worst forms of meat, only surpassed in quantities of injurious matter they contain by livers, kidneys, and sweetbreads. Nevertheless it is much appreciated by those who eat such things, and I give it as it was given to me.

DUTCH DISH.

Two pounds of pork and two pounds of veal; after boning mince together, not too fine; three-quarters of a pound of dry bread crumbs soaked in water or milk; a few very finely chopped herbs; four raw eggs; salt and pepper.

Mix all together and shape into a long sausage, like a fillet of beef. Put it into a buttered baking-dish, and into the oven for an hour; baste it well with stock; serve with the gravy slightly thickened with a little lightly burned flour.

The old proverb that 'God made the food and the devil made the cooks' is quite as true in a 'food-reform' kitchen as it is in those which are unfortunately still almost universal.

To speak seriously, this brings us to the very difficult point in all training and education : which is the best—uncompromising severity about what one believes to be right, or concessions and compromise which may help along a weak brother? It is the opinion of many that it is wiser to make no concessions, for they do not answer in the long run ; it is better to say exactly what we think to be right, and trust to time and experience to bring conviction. I am afraid my friends, both vegetarians and food-reformers, will be frightfully shocked at me for putting in even one meat receipt, particularly as I have omitted almost all of the receipts which abound in many of the cookery books in imitation of meat and fish dishes. I give hardly any of these, as I think it is an unwise way of introducing the reform cookery into family life ; we do not want to graft as it were heathen ceremonies on to our higher philosophies.

V
GARDENING

Each year to ancient friendship adds a ring,
 As to an oak, and precious more and more,
 Without deservingness or help of ours,
 They grow, and, silent, wider spread each year
 Their unbought ring of shelter or of shade.

Lowell.

I know, a thing that's most uncommon,
 (Envy, be silent and attend !)
 I know a reasonable woman,
 Handsome and witty, yet a friend.
 Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumour,
 Not grave through pride, or gay through folly—
 An equal mixture of good humour,
 And sensible, soft melancholy.

Pope.

To M. v. G. (*niece*).

October 10th, 1905.

When you come you shall have a pot of the Vallotas and a pot of the Nerines you find difficult to grow. The Dutch nurserymen, as you say, cut off the leaves, which is fatal; but this would not matter so much if you bought them in May or June. We find no difficulty now in growing the Vallotas, and they are most repaying things, as the older the bulbs the better they succeed. Why so many find them difficult to grow I cannot imagine. With Nerines, too, we are most successful, but they rarely flower the first two or three years after buying them, and that, I suppose, irritates the purchasers, and they don't give them just the care they require. After flowering, when the leaves are growing, they want lots of water, liquid manure, &c., and then Nerines can be completely dried off and laid on a sunny shelf in the greenhouse till they begin to start in September. We never put the pots outside. Vallotas, on the contrary, grow all the summer, and we stand them out in an open cold frame, where they must be carefully watered; we bring them inside when the flowers begin to show. They must be very seldom re-potted, though they, too, stand a little feeding at the flowering time and after, and they, too, flower better and better the older they are and the fuller the pots are of bulbs. They are more absolutely certain to produce two or three flower stems in every pot than the Nerines, but in both cases it is only the old large bulbs that throw up flower spikes. I think anyone who has grown them every autumn feels they could not do without them. It is the same with the *Amaryllis Belladonna* out of doors—lovely, faithful things that come up every year when once established in a good position, facing south or south-west; under a greenhouse wall is best.

To P. Q. (*niece*).

October 14th, 1905.

I have been to Mr. Barr's to-day. It is always interesting, and he is so kind, he teaches me a lot. I know how fond you are of Buddleias and how well they do with you. He showed me a most beautiful new one with a very sweet smell, called *B. variabilis Veitchiana*, and he says there is one still better called *B. magnifica*. But he says they do infinitely better and their flower is finer if they are cut down every spring to within a few inches of the ground, just like the *Hydrangea paniculata* and the *Ceanothus Gloire de Versailles*. Every day that one gives to gardening makes one feel more and more the importance of increased knowledge of what to prune, and when to prune, and how to prune. The best way to increase the *Anemone Japonica* without disturbing old beds, which spoils them, is to pull off some of the little shoots in the spring, pot them up singly into small pots, sink these into sand or gravel, and keep them watered. They will be nice little plants by the summer. It was Mr. Barr who told me last year about making up a hot-bed in August and covering it with six or seven inches of light loam: I cannot tell you how miraculous is the result. Every single thing you put into it grows. You can strike every imaginable thing, soft things, and hard things, and half-hardy things, and slips, greenhouse things—everything in fact which you may want to increase. It must be kept close and shaded at first. It is simply wonderful the stock of plants you can get up in this way. The Japanese Maples and even *Wygelias*, and little bits of roots of the *Yucca*, will grow in sand with the help of a little heat.

To A. W. (niece.)

October 21st, 1905.

I do wonder how you are getting on with your gardening. Your enthusiasm delighted me, and next summer I must manage to go over and see how your charming little place looks. You know a great deal more about it than people generally do when they first begin gardening, but I suppose you will have some disappointments. My German friend told me the other day the great secret of growing satisfactorily the *Incarvillea Delavayi* was to take it up every autumn and treat it just like Dahlias and Cannas, putting the roots into a cellar. Mine, which have been left in the ground, have always died in the winter, I must admit, and so did those I took up; and this is tiresome, as they grow slowly from seed. You ought to get two or three plants of a not very common *Sanguisorba Canadensis*, which has the smiling virtue of flowering in August, and *Libertia formosa* is a charming little reedy plant, with white flowers which appear late in the spring; but I have lost mine, and I suspect it is not quite hardy, and wants a good place. I am going to try it again. I tell you all this because I imagine that, like me, you are interested in plant variety, besides aiming at general effect. The garden we spoke of is one of the loveliest I have ever seen, but it rather lacks the interest to be found in a collection of unusual plants.

In 'Garden Colour' there is a good deal of useful instruction about pretty effects and combinations, as the illustrator, Miss Waterfield, is a very good gardener, besides being an artist.

Do you want more plants? Ask for them if you do, now and always. Things that do well here increase beyond all bounds. I am always digging up and cur-

tailing. Growing a great variety of plants is the chief point of my garden; it gives most to pick and most to give away, and is very interesting in itself.* The Iris Plant and Bulb Company, Guernsey, have a large collection of small *Iris Alpina* and *I. intermediata*, which grows a little taller. All Irises are, I think, most fascinating plants, and most repaying of the treatment they require. I have just bought some, but the plants look rather small. I feel a little doubtful about their flowering next year, but I am told that they will. A month ago I re-planted a large bed of German Irises; the great thing is only to put back the thick large pieces that will flower next year, and even a month ago was rather late. Gardeners, as a rule, put off re-planting Irises much too late. We dibbled in a quantity of Spanish Irises and some English ones to make a succession, and at the back we planted some large old bulbs of *Hyacinthus candicans*. I hope they will do well, but it may be too dry—the old experienced gardener looks out for disappointment. The bed is next the house and faces east. We have had such a cold week, everything killed in a minute. I do not think it has been quite so bad so early—eight or nine degrees of frost—for fifteen years. There will be no ‘last lone Rose of October’ this year, and all the outdoor Chrysanthemums are hopelessly injured. I have a lot of new bulbs, as I have every year. It is wonderful how little they increase; in fact Tulips disappear if not lifted, and even then they degenerate. Mr. Barr says it is because Tulips are not planted deep enough, but here, when left alone, and the soil not renewed, they degenerate sadly. Don’t forget that the success of all bulbs in grass, Crocuses, Daffodils, &c., depends on the grass being thoroughly mown some time in October as well as in July. Spring mowing is fatal, as it cuts their leaves. Grass if not mown in October chokes them in the spring.

Your soil is heavier than mine, and I think it may interest you to see this letter of my German friend's describing her rockery on a slope of the Taunus mountains, with very heavy soil, and facing north. She is an exceedingly keen and intelligent gardener. The winters there are much more severe than ours, but the spring is much more satisfactory; there are none of the ups and downs of temperature we have here, which are so disheartening. A fine week melts some icebergs in the far north; down they come into the open seas, and the wind that sweeps over them is all but as cold as ice itself, and then severe night frosts after a week of warm weather do a despairing amount of damage.

My friend writes: 'After many efforts, and as many disappointments, I have given up trying to grow any true Alpines on my rocky slopes facing north. They are, as you know, carefully made, affording the plants ample root-run between the rocks, but they get too little sun, and the wet autumns and winters kill anything that is in the least delicate. They get enough sun, however, between May and September to grow many charming things, from *Hepaticas*, *Fritillarias*, *Primula Japonica*, Wilson's blue *Primula*, and the hardy *Erica carnea* of early spring to the *Hypericums* of sorts, *Lobelia cardinalis* and *Lysimachias* of September. All the common mossy and encrusted *Saxifrages*, *Aquilegia Canadensis*, *A. chrysantha*, *Campanula turbinata*, *cæspitosa*, *pusilla*, and *thyrsoides*, absolutely luxuriate in that cool soil and shady aspect. At last I have done something better for my sun-loving plants. There was a mound at the far end of my steep north slope, where I used to grow *Azaleas* and masses of autumn perennials. These I removed wholesale, and the young conifers among and around them. The earth was dug out to a depth of three or four feet, and most of it carted away, as it is hard lump clay,

icy cold and sodden in autumn and winter. The drainage and sweetening of the soil were ensured by a layer, two feet deep, of coarse gravel, lime, rubbish, broken bricks and slates, covered with turf sods to prevent the good, fine soil stopping up the drainage. We then made the actual rockery, rising to four or five feet above the old level. Innumerable cartloads of finely sifted loam, mixed with leaf mould and very coarse sand, were worked in between and under the rocks, packing and ramming the earth well among the stones, using shallow slabs for surface-rooting plants, and great lumps of rock for those that have tap-roots and go deep down to find the moisture. I divided the mound into two separate hillocks, with a tiny water-course to separate them. The water comes up by a small pipe, and appears as a continuous little trickle between the topmost rocks; it passes into a small pond, dug out at the foot of the largest mound, facing due south and west. The overflow feeds a group of *Iris Kæmpferi* and *Spiræa Filipendula*, and then runs off into a long border of herbaceous perennials. The summits of the mounds and most gravelly places are chosen for *Androsace oculata*, *A. lanuginosa*, and *A. Helvetica*. These jewels of the Alpine steeps had baffled me for so long I was determined they should have the best chance. The two former have done splendidly, but, alas! the latter did not survive the winter, and I must try it afresh, and perhaps give it a sheet of glass to keep the worst wet off its hairy leaves and brittle stems. *Dianthus neglectus*, or Glacier Pink, increased and flowered well, so has *Edraianthus tenuifolius*. Both are lovely, and I think require no other dodges of treatment than to have their woody crown or collar well earthed up, and the year's growth mulched after flowering; they have both increased, and were smothered with flowers. Another real joy has been to see *Dryas octopetala* flourish and spread into a

goodly patch, hanging down over the face of the rocks. It was so full of its lovely strawberry flowers that one could not see the leaves, and hitherto I had never succeeded in making it flower at all. *Leontopodium alpinum* (*Edelweiss*), both the previous year's seedlings, and the old plants divided in July and re-planted with plenty of sand and lime rubble, were a mass of really white bloom, and very lovely, with a clump of dark-blue *Campanula pulla* close to them. Some things, like the Alpine Wall-flowers and the Alpine Poppy, have a terrible tendency to encroach and to sow themselves everywhere, especially the Poppies, with their tiny moss-like, silvery foliage, and little blooms three inches high, in loveliest tints of pale salmon and terra-cotta; it is hard to treat with necessary rigour, it is such a dwarf little fairy. I have a very pretty little Alpine Pink, exactly like a Cheddar Pink, only smaller, and bright canary yellow, which I am going to try and increase from seed this year. I cannot trace how I got it, and have never seen it before. The crevices in the rock-work are well filled with earth, pressed in and kept in place by splinters of stone; equally rammed in tight and planted in these crevices, the blue *Ramondias* have been fine on the shady side, also the new white-flowered variety. *Saxifraga longifolia*, *S. Kingi*, *S. Hostii*, *S. Burseriana*, *S. juniperina*, *S. marginata*, *S. mutata*, *S. Rocheliana*, and *S. stelleriana* have all done well. But I am bound to say this last winter has been a very mild one, and I fear I shall lose some if we have a very cold winter. *Rhododendron ferrugineum* and *R. hirsutum* were given the sunniest of places, but with deep, cool, peaty root runs, their heads well in the sun, and their stems and roots well shaded by a projecting rock, and, I am glad to say, they were a mass of bloom, and are full of good sound buds now. *Azalea procumbens* has a flat and damp place at the edge of the little trickle of water, and was lovely in

April. So was *Daphne Cneorum*, scenting the air all round. The little depression where the water comes down is planted with *Primula villosa*, *P. glutinosa*, *Ranunculus alpestris*, *Soldanella alpina*, *S. pusilla*, the larger *S. montana*, and the lovely *Auricula alpina*, with its scented pale yellow flowers and silvery leaves. Where the course widens there are larger patches of *Primula rosea*, a brilliant spot of brightest carmine in May. They do very well if divided and re-planted every year at once after flowering, and well watered till they start into growth again. *Erodium Manescavi* and *E. Sibthorpiatum* are useful for sunny and rather poor corners, while *Geranium argenteum* and *Achillea umbellata* will tumble over the face of the rocks and cover them with beautiful silvery foliage. I wonder if you know *Campanula rupestris*, such a gem, but so crotchety and short-lived. However, I have given up trying to keep it alive more than one season. I grow my own seedlings now; they are not difficult to keep through the winter, and the bloom is so lovely it is quite worth the trouble. The hairy rosettes are very like a *Ramondia* and flower from the middle—lovely delicate, pale-blue bells. After flowering, the collar of the plant hardens and becomes woody, and that is when they break and damp off. On the whole, my new departure has been a real success; but, of course, it is very young, and will take a lot of toning down, discarding coarse or encroaching plants, and trying to make it more and more truly Alpine, which means truly rare and refined. I know in England it is not rare to see well-grown *Gentiana acaulis*, but it is almost unknown in our climate, and so I am very proud to have had mine an absolute sheet of blue, and am planting it in every spare nook, as no other colour gives me such intense pleasure. Now the tall *G. septemfida* is lovely too, but none comes up to the glorious *acaulis* at its best. *Gentiana verna*

I have lost, alas! and this and a few other failures have prevented my becoming cock-sure and slack. Next spring will prove whether I have had sufficient knowledge and foresight to baffle our cruel climate.'

I think this letter is helpful, as showing the immense thought and care necessary to make a good rockery no matter where.

To M. v. G. (*niece*).

November 2nd, 1905.

You can't think how delighted I was that you were pleased with my little greenhouse, as you know how difficult it is to get variety, especially at this time of the year. Most people stuff their greenhouses with huge Chrysanthemums and have nothing else. I am going to write you out some of the things you noticed. I have still a few Nerines, but they are nearly over. By some freak we cannot account for, we have one pot of the white Arums with three fine flowers—why it is so early I do not know; it has been kept in the pot all the summer. I have a very good strain of the *Salvia splendens*. Robinson recommends their being planted out, and then re-potted for autumn flowering. We find they are best left in pots, and well pinched back in the early summer. Few autumn flowers in greenhouses are more effective or last longer in flower. We have an enormous old plant of *Eupatorium*, with its pretty bright foliage and white blossoms in dense flat heads. It is useful for picking. A large pot with an old plant of the strong growing *Pelargonium quercifolium*, was cut back hard last spring when standing out in its pot, and we now can cut from it all the winter. My favourite 'Prince of Orange' *Pelargonium* is also there, but in cold weather it gives forth little of its delicious fragrance. One always wonders what freak of

nature makes leaves smell. Mr. Burbidge, in his charming lecture printed in the October number, 1898, of 'The Journal of the Horticultural Society' does not tell us, but he does note the fact that floral odours are generally positive, being exhaled by most flowers spontaneously as it were, while leaf odours are latent or negative, and are rarely to be detected except after the leaves have been touched, pressed, or bruised. He notes that the old yellow or brown leaves of the charming Cape Pelargoniums are sweeter than the fresh ones. We are apt to pick these off and throw them away; they should be saved to put into the Lavender bags with Verbena, &c. I have a most useful book, called 'Sweet-scented Flowers and Fragrant Leaves,' by Donald McDonald, published by Sampson Low in 1895, which I think would be appreciated by amateurs interested in these details of gardening: the catalogue of Cape Pelargoniums alone is worth having; the plants are well described in the list, and remind one of old favourites sometimes omitted and forgotten in our gardens and greenhouses.

What a long digression! I must return now to the other flowers in the greenhouse. For the first time I have several pots of *Iris alata*; it is a lovely thing and lasts longer in water than most Irises. It came from M. Herb, of *via Trivio* 24, Naples. I find him a most useful nurseryman for all half-hardy bulbs or bulbs that are to be forced, and very much better for Cape bulbs, *Ixias*, *Antholyzas*, &c., than having them from Capetown. It takes them so long to recover the change of hemisphere that they often die in the meantime. The bulbs from Naples come early in the autumn, well ripened, and very sound. Things that are for late autumn flowering it is most important to pot up early. Besides *Primula obconica* we have also grown from seed *Primula Forbesii*. The flowers are small but they mix very prettily with *P.*

obconica, and, like them, flower through most of the early winter. *Forbesii* likes rather more heat than *obconica*. The *Aster grandiflorus* you liked, and which you say you never saw before, I have grown for years, and described in my second 'Pot-Pourri,' but probably you have never before been here just at this time of year.

Soon after you left I received the following letter from Mr. Barr. I think it will interest you, though I am not sure your climate may not be too severe for carrying out his directions literally, and probably with you the lily bulbs would require more protection from frost.

'In answer to your inquiry respecting treatment of lilies. Seeing that there are so many different kinds of *Liliums* they require separate treatment according to the different species. But, speaking generally, if lilies are grown in pots they should, every year after they have died down, be cut back, turned out of their pots, and part of the soil removed at the top, re-crooked, and re-potted at once in good fresh fibrous loam with the addition of a little old leaf soil or peat and sand. A *Lilium* must never be dried off.

'Another very good plan to adopt is to turn the *Lilium* out of the pot entirely, especially if it is not looking very healthy, and place it in a bed or frame, or under a north hedge in pure sand, covering the bulb with at least three to four inches of sand. As soon as the bulb commences to sprout through the sand, lift and pot on. If all people started lilies in this manner there would be very few failures. If sand is not available the bulbs may be plunged in coal ashes.

'Of course I should not advise this treatment for the more slender growing American Swamp Lilies, such as *L. Canadense*, *L. parvum*, &c., but the above cultural directions would answer very well for such popular varieties as *L. speciosum*, *L. longiflorum*, *L. auratum*,

L. Henryi, *L. tigrinum*, &c. When potting lilies it is very essential that the drainage should be perfect—that is, there should be plenty of crocks at the bottom of the pots, also some old fibrous core and a little charcoal.'

To K. W. (niece).

January 4th, 1906.

Two or three mild wet days have worked wonders in the garden, but it is too mild to-day: the thermometer is 54°. This morning I picked the first bunch of winter Aconites; it is worth while to do what is best for them, as it is such a joy when they come into flower so early. I find they don't mind the soil being poor; in fact, the more they are baked in the summer the better and earlier they seem to flower. They like to face south and be slightly protected by overhanging shrubs; at least, so they flower earliest with me. In grass they don't seem to do at all. At last I have got *Tussilago fragrans* ('Winter Heliotrope') to flower. For long I could not manage it; now I have it in a bed facing north, and confined by bricks to prevent it spreading, and it is flowering well this winter. Yesterday I picked the first blue *Iris stylosa*; they are rather more backward than usual, checked by early and severe two days' frost in November. Why people don't grow them more I can't think. They must have a good place under a wall or a yew hedge, dry and sunny. A drawback to having them in a good place is that the rest of the year the foliage looks rather shabby. A mulching with leaf mould and a little cow manure in August does them good; they are forming their flower buds then deep down. No orchid is more beautiful picked in bud in the early morning and flowered in the warm room. One must own they are ephemeral, but so much that is beautiful we should have to give up if we minded that.

I am told that the German Irises want a little manure in winter, and that this is better than taking them up and dividing them, which is very troublesome. If left too long undivided here, they get very weedy, so it is the old story—careful hand-picking of weeds. When divided, they flower less well for at least a year.

I strongly recommend as pot plants *Veronica hulkiana* and *V. pinguifolia*. They are very nearly hardy, but not quite. Smith of Newry has them. *V. hulkiana* has a charming feathery, pale-grey flower, which mixes well with other flowers. *Abutilon vitifolium* is also almost hardy, and as it strikes easily, cuttings can be taken; it can be left out in a good place. It is the only *Abutilon* with any pretence at hardiness in this part of England.

Are you going to take as much interest in the kitchen garden as in the flower garden? I think in some ways it is even more interesting; it is so splendid to think of the amount of human food that can be got out of a small garden. It opens such vistas of what might be done with home emigration if only the waste lands could be cultivated.

The best red currant I know is 'Raby Castle.' Standard currant trees are pretty and convenient to pick. They do well in some soils, but not here. The moment the leaves of the summer shoots begin to curl, the shoot should be bent backwards, or cut off as many gardeners think best.

Last spring I was in Holland in April, and delighted with a fresh green vegetable dressed like spinach, which they called Rapunzel. It is catalogued by Sutton as Rampion; it is a *Campanula*, and a very small seed, and so best mixed with sand for sowing. Sow it early in May, and cut it in the autumn and again the following spring. In moist soils the root is also very good to eat.

It is an excellent vegetable. The flower, which comes in June, is exceedingly pretty. It is the branching *Campanula* we know so well in Swiss meadows, and grows wild even in some parts of England. Purslane is a vegetable not often grown in England, and yet it is good, either as a salad mixed with young carrots, or boiled in vegetarian stock as a soup, which it slightly thickens to the consistency of turtle soup.

Everything depends so much on soil, especially dry or damp, that I feel afraid to recommend very strongly the seeds that suit us best; but we find that Sutton's red celery does far better than the white, and, if well earthed up, it is not stringy or bitter, or red, but just as white as the other.

Any out-of-the-way vegetables I always find abroad, never in English gardens. It is curious that even the general cultivation of turnips in England is due to a member of the Townsend family, who died in 1738, having brought the seed over from Hanover, to which country he went in attendance upon George I.

In England, we always run to doing things exactly like our neighbours, and this is particularly noticeable in flowering annuals. It is a good plan to take Thompson and Morgan's (Ipswich) list, and try different hardy annuals every autumn and spring. Many of the hardiest do much better if sown in light soil in autumn. I find *Omphalodes linifolia*, a Portuguese annual, very charming; it has a white flower, and the leaves are of a smooth, glaucous-green colour. *Asperula azurea setosa* is another charming hardy annual from the Caucasus; it is best sown in early autumn.

The following is a note of Mr. Barr's about Tulips which he kindly sent me in answer to some questions. 'The double pink Tulips brought into Covent Garden Market, and forced by our market-growers, are the following:

First Early.

Salvator Rosa . . . Price, 22s. 6d. per 100, 3s. 2d. per dozen.

Second Early.

Lady Palmerston . . . Price, 12s. 6d. per 100, 1s. 9d. per dozen.

Third Early.

Murillo Price, 12s. 6d. per 100, 1s. 9d. per dozen.

Princess Beatrice . Large globular flower, white, flushed delicate rose. Price, 15s. per 100, 2s. 3d. per doz.

Fourth Early.

Couronne des Roses . This is a very fine soft rose when forced. Price, 18s. per 100, 2s. 8d. per dozen.

I thought the above information might interest you.'

Here are two or three good hints about fruit trees. To prevent the attack of the codlin moth, it is desirable to fasten bands of old oil cake or manure bags or hay bands tightly round the trees early in the summer, having scraped off the old bark that the bands may fit closely. These must be examined from time to time, and the caterpillars in the folds destroyed.

To spray trees with in winter, a good wash is composed of 1 lb. of sulphate of iron to one gallon of water, brushing the bark and branches where there is any moss; put paper under the trees to collect the weevils, and then burn them. It is useful to spray the trees in the early spring with kerosine emulsion, made by dissolving $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of soft soap in boiling water, adding two gallons of kerosine or paraffin oil, churning the mixture with a force-pump until it is the consistency of cream, and then mixing it with

nine gallons of water. This should be sprayed all over the branches and shoots in a fine mist.

Pruning raspberries is a most important detail of the fruit garden. Directly the fruiting time is over all the old canes should be cut out, and of the young growths only one, two, or at most three, should be left according to the strength of the plants.

The great secret of strawberry growing in light soils is to tread them in as firmly as possible when they are planted, and to hand-weed, and not stir the ground.

To E. W. (*niece*).

January 8th, 1906.

Last autumn I had a book sent me called 'Stone Gardens, with Practical Hints on the Paving and Planting of them,' by Rose Haig Thomas (Simpkin & Marshall). The book rather interested me because while I was in Germany I was very much attracted by a small garden I saw at the back of a shop in Munich. I think a great deal could be done with making small squares, either in towns or suburbs, much more attractive than they are.

Mrs. Haig Thomas quite openly declares that flat stone gardens cost not a little trouble, and, if far from stone quarries, not a little expense in the making. That is the point that has to be considered, and how much it is worth while to spend money on a kind of garden which, if well kept and suitably planted, remains a permanent joy year after year. If the stone pavings and copings are of the right kind of stone, age only colours and improves them. To my mind these gardens are only suited either for the flat terraces of large houses, or for the small squares or oblongs of suburban villas where space is very limited. I know an old garden in this neighbourhood with a long terrace in front of the house and an Italian stone balus-

trade all round it, with stone vases at intervals. Beyond the railings lie broad lawns, studded with cedars and other large trees. The terrace has a statue in the centre and no water. The beds are large and lozenge shaped, let into the stone paving. These beds are kept filled with plants that are uninjured by moving, and are suited to various seasons of the year. The beds are so well proportioned, and the effect of the grey stone so charming, that I think this garden never looks better than in the winter when the earth is only covered by the low growing spring plants, through which tulips and daffodils will appear in due time. The stone paths dry quickly even in the pale winter sunshine, and this is a great additional charm for amateur gardeners who spend their winter in their own home. Mrs. Haig Thomas tells us that to make a stone garden is easy. I do not agree with her; I do not think it is so. Neither is the planting to ensure a really good succession at all easy. Indeed, it would require a good nurseryman in the neighbourhood to supply deficiencies and failures, except in the case of a really large garden where plants can be raised and grown on until wanted in the beds.

The stone paths should be laid without cement, with spaces between the flags so that miniature plants can be inserted; they help to keep out weeds, and add very much to the interest of these stone gardens. One of the occupations connected with this kind of garden is the continual weeding which is necessary, for if weeds and grass get ahead, it looks very ugly and untidy. Lady amateurs generally undertake to do these things themselves, consequently they are often neglected.

The whole beauty of a stone garden is spoilt if the borders are not flat and the plants low growing. I cannot say that I think Mrs. Haig Thomas's designs are very satisfactory—not nearly simple enough—and she is rather

fond of banks. Now banks of turf are about the most difficult and expensive things to keep in good order in any garden. The design I prefer in the book is the Vestal Virgin's atrium, although her suggestion that here and there a tall blue or white Campanula should be planted does not sound to me pretty. In nearly all her designs she suggests a water tank. These also are very difficult to keep clean.

The garden at the back of a shop in Munich, to which I alluded before, was a charming example of my ideal of a town garden. Three walls roofed with beautiful tiles, broken with recesses and gateways (no creepers), some little statues and vases dotted about on the well-kept grass. A small oblong fountain, with rounded stone bordering sunk in the grass, at the furthest end from the house. A narrow gravel path formed the outer limit of the garden under the walls. This would have been still prettier if paved with brick or stone. No flowers, no shrubs planted in the grounds, but Bays in pots here and there, and tiny refined shrubs in boxes all along the front of the terrace. The effect was cool, refined, and delicious. All the public buildings and courtyards at Munich were laid out on this principle. The larger courtyards had beds filled with various coloured evergreens, quite flat and low. Flowers were never planted where not likely to succeed, and this is the secret of successful gardening. Bays, Box, and Privet answer well in tubs or vases when properly pruned in pyramids and stored in winter. Oak, Beech, and Hornbeam, kept small, properly pruned and planted in the ground, are all very pretty. The deciduous trees, with nature's kind renewal of the leaves every spring, are very preferable in towns to evergreens, which get so dirty and shabby. I saw the other day a book, I think quite modern, called *Le Château de Versailles*, by L. Dussieux. In it was a print of the *Château de Louis*

XIII., his hunting box, on the site where Versailles was afterwards built. In this print was a garden all planted with square beds edged with Box, not grown in the usual hedge-like way, but cut into miniature trees, with a little space between each, so that in case of one falling it could easily be replaced. I think it would be rather more trouble to cut than the ordinary hedge, but would look far more dressy and original for formal gardens, and it would not harbour weeds and insects in the same way.



There is now at the South Kensington Museum a new acquisition, most interesting to lovers of old herbals. I went to see it the other day. It is a collection of photographs of the illustrated pages of the oldest known herbal in the world. The original is at Vienna. It was written by the Greek physician Dioscorides, a native of Anaxarba in Cilicia. Some suppose him to have been physician to Antony and Cleopatra—(how conjugal and familiar that sounds!)—others believe that he lived in the age of Nero. The drawings are by some unknown Italian artist of the second century after Christ. They are very interesting, and depict plants known in every herbal down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, when our modern medicine superseded the old use of the plants. Six or seven hundred plants are mentioned by Dioscorides, and some of his prescriptions have even descended to modern times.

To M. v. G. (*niece*).

February 21st, 1906.

I went, while in London, to two of the early Horticultural Shows in Vincent Square. It is astonishing how they improve from year to year, but unless one goes just

at luncheon time they are so crowded one can hardly see anything. The first show was on January 23rd. One beautiful late dark pink Chrysanthemum called 'Winter Cheer,' sent by Mr. J. E. Lowe, of Warwick, was very handsome, not too large, and the colour good. Then there was a pale pink branching plant, cut and doing well in water, I had never seen before ; it was called *Moschosma riparium*. It is a tender annual, and so, I suppose, difficult to grow. It has to be sown in a hot-bed in April, and grown on all the summer, but it would make a lovely table decoration in winter. Sutton's improved thick-leaved Dandelion was shown, and seemed most beautifully grown. The instructions from the gardener who had grown it, were 'Sow in June in shallow drills one foot apart, thinned to same distance in rows. Lifted in November, grown under a bench in a cold shed, excluding light.' *Buddleia Asiatica* was new to me, and very pretty, half hardy ; I shall get it, as it seems to force easily. *Loropetalum Chinense* was also there in a pot ; it is a very ornamental, free flowering, hardy shrub, and grows from cuttings.

My notes on February 13th state that far the most effective part of the show were quantities of American tree Carnations, the finest I have ever seen, and grown successfully by several nurserymen. There were some pots of a very effective *Primula Kewensis*, which it was stated grows true from seed. Ware's variety of *Primula obconica* was far the best and quite lovely, called *Violacea*. *Lithospermum rosmarinifolium* is a hardy evergreen, but grown in pots or pans it made an effective patch of blue. *Canarina Campanulacea* is a lovely bell flower, and was grown as a small shrubby plant ; in the Canary Islands it creeps. It must be rather difficult to manage, I imagine, and should be treated as a greenhouse herbaceous perennial. *Lachenalia Nelsonii*, well grown, is

a handsome flower, and very superior to the ordinary *Lachenalias*, but it is rather expensive to buy. I saw a new winter-flowering scented *Pelargonium*, *Clorinda*, grown by May, of Upper Edmonton. I find the shrubby *Spiræas* so difficult to propagate, but they force very well. At this show there were lovely little bushes of *S. Thunbergi*, white with bloom. There were a great many bushes of red and white *Camellias*. They are coming into fashion again; I am rather glad, and the large open semi-double ones are very beautiful. Small pots with well-grown *Abies nobilis glauca* were decorative.

Here is a new receipt for growing Sweet-Peas which I mean to try. It seems especially suitable for poor soils like this. Dig a hole, or a long trench, the size or length you require, two feet deep, loosen the earth at the bottom, put in some pieces of turf with the grass downwards, then a layer of well-rotted manure, then more turf and more manure and earth on the top. Plant the Peas in pots, water them, and grow them in a greenhouse or frame. When up an inch or two, divide them and plant them round the hole fifteen inches apart. Put wire netting or sticks for the Peas to grow up. The result is supposed to be *most* satisfactory. In many places the difficulty would be getting the turf.

I was travelling through Surrey in December on a bitter cold day, with the last leaves of autumn whirling wildly through the air in a way suggestive of the French poet's question :

De la tige détachée, pauvre feuille desséchée,
Où vas-tu ?

Who can say ? The train was going along a cross line, and I was struck by seeing the embankments most carefully planted with young fir trees. Surely it would be better if such places were planted as the roads are in

Germany, with trees which produce human food—nut trees, or apple trees, or damson trees. They would be a trifle more expensive at first, but certainly more worth while.

To E. E. E. (*niece*).

March 6th, 1906.

Do you remember in the 'Third Pot-Pourri' my account of the *Clematis Vitalba* on the inn called 'The Three Cups' at Harwich? I enclose the letter I have received about it this morning. It is always so interesting to get at facts, and in the case of plants it is well to know the growth that can be made in fifty years. It was rather a shock to find, as I did this summer, that in Gloucestershire where this *Clematis* ramps and grows over everything, strangling trees and hedges, instead of bearing the pretty names of 'Traveller's joy' or 'Old man's beard,' it is called 'Devil's guts'!—expressive certainly of its untrained and twisted growth.

Enclosure.

Brighton.

Dear Mrs. Earle,—Reading, as I am doing with great interest, your 'Third Pot-Pourri,' I have seen the account of your visit to Harwich and your idea of the age of the *Clematis* at the Three Cups Hotel. I think you will be interested to know it was a slip put into that place by a friend of mine in the year 1855. She was living at the hotel with her three sons at that time, and as year by year she saw its rapid growth, she suggested to an old sailor of the name of Tye, who was then in charge of the bar of the hotel, to put a rope, as for the rigging of a ship, across the courtyard to the balcony opposite. Each year, for twenty years, fresh ropes were added to support it. After about twenty years it had covered the courtyard entirely, to her great delight, and in the summer

and autumn attracted many visitors. Mrs. W. J. Bull, who planted it there, died in 1878, but it has since been carefully cultivated by various tenants of the hotel. I have not myself seen it for the last twenty-five years, but it was a pleasure to read your account of it, and I hope you will like to hear of its being, not 200 years old, but about fifty, in fact. Mrs. Bull, before her marriage, had travelled much abroad, and I believe took her idea of training the Clematis in that way from continental court-yards thus covered. I have much enjoyed your books, which transport me to gardens I love but cannot enjoy here.

Yours truly,

A. M. W.

P.S.—In August and September it was for many years illuminated with Chinese lanterns for the edification of the town's-people.

There's never a garden in all the parish but what there's endless waste in it for want o' some body as could use everything up. It's what I think to myself sometimes, as there need nobody run short o' victuals if the land was made the most on, and there was never a morsel but what could find its way to a mouth. It sets one thinking o' that—gardening does.

Silas Marner.

I love all that thou lovest,
 Spirit of delight!
 The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
 And the starry night;
 Autumn and the morn
 When the golden mists are born.

I love snow and all the forms
 Of the radiant frost;
 I love waves and winds, and storms,
 Everything almost
 Which is Nature's, and may be
 Untainted by man's misery. *

P. B. Shelley.

To M. v. G. (*miss*).

March 8th, 1906.

We have had four of the most ideally fine warm days I ever remember early in March. The wind west and the air quite clear and bright, and then the low sun, like autumn, without its mists and sadness, but, on the contrary, triumphant and joyful, and casting beautiful sharp, black shadows. I have never seen early spring effects in such perfection here as they were on the 5th and 6th of this month. These foretastes of better things never come, do they, in mid-Europe? Now it is just ordinary March, a pale-veiled sun that gives little heat, and a cold wind on land and in the sky. The *Spiræa prunifolia* is an unfailing delight, it forces so well and so easily, after being outside nearly all the year. The greenhouse is full of bulbs, of course, and the large double Narcissus, which I have never forced before, is very satisfactory. Its full name is a long one—*Incomparabilis albus plenus sulphureus*, commonly called 'double sulphur Narcissus.' It is not always catalogued under exactly the same name. I strongly recommend it; if the heads are picked off and floated in a flat glass vase, they look like roses. I have only one plant just now which I have not grown before—a very late scarlet *Salvia*, called *Salvia gesneriana*. I will keep a young plant for you. It is well worth growing. At someone's recommendation I divided my blue Hepaticas last year after flowering, but the result was disastrous; the plants have not flowered, and look nearer death than usual. Hepaticas and *Anemone Pulsatilla* defy all my care. I have tried them over and over again. I always like to tell you of my failures: we all have some.

I think, if you have not got it, you will find *Panocratum Hymenocallis macrostephana* the best and sweetest

of all the *Pancreatiums*. It has to be grown in heat, but when coming into flower will last a long time in a room, a thing of beauty and sweetness.

To E. W. (*niece*).

March 22nd, 1906.

I am not going to tell you ordinary gardening things, which you can see in any book, but just give you a few personal notes about plants and plant-cultivation, which I have learnt of late years. If *Campanulas* of sorts are increased by cuttings in spring, dibbled into little pots which are sunk in loose soil, or even dibbled straight into the soil, they make better plants than if divided in autumn. It is the same with *Phloxes*. The following is an excellent wash for any plants attacked by fungoid. Buy at the stores, or at an oil merchant's, permanganate of potash; put a teaspoonful into a bucket of water and syringe with it. It is especially useful for *Hollyhocks*. One of the best *Daffodils* for early forcing and growing in pans is *Narcissus obvallaris*. *Narcissus pallidus præcox* does well even in grass. *Primula rosea* is helped by a mulching now in spring of leaf mould, pulled to pieces and planted in a half-shady place in May, and planted back in place some time in August. In this way a good stock of *Primula rosea* may be got up, and it makes a lovely spot of colour in a spring garden.

You should grow the large single *Daturas*; they have no scent like the double ones, but, well placed and well grown, they are dreamily recallful of more southern lands. It takes a year or two to get fine big plants. They have to be kept in pots all the winter, not in heat, as you don't want them to grow, but just safe from frost. When you take them up in the autumn to cram them into a pot you can cut off nearly all the roots, they make fresh in

the spring. When you plant them out the first week in June, plant them very deep in good, rich soil, and keep them well watered, so that they may flower early in August, before the nights get cold and brown the edges of the beautiful, delicate, trumpet-shaped blooms. This year we lost our large old Myrtle in a tub. I think it must be because it was kept too dry. These evergreens in tubs are not like Agapanthus, Oleanders, and other things that rest completely, and require very little water through the winter. I think Myrtles would do better under shrubs with the Hydrangeas, instead of housing them in a cold shed, as I have always kept mine. Keeping large plants in tubs and pots through the winter is one of the great difficulties in these small places.

To M. v. G. (*niece*).

May 9th, 1906.

I went yesterday morning to Kew. The weather was slightly better, but very cold and gloomy in the afternoon. We are all terribly tired here of 'Winter lingering in the lap of May.' Kew is always most interesting to me. It suffers more and more from the smoke, the ordinary evergreens are getting to look blacker and blacker, and the spring things are backward; but in bad seasons one learns, perhaps, more than in good. The rock-garden is now very successful; how they keep it so absolutely free from weeds I do not know. Our worst weed is ground elder and the blue speedwell, and I had always thought that neither of these can be got up without thoroughly digging it up, but I am told if one perseveringly picks off every leaf as fast as they come up, in time one gets rid of any weed. A very good gardener told me this yesterday, so I mean to persevere, and it must be by continual hand-picking that the rockery at Kew is kept so

clean. *Rubus deliciosus* looked charming; it is the Himalayan Bramble, and the best of the flowering brambles. It would look beautiful at the bottom of your lawn. It wants a warm sunny spot; perhaps it would not survive the winter with you. All the month of May it is covered with lovely white single flowers like forerunners of the dog-rose, which they closely resemble. I shall try it. That it had not suffered from this cold late spring is encouraging.

In the rockery, the North American Violets, *Viola Hastata*, were all in flower, and are well worth growing, I think. *Viola cucullata* I used to grow, and it did well for years, and then got dug up and lost. It has large violet flowers spotted with white, and they stand up well above the leaves. *Viola palmata* has tall, palm-shaped leaves, a graceful growth, and is quite different from any other Violet I know. I think they would all do well on your rockery. Another plant I had never seen before was *Ranunculus Asiaticus*, very lovely, the parent, I suppose, of most of the cultivated Ranunculuses; a beautiful stately growth, long stems, single flowers, of the most gorgeous orange-red colour peculiar to some of the cultivated Ranunculuses. I am sure it would do with you; also a small type Tulip, called *Tulipa Australis*. Under the trees growing in the grass was an Allium I did not know, which was effective and strong-looking, called *A. Zebdanense*, not as delicate and pretty as *A. neapolitanum*, but sturdier, and well worth growing in wild places. Barr catalogues them both. In the temperate greenhouse was a new (to me) ivy-leaved Pelargonium, *Hector Jacconelli*—what a name!—very large and effective, and a pretty, graceful, shrubby Begonia, covered with coral flowers, called *Corbeille de feu*. An Arctotis in pots, called *Aureola*, well worth growing for those who have a sunny greenhouse and who like variety. The green-

house is much better grouped and arranged than it used to be. The joy of a greenhouse depends so immensely on how it is arranged, I think, and so few gardeners understand this at all; in fact, many of them seem to be colour-blind, or, at any rate, not at all alive to the fact that some colours entirely kill each other.

My Rosemarys, of which I have a great many just a little protected by shrubs all over the garden, have flowered beautifully this year. They used to say, where Rosemarys flower the wife is mistress. What this really means, I suppose, is that a woman's way of continually cutting them back for use in winter makes them flower. I use the pieces to send away to mix with flowers and also to burn.

My *Solanum crispum* is growing so well, and flowering all over. It is a satisfactory early flowering plant. Do you know it? I wish I had a taller wall for it. It is just like a fine potato-flower on a shrubby creeper. Now that we have had two mild winters it will get established, I hope, and defy any ordinary frost. It does better if well cut in after flowering. How good it is to have someone to see the garden who really knows and who realises one's difficulties, and is appreciative of successes! I had such a visitor here yesterday, and all the nice things he said made me long to strut like a peacock and feel proud. The little rain we have had lately has made such a difference! Now is the time to sow *Primula Forbesii*. It is a dear little thing, and flowers well all the winter. It is not hardy. Do you grow the *Camassia esculenta*? Like all bulbs, they deteriorate here from the dryness when ripening the bulbs, but they are lovely, and you seldom see them in gardens; and, as a friend said here the other day, they may have been the original of Shelley's 'As fair as the fabulous Asphodel,' they are so pale and misty, and they do belong to that family.

To J. G. (*nephew*).

May 10th, 1906.

You ask me if I have heard of Luther Burbank and can tell you anything about him? Yes, of course I have heard of him, but I believe he has written nothing himself about his really amazing work. An account of him—man, methods, and achievements—was written by E. J. Wickson, and published by a San Francisco monthly called 'Sunset.' Mr. Wickson says: 'Wherever, the round world over, men know flowers and fruits, know of their origin, their development, and their creation, there is Luther Burbank recognised as a man of wondrous power. He has done things. Like that soldier hero who at the outbreak of the Spanish war carried this nation's message to Garcia, Mr. Burbank, without flourish of trumpets, without asking for fame, has been quietly at work for years at his home farm near Santa Rosa, California, developing and making fruits and flowers. Patiently, tenderly, enthusiastically, he has worked, with such results that all men who know him give him the highest honour and praise.' I cannot enter here into the description of how Mr. Burbank works the cross pollinations and the growing of hundreds and thousands of seedlings, all of which pass under his wonderfully quick and cultivated eye. The most astonishing thing is that it is not a species which is cultivated and which goes back again to the original parents, but a true, real, and fixed species which has been produced by the hand of man, and which remains as he has made it. He has done in a few years what has sometimes been done by nature in thousands of years. You say, 'If this is true it's an end to Linneans,' &c. I do not see that. I am no botanist and quite ignorant, but I do not believe Mr.

Burbank does anything beyond helping nature by crossing and selection on a much larger scale than has been done hitherto, and with methods that have never been tried before. He has ventured to sport with nature; to see how bright flowers could be made brighter, small blossoms larger, imperfect fruits perfect. Mr. Burbank has done on a large scale what in a small and humble way has been done by everyone who knows the importance of selecting seeds from the best flowers. He, week after week, month after month, year after year, has patiently tended gardens of flowers and experimental orchards and berry patches, selecting, rejecting, exchanging, cultivating, watching, waiting, and succeeding. The article gives a very interesting account of the man and his character. He seems to be a better man of business than is usual among optimists. 'He is filled with enthusiasm, which lacks nothing of strength and warmth, because its manifestation is always ruled by the characteristic quietness of the man. He is emerging now into the full sunshine which gilds the brows of conquerors, and the country he has traversed is open to development of incalculable richness.' He went, of course, through all the usual trials consequent upon distrust and disapproval. Recognised authorities charged him with holding to fallacies, disbelieving in his researches and experiments; conservatism, in fact, thought that he was making 'a travesty of science for the amazement of the horticultural gallery.' It is always so, and always will be I suppose; but luckily we are past imprisoning and torturing our Galileos, and true men are ultimately only fortified by opposition, however much sensitive spirits are hurt at the time.

To M. v. G. (niece).

May 24th, 1906.

I had a most successful visit to Canterbury. I suppose you have seen it—I never had. I stayed with some friends a mile and a half out of the town, which is sunk in a hole by the little river Stour. I wish you could have seen the garden. It was all so beautiful: large flat English lawns, all that you most admire, fading away into uncut grass, which again lost itself in a really large thick wood, full of spring flowers. The Daffodils were over, but there were large clumps of *Doronicum Caucasianum*, which I can't grow at all without moving twice a year, and broad expanses of white Narcissus. Further away, and planted between the trees, were masses of Honesty, purple and white. Once established in this good soil it sows itself. There were also quantities of Blue-bells and Scillas of various shades; in fact, for a general effect of 'garden colour,' I never saw anything more successful. The season was rather late, but a few fine days had brought everything into leaf, and the whole effect was enchanting.

The tall old trees were alive with hundreds of rooks, but, alas! my happiness was spoilt that Saturday afternoon by the farmers having been asked in to shoot the young rooks in their nests. It is a ghastly sport, but it has to be done as they increase so rapidly and are as destructive to crops as the pigeons of old France. The consternation and cawing of the old birds was heart-rending, and going through the wood was not without a danger of its own, reminding me of the story of the French curé. While taking the air early one morning, as he read his breviary walking in his garden, he felt something drop on his bare head—a present from a passing bird. Instead

of being put out, he displayed the grateful humility of his character, by saying 'Merci, ô bon Dieu ! de ta bonté que les vaches ne voient pas.'

My friends' garden was in every way delightful. How you would have admired the lovely borders of mixed Wallflowers. The two newest to me were *Chairanthus aurora* and 'Rosy purple'; planted very thickly they made a glorious band of mixed colour. The seeds came from Germany. Nearly all the Wallflowers grown in England come from seed grown in Germany. I wonder how this is, as you say that you cannot keep Wallflowers through the winter except under cover. Kent seems to be warmer than we are here in Surrey, but the great difference is in the soil. Chalk suits plants far better than this sand, and holds the moisture better. On the east side of the house, amidst many other creepers, Roses, Honeysuckle, &c., were two large old plants of *Ecoremocarpus scaber*. They were already in full flower, a deep-red orange colour and very handsome. Nothing had been done to protect them, and they had been out for over five years. Trees protected them from north-east winds, and the other creepers protected them more or less from frost, but I should recommend everyone to try them in this kind of situation, protecting the roots for the first few years as a precaution. They grow so easily from seed, and if once they survive to get old they are stronger I suppose. Another thing I learnt was that if Anemones are sown out of doors, where they do best, under a wall facing east, it is well to water the ground first, then sow the seed mixed with sand, and cover them with newspaper to make shade. They like being grown in the full sun, but the seeds while germinating must have shade. The newspaper can be held down with stones. The only way to get *Cineraria stellata* really good is by destroying every plant not a good colour directly it begins to flower, and only keeping

the blues and pinks—no purple ones. I still think it is the only greenhouse *Cineraria* worth growing. The pots sunk in a large china jar, with branches of fresh beech leaves among them, looked lovely.

To M. B. (*niece*).

May 21st, 1906.

One of the sad things of living in a growing neighbourhood is to watch how the wild flowers disappear under the effect of draining, road-clearing, hedge-cutting, &c. This happens not only in the neighbourhood of London, but the same cry comes from round all the large towns: 'How shall we save our wild flowers?' The miniature flora of our commons is a persistent survival in our dry hot soil. It does not attract the picker or digger, and so is likely always to remain and rejoice the eye of the botanist. But every now and then a favoured spot encourages some plant that grows nowhere else. When I came here some years ago, such a favoured spot existed in the turn of a shady lane which faced north, and where a slight overflow from a spring oozed through the bank. Here flourished year by year, for several yards, quite a bed of the larger *Celandine*, or *Swallow-wort*. The spring has now been drained, and the road-tidier cuts down the grass each June before the seed ripens, and my pretty *Celandines* have all but, if not quite, disappeared. I regret it; it is such a graceful little plant, with a foliage as pretty or prettier than the *Columbine*. I tried to grow it, but had no wild place damp enough to make it happy. Its name of *Chelidonium* is derived from a Greek word which signifies a swallow; so says one of my old books. The name refers to a superstition, which was formerly generally believed, that young swallows could not see till

the old birds had anointed their eyes with the juice of this plant. The name of Swallow-wort alludes to the same fancy. Culpepper says that this herb, if gathered when the sun is in the sign of the Lion, is the best cure for all diseases of the eyes; and it is said to be used in the composition of several quack medicines recommended for such complaints.

IN A GARDEN.

I sometimes sit and wonder
 In the quiet twilight time,
 Looking down the valley yonder,
 Whence the night begins to climb,
 What the other women feel like
 Who are born to sin and crime.

I wonder if they find it,
 This world, at all as sweet
 As I? or if they mind it,
 The mire, about their feet?
 If their hearts beat just like my heart,
 Or with a sadder beat?

If their lives at the beginning
 Were like mine when mine began?
 Or if the way to sinning
 Started forth beneath a ban,
 Through a wilder, wearier country
 Than where my pathway ran?

.
 I sometimes think it may be
 That there's naught in outward show,
 That the many things that stay me
 From the way the others go
 Make my virtue like a conquest
 In a fight without a foe.

G. Colmore.

To E. W. (niece).

May 28th, 1906.

It's Monday, not Saturday or Sunday, so of course it's lovely and fine, and I am alone. I wonder why it rains more on Saturday and Sunday than any other days in the year. Mr. Baring, writing from Manchuria, said that the Manchurian summer was very like the English summer, except that it did not always rain on Saturdays and Sundays.

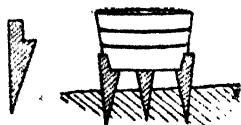
We sometimes dare to praise our children, and the garden really does look lovely to-day, full to overflowing and yet nothing flagging. The air is soft and balmy, the first of those precious English summer days which are so rare, but so perfect when we have them, and what I strive for in my garden seems here to-day. Shelley calls it 'the union of culture and the untameable profusion and loveliness of nature.' The line that divides these should scarcely be discoverable in a garden of this kind, but it is difficult to manage, especially if one's aim is to have it for nine months in the year. What a difference light and atmosphere make! they are to nature what health is to the individual. To-day all is beautiful in the garden, and the field beyond is golden yellow with soft blue shadows. We have been trying to increase the *Gypsophila paniculata flore pleno*. It can only be done in April, when the shoots come through, and are taken off as you take off Phloxes and Everlasting Peas and many other things—Japanese Anemones, for instance. I think some are growing. This double *Gypsophila* is a decided improvement on the old single kind—more effective and lasts longer. Do you know a very delicate pretty climber that does well here in a warm corner, called *Akebia quinata*? It is supposed to be tender, but I don't think it is. It is evergreen, free

growing, and has on the same stem two miniature but very pretty flowers, one larger than the other, claret-purple in colour and very fragrant. The foliage too, is pretty. It flowers early in the year, and so should not be exposed to cold east winds. I recommend it; it likes to climb over some small shrub. Another plant, called *Carpenteria Californica*, I find very attractive. I have flowered it for the first time this year. The foliage is a little like an Oleander and the flower rather like a Cistus, but the buds are much prettier and not so ephemeral as Cistuses. The whole thing does well in water. It is a little tender, and you don't often see it, but it is a really pretty distinct shrub. Botanically I think it is related to the *Philadelphus*, which formerly we called Syringa, this being now the right name for Lilacs. A charming mixture on a wall, for they come out early and together, is the Rose *Rêve d'Or* and Paul's 'Carmine pillar,' which lasts such a short time, but the mixture is as pretty as can be.

Have you ever tried the common Rocket—lilac and white—picked and put into a large flat dish, with just a few stones to keep the branches down? It stands up and seems to grow in water as do Forget-me-nots, and looks very cool and pretty in a hall. Of course you must cut the stems long—about two feet. It is a wonderfully beautiful plant if well grown in half shade, and it will grow in any soil.

The other day I saw a new arrangement for tubs which I thought very good. Three posts of about two and a half feet long are sunk into the ground, leaving about a foot and a half above the ground.

A foot from the top a deep niche is cut, so making a rest and support for the tub. This



keeps the tub or pot off the ground, thus avoiding destruction of grass, and the three strong supports prevent any fear of the pot blowing over. I think this hint might be rather useful to you in your wind-swept garden. I thought they looked charming.

While staying with P—— he drove us over to Longleat. Have you ever seen it? We only saw the woods, and certainly they are the most lovely that can be seen in England—old, and yet well cared for—and the undergrowth in places composed entirely of Azaleas. P—— explained the merits of greensand, which I have never understood. It lies under the chalk, and comes to the surface in rare places, the glaciers in the ice-age having only occasionally been kind enough to work away the chalk and reveal it. Where this is the case, it makes the most perfect soil that can be imagined—never wet, never dry, and wonderfully productive. Longleat is planted on one of these favoured spots. Greensand is also to be found in parts of Surrey. I wish we were on it.

If ever you want to make a pretty modern fireplace try the following. Begin with an old yellow-and-white marble chimney-piece, not easy to get now. Fill in the space between chimney-piece and grate with white marble; also have the hearth of white marble. The grate, an upright modern economical one, but plain; the fender and the fire-irons to be all of bright steel. We have been so long without steel that the effect was unusual and very pretty. It sounds rather expensive, but I don't think it works out at much more than other drawing-room fireplaces.

To J. G. (*nephew*).

June 5th, 1906.

Since writing to you a month or so ago about Luther Burbank, I have got the book that tells all about him that can be known. It is called 'New Creations in Plant Life:

an Authoritative Account of the Life and Work of Luther Burbank,' by W. S. Harwood, Macmillan & Co. Do get it without fail, and quickly ; I am sure it will delight you. It is written in slightly American and journalistic style, but that does not matter. It begins with a short biographical account of the man. He was born in Lancaster, Massachusetts, not far from Boston, in 1849. 'His father,' we are told, 'was a cultivated man of English extraction ; from him came an intense love for books ; from his mother, whose ancestry was Scotch, an ardent love for all beautiful forms of life. These two hereditary influences have been at work all through his life, the one broadening, the other deepening his nature.' Then comes the account of the early struggles, the poverty, the bad health, the condemnation of relatives and friends for what he was giving up. Pushed by his belief in himself and by his genius, he gave up first life in a factory, and then a successful business as a market gardener. The rest of the book is a detailed account of his wonderful experiences as a plant producer, not on the lines of ordinary horticulture and better cultivation improving a plant, but a distinct creation of a new plant altogether, or, at any rate, giving a plant entirely new qualities. For instance, Mr. Burbank had been studying the Dahlia for twenty-five years before he found out the way of getting rid of its offensive odour ; this he has now done, and left it with the fragrance of the Magnolia. Of all the results of Mr. Burbank's wonderful work, far too numerous for me to mention, the one that most strikes the imagination from its utility to man is the thornless Cactus. There are millions of acres of arid land all the globe over, yielding hardly any growth except the Cactus, a foe to man and beast. Mr. Burbank resolved to reclaim this desert and its Cactus, and after over ten years of work he has at last produced a Cactus which will convert the desert into a fruitful garden. 'He has made the

Cactus thornless, taking from its leaves the spicules so dangerous to animal life. More than this, he has made it adaptable to any climate. It will thrive in the hot desert, but it will also grow with marvellous fecundity when irrigated or when planted in a richer soil.'

In Mr. Burbank's grounds at Santa Rosa stands an example of a Cactus of the average desert type, protecting its fruit by means of the most deadly thorns, which bring death to the cattle feeding upon them; while close by stands a perfected Cactus, not a thorn upon its great green thalli, not a spicule within its rich meat—a huge store-house of hundreds of pounds of food. There is food for cattle in the huge leaves, and the flavour of the fruit is delicious—fruit which has been bred to a degree of perfection which the wild Cactus of the plains never attains. What Mr. Burbank has done is to eliminate, as far as possible, the woody, fibre-like material, and make the plant from root to crown a reservoir of food. 'Nature,' he says, 'never lies; she never deceives; but often, in the sight of man and from his standpoint, she fails. Nature has her secrets, her disappointments, and you must listen close to her great heart if you would hear them; then with all haste and power come to her aid.' That is just what Mr. Burbank has done with the Cactus. From man's point of view much strength was wasted on the spicules and thorns. He has simply helped the Cactus by taking away from her the necessity of producing them, and has left her free to put all her energy into producing food. 'It is food, not fibre, that I have sought in the Cactus.'

We all know the damage done by late frosts on the blossoms of fruit trees. In certain districts along the Pacific coast the fruit trees start early, and often the whole crop was injured by spring frosts. Mr. Burbank looked at the needs of this frost-troubled region, and has

bred fruit to fit the climate, not only sturdy and prolific but frost-resistant. After years of work, these trees will withstand absolute freezing in bud and flower. The foliage and petals may be stiff with ice; yet when the warm sun shines again the leaves show no sign of the deadly blight of frost. How can we estimate what such a feat as this means to the world?

The only plant I have that has been produced by Mr. Burbank is his Rhubarb, which in America goes by the delicious name of Pie-plant. It is a continuous bearer throughout the year, and of a very delicate flavour. I bought it of Robert Holmes, Tuckswood Farm, Norwich. Young plants planted out in April come into bearing in December. It is a rapid grower, and of a beautiful colour, and a perpetual producer of leaf-stalks, except for a short rest during drought in summer. Mr. Burbank has produced a sweet Chestnut which will bear fruit at eighteen months old. But I must stop, although many other wonders are mentioned in the book.

To M. v. G. (*niece*).

June 10th, 1906.

I went all the way into Kent yesterday to see a well-known garden. The cold weather continued, and it was not a very favourable time of the year, as it was that peculiar fortnight between spring and summer when gardens are not at their best. Still it was very lovely and interesting, and the more one knows the more sure one is to find everywhere either something one does not know or that variety of plant growth which depends so on soil and treatment. There was a very fine specimen of a very late flowering Laburnum which I had never seen before, a sport I suppose, a variety of the *Laburnum*

alpinum they called it. It would be well worth increasing by cutting or layers. Also a very beautiful drooping Hungarian Lime, with the branches supported on poles, making a most excellent shelter for sitting-out, almost like a tent or a room. Of course it would be no use trying it except in a soil where limes do well. My limes always get so blighted, even with a good deal of cutting back.

No plant is more beautiful at this early June time than the *Dictamnus Fraxinella*, both white and purple, which is called red, but especially the white. I never can help being pleased when I find that any special plants do better with me than in these luxuriant gardens: my *Dictamnus Fraxinella* are certainly much finer than those in this Kent garden. It was wonderful, and enough to raise much jealousy, to see the herbaceous plants looking as they really should look at this time of year, such magnificent strong clumps, full of promise for the future. Outside were the lovely hop-gardens and the uncut grass all round, luscious and magnificent and knee-deep—such a contrast to the hay-fields of our dry Surrey. But several things live through the winter here that would not live in that damp soil. I have succeeded this last winter, for the first time, in keeping out all the winter, with no covering, the *Lobelia cardinalis*, and now they are fine healthy clumps. I can only account for this by their being much stronger, perhaps from their having been a good deal watered last summer. They were also in quite a different and much warmer situation than before, though without much sun.

When Oleanders are showing for flower, it helps them very much to pick out the side shoots which always grow on each side. This gives the plant in a pot more strength for flowering.

To B. B. (*niece*).

June 15th, 1906.

I am so glad you thought I was any use yesterday. Next to my own I love your garden—have I not known it from its birth? It is wonderful how it is improving. You will find as I do that when one thinks one has done everything one could do, each year brings forth ideas that make one wonder why one had never thought of them before. Of course your being away so many months in the autumn and early winter is a great disadvantage. It would be an ideal autumn place. Have you got the variety of *Iris pallida* called 'Albert Victor'; it is a very fine flower, and rather a better blue colour than the usual one; it is, without doubt, I think, the most beautiful of all the German Irises. Like most highly cultivated plants it seems to require rather more feeding than the others. You must go in for the *Dictamnus*, red and white; they are by far the handsomest of the early June flowers, and seem to do well even in this light soil, if never moved, and mulched in the spring with well-rotted manure. It is strange what little things affect plants! I killed both my *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora* last year by giving them too much manure in the spring—at least I cannot imagine why they should have died otherwise. We had a very early frost in November which did a good bit of harm, as it checked plants when in full growth, but I don't think it was that. I killed a *Daphne Blagayana* in the same way.

We always cover up two rows of strawberry plants with the lights that come off the double Violets early in April, and generally get those strawberries ten days before the others. This year it has completely failed, the reason being that we experimented by covering two-year-

old plants instead of one-year-old, thinking they would bear more fruit, and forgetting that they are always a little later out of doors. So the one-year-old plants out of doors came in first. Gardeners, I find, never force any but one-year-old plants. Such little things make a difference in gardening. Don't forget to take off the tops of the broad beans; it is best to do so before they are attacked by the black fly. Did you ever leave a few of your Salsifies to flower? They make a plant of beautiful growth, with a pretty sober dull violet flower, but it shuts up after mid-day, which is most certainly very idle and unsatisfactory; the seed-heads are like Broodingnagian cream-coloured Dandelions, and very beautiful.

You remember my telling you about the excellent vegetable called Rampion, which has to be sown every spring. It is a biennial plant but, if left, it flowers now, and is a very pretty, delicate, branching bell, and of a pale purple-blue. I remember it in Switzerland. It does well in water, and is a native of Britain; it was once widely cultivated as a culinary vegetable.

To M. v. G.

June 25th, 1906.

I came home to-day from Aldershot, and every now and then one seems to get one's reward for all the toil and trouble and anxiety the garden is. I think I never saw it look so well; it had been held back by the heat and dryness of last week, and the copious rain of Saturday night worked like a miracle. Everything has come out together with that extreme abundance, which made one of my friends say my garden always reminded her of Zola's novel, *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*. Yesterday I had the great joy of seeing a really good new herbaceous

plant—at least, I mean new to me. I have never seen it anywhere before, and I saw it yesterday admirably grown in the front of, but not near, a high wall. The plant itself has flat, large leaves something like Seakale, and I find it is a variety of Seakale. It is called *Crambe cordifolia*—do you know it?—mind you answer this. It is quite hardy in England; the branching flower-stems were four or five feet high, covered with a cloud of small white flowers like a gigantic *Gypsophila*. Long before I got near it I noticed it at once, as I always do any plant I do not know. It wants room, of course, and watering in dry weather, and plenty of sun. It would look very fine, indeed, either at the top of your lawn, in front of your large rockery, or at the bottom, backed by your shrubs, though not quite near them. It is in Robinson's 'English Flower Garden,' so look it up. My *Ornithogalum pyramidale* have been a greater success than ever. As I have increased them so, I have more to give away. They are a splendid bulb. I do wonder why people don't grow them more. I have said this before, but the wonder goes on, as I never see them anywhere, except where I have given them; and they are mentioned only very superficially with other varieties in Robinson. Do yours do well? At last I think I have conquered the difficulties of growing *Romneya Coulteri*, and I think it is now going to succeed. Once it is established it will go all right, I think; but I have tried plant after plant, and they have died the second year, from some mismanagement; one must try again, and again. What must gardening have been a hundred years ago, when if you lost a plant it was so difficult to get another!

I cannot remember whether you followed my advice and took in the numbers of Mr. Robinson's 'Flora and Sylva' as they came out. If you did not, I do advise you to get now the three volumes. It is really a beautiful

book, and the letter-press is excellent: full of useful information. The printing and paper, the black-and-white illustrations as well as the coloured, are all admirable; so different from the small type, tin-shine paper, and bad lithographs, which are the usual defects of modern illustrated books. The man who drew most of the lovely coloured flower pictures (Mr. Moon) is now, alas! no more; he died last autumn. There is as much about trees as flowers in the book. Mr. Robinson says, speaking of his title, 'So I married "Flora and Sylva" —a pair not far apart in Nature, only in books. The flowers are as the lovely clouds that pass over an Alpine range, the trees as the cliffs and mountains that remain.' I suppose the public did not sufficiently appreciate this monthly publication to enable it to go on. Perhaps Mr. Moon's loss was irreparable. At any rate, to my great regret, it has ceased to be issued. The precious volumes will take rank with some of the most beautiful flower books of the end of the eighteenth century. I feel you must possess them. It is not a book for those who are only beginning gardening and have all the rudimentary things to learn, but for those who are past that it is full of interesting reading, with special articles by special students of the habits and varieties of certain plants. In the third volume of this last year, 1905, there is a very interesting article on my pet plants, the sweet-leaved Pelargoniums, by Miss White, of the Alexandra College, Dublin. Those that have the prettiest, most showy flowers, have the least scent in the leaves. The three best that I have are, 'Unique Aurora,' 'Rawlinson's Unique,' and one which retains most of the type characteristics called 'Moulton Gem.' It has a hard stem covered with stiff thorns, flowers early and profusely, and is the better for drying off well in the summer sun. Its flower is small and white, with a deep crimson

spot. As I have a good many plants, and as they all flower at the same time, they make a show for some weeks in my greenhouse which is much admired. Those which I find do best planted out are 'Unique Aurora,' 'Touchstone,' 'Lady Mary Fox,' 'Pretty Polly,' and 'Lady Plymouth,' which has a variegated leaf. As Miss White says, the different versions as to the correct naming of these plants is very confusing. In Andrew's time the whole tribe were called 'Geraniums,' and those which he figures in his 'Botanist's Repository,' of which there are a great many, are clearly plants that have been brought, with their bulbous roots, straight from the Cape. If any collectors of these plants would like a cutting of 'Moulton Gem,' early in the summer, I shall be very glad to give it to them.

To E. W. (niece).

July 8th, 1906.

You remember what I said about the cultivation of plants in pots in small gardens. I think nothing looks better round a house than well-cultivated pot-plants. Last year, in Germany, I saw large plants of *Erythrina Crista-galli*, which were flowering well and looked handsome in pots. This year I have seen near here *Erythrina* very successfully grown, and full of flower, in large pots. They require cutting back to a main stem every year, in autumn, cold (just free from frost), dry treatment every winter, and, when possible, bringing on in the spring in a greenhouse. I tried them out of doors here, but without success—they died in winter; though I have seen one growing near here on the outside wall of a greenhouse which had survived many winters. *Daturas*, either single or double, do very well if planted out in May. They should be planted deep, and when taken up

and re-potted in the autumn, the roots should be well cut back; they make fresh fibrous roots. During the summer they want lots of food and water.

Iberis sempervirens superba is an improvement on the old kinds, and makes a pretty window plant for early in the year. I cannot recommend too much, for small dry gardens, the sowing in boxes and pans in the spring of all the varieties of the blue *Lobelia*. There are many kinds now, and all are pretty, especially the branching kinds. They fill up bare places where spring things have disappeared, but they should be dotted thickly about and massed, not, or very rarely, planted in rows. I also find the common blue *Linum* and the *L. narbonnense* most useful and pretty, standing up and enjoying the heat and sunshine. *L. campanulatum* is also, I think, prettier than the gardeners' favourite, the showy red *L. grandiflorum*. Many of the *Linarias* are well worth growing, and do well in light soils; only one has to think of them every spring, as, of course, is the case with all annuals.

I send you a German gardener's receipt for grafting Lilacs in the winter, so as to flower in four weeks, when forced. Potted-up plants that have not developed any good flowering eyes can be made to flower beautifully in January and February. Go out into the garden in December and examine the best and largest Lilac bushes of good sorts. Cut off some well-formed buds with a bit of heel to them, graft them on to the branches of the shrub you want to force, either by splitting them open and inserting the heel of the new bud, or by cutting it like this, and joining it on to a branch cut to a similar shape. Tie them together tight with bass, but do not glue it with wax. Put the plants into a cool house for two weeks to get the cuttings well joined, and then into a forcing house, when they will flower in three or four weeks' time. The same thing can



be done to plants that have been forced the same year. This grafting can be done from December to February in succession. It is not desirable to put more than six to eight flowering twigs to each little Lilac tree, as the plants would not be strong enough to feed more.

Marie Lagraye is a good white Lilac (*Syringa*), and at the Royal Horticultural Show this year one called *Claude Loraine* was beautifully grown in a pot. But at the end of May it was not surprising that it should be in flower, it had been kept back rather than forced.

There is a lovely Privet, as pretty as any *Spiræa*, and better for putting into water, called *Ligustrum sinense floribundum*, which I can thoroughly recommend. It flowers in July. All the shrubby *Veronicas* are most useful, and if cuttings are kept they live out in mild winters. The smallest garden should not be without *V. ligustrifolia*, it is a charming little shrub, and if the seeds are cut off it flowers again in late autumn, when flowers are precious.

UPHILL.

Does the road wind uphill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you waiting at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

Christina Georgina Rossetti.

To B. B. (niece).

July 26th, 1906.

I think it would be a charming custom for those who have parks or gardens of their own to plant trees or shrubs for the birth of each child. It used to be done in Italy with the Cypress. Yews or Aucubas would do in England, as those are both separate plants for male and female.

Many grow that pretty blue-grey flower *Trichilium* out of doors ; I find it does so beautifully here in pots, much better than outside, and is a great addition to the greenhouse at this time of year, and mixes well with either Campanulas or white Lilies—it would look well in your pots by the house. We grow it every year from seed.

All the smaller Roses—Crimson Rambler, Dorothy Perkins, *Félicité-Perpétue*, *Aimée Vibert*, &c., grow here from cuttings put into a rather shady place in the open in November and firmly pressed in. If potted up the next November they make pretty flowering plants for a greenhouse the following spring.

I don't think you have a very pretty Privet called *Ligustrum sinense floribundum*—do get it ; also the large Alexandrian Privet is very handsome at this time of year. Your pond-garden wants shade, I think, on the south side. So many plants that like damp like a partial shade. Standard Crabs, especially the Siberian and the *Pyrus Malus floribunda* would do well, and the various Buddleias and the various Philadelphus are all beautiful rather late in the summer. I send you some seed of a real blue tree-Lupin ; it is pretty and very uncommon at present, which makes me fear it is possible it may not come true from seed. The one plant I have was given, and I have not yet tried it from seed. The spring-sown

annuals which I find do best in this light soil for early autumn flowering are *Salpiglossis*, Zinnias, Godetias, which have been so much improved of late*and make charming patches of white or colour in the dry borders ; the varieties of the annual *Coreopsis*, tall and short, brown and yellow, all do well cut, if put in water at once. This is true of many summer flowers that should never be allowed to flag. I grow them all in the same way : sow in drills in a seed bed end of April or early in May, and move into place when the seedlings are just big enough to handle ; if we leave them one week too long they flag, and the whole thing is a failure, but moved just at the right time they do admirably, and want nothing but a little watering if the weather is very dry—for us this answers admirably, far better than sowing in place, when they often get choked by late spring flowers. Autumn-sown annuals do best sown in place, and we rarely sow them before the middle of September. But all perennials are best sown before the end of July, and some can be moved in place in October. I was a long time before I really managed annuals at all well ; but they are worth the trouble, they are so useful, as in a dry summer here all the hardy perennials go off so quickly, and the garden looks wretched by the middle of July, especially if exposed to the full sun. Do not forget the precious August hot-bed, where everything strikes and grows as if by magic.

Two rushes would be useful for you, the wood rush *Luzula sylvatica* and the white rush *Carex paludosa*. For growing Mignonette in a greenhouse in spring, the best kind is *Machet*. Sow towards the end of July, in loam and leaf mould in a 5-inch pot, keep it shaded at first and out of doors till October, then when it is up, thin out to five or six plants and put inside a frame for the winter. The Mignonette flowers in early spring can

be out back and planted out afterwards. I think the two best roses for a small greenhouse are Fortune's yellow and Niphetos. I plant them outside and draw them through a hole in the wall into the greenhouse. Once they begin to fail, take them out and put in a new one. They don't last here more than eight or nine years.

VI

LETTERS FROM LADY NORMANBY
PARIS, 1848

Il y a des sites, des climats, des saisons, des heures, des circonstances extérieures tellement en harmonie avec certaines impressions du cœur, que la nature semble faire partie de l'âme et l'âme de la nature, et que, si vous séparez la scène du drame et le drame de la scène, la scène se décolore et le sentiment s'évanouit. Otez les falaises de Bretagne à René, les savanes du désert à Atala, les brumes de la Souabe à Werther, les vagues imbibées de soleil et les mornes suants de chaleur à Paul et Virginie, vous ne comprendrez ni Chateaubriand, ni Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, ni Goethe. Les lieux et les choses se tiennent par un lien intime, car la nature est une dans le cœur de l'homme comme dans ses yeux. Nous sommes fils de la terre : c'est la même vie qui coule dans sa sève et dans notre sang. Tout ce que la terre, notre mère, semble éprouver et dire aux yeux dans ses formes, dans ses aspects, dans sa physionomie, dans sa mélancolie ou dans sa splendeur, a son retentissement en nous. On ne peut bien comprendre un sentiment que dans les lieux où il fut conçu.

A. DE LAMARTINE.

To A. C. S. (*niece*).

March 10th, 1906.

I know you like old letters and stories about the past, so I send you these by my aunt Lady Normanby, all written to her sister Lady Bloomfield, who was at that time wife of our British Minister in St. Petersburg. The one exception is the second letter, which I found undated amongst my mother's papers. They throw a side-light on a page of history which seemed very near in my youth, and seems very far away now. Lady Normanby was my mother's eldest sister, and I think they had more in common than any of the others—the husbands of both being Liberals. I adored her. She had a strong individuality, and was a remarkable woman. She brought sunshine and kindness into many lives. My first vivid recollection was when we went to stay with the Normanbys at their villa near Florence. It was in the spring of 1845, a year and a half after my father's death. I was nine years old, but I can remember quite well certain remarkable people that were shown me, especially Prince Jerome, as they called him, Napoleon's only surviving brother, and his son, then quite young, who bore so striking a resemblance to his uncle; also the Countess Guiccioli, the mistress of Lord Byron, who had long corkscrew fair curls, and appeared neither young nor pretty to me, and I suppose I wondered, as children do, why anybody thought anything of her. Watts, the painter, was also there, beginning his career, and living with Lord and Lady Holland; much of his very remarkable early work is still to be seen on the walls of Holland House, Kensington, to this day.*

The next year Lord Normanby was appointed Ambassador in Paris, and once or twice on our return from the south we stayed at the Embassy, and there I saw Rachel,

the great French actress, in her prime. They used to send us to the Théâtre Français with our governess, partly, I daresay, to get rid of us ; and I can recall Rachel quite well to this day, with her small, beautifully shaped head, her smooth dark hair, her dignified and yet impassioned movements, her simple, classic dress as she acted *Phèdre* or *Andromache*. But the play I understood best was '*Adrienne Lecouvreur*,' and I never saw it again for over thirty years. When I did, it brought all the memory of Rachel back to me—the wonderful touching tones she brought into her voice when she used to repeat *La Fontaine's* Fable I knew so well, beginning : 'Deux pigeons s'aimaient d'amour tendre.' No one I have ever seen on any stage recalled the movement of Rachel's long thin arms, which played so great a part in her acting, except, perhaps, *Mary Anderson*, the American ; her arms were more beautiful, but very long, and she used them a good deal.

Do you remember that lovely description of a woman's arm in '*The Mill on the Floss*' ? 'Who has not felt the beauty of a woman's arm ? The unspeakable suggestions of tenderness that lie in the dimpled elbow, and all the varied gently lessening curves down to the delicate wrist, with its tiniest, almost imperceptible, nuts in the firm softness. A woman's arm touched the soul of a great sculptor two thousand years ago, so that he wrought an image of it for the Parthenon which moves us still, as it clasps lovingly the time-worn marble of a headless trunk.'

I have wandered far from the Paris Embassy, and the old letters, with their vivid description of the Revolution of 1848 and the eloquent praise of *Lamartine*. Years after, when I was grown up, I was taken to see *Lamartine* in his humble little home. I was awed by his presence, and remember his kind and gentle manner to the young girl who loved his poetry and novels ; but beyond that

there was nothing remarkable to impress the evening on my memory, except the bourgeois simpleness of his apartment. No one reads him now apparently—here at any rate. Did you ever read what we should now call a morbidly sentimental story of his called ‘*Raphaël, pages de la Vingtième année*’? It is funnily old-fashioned, full of forgotten sentiments, consumption and bad health treated poetically, but the descriptions of the country round Aix-les-Bains in its autumn glory survive and are charming. I read the little book again with pleasure a few years ago. It is, I fancy, a page of autobiography, under the thin and now rather commonplace disguise of papers belonging to a dead friend.

Enclosures.

Paris, February 3rd, 1848.

All the disclosures that are made have done a great deal of harm in the country, but as long as the King¹ lives and reigns I believe he will keep Guizot, as he is the only Minister he can get to do exactly as he chooses. In the meantime they say they are going to grant them—or rather promise them—reform in Parliament which they will not give; but they seem to care about nothing but staying in, and Guizot disclaims one day what he affirmed the day before in a manner that would never be borne in England; but here a thing has its effect for the day and is then forgotten, and all people care about is the effect of the hour.

The King is very well again, and so is the Queen. We had a great reception last week there; all in the deepest mourning, which had a most *triste* effect, and what rather struck me was that the courtiers who came to pay their respects were *plus affligés* than the Queen, and the sort of farce it became, with their grimaces and *gestes*, rather

¹ Louis-Philippe.

amused me at last. A Court is not the place to seek for real feeling, but there need not be humbug.

To-day is such a lovely day—a foretaste of spring, with a fine, warm sun and soft wind. I was half inclined to go out in an open carriage, and I have hardly any fire in my rooms. Sir Stratford Canning is here on his way back from Berne. You will have heard that the King of Naples has granted the Constitution of 1813 to his subjects, Neapolitan and Sicilian, when forced from him. I have no faith in a king who refuses just reforms and gives everything when he finds himself in danger: it never answers; either he is set aside and despised, or he breaks faith with his people and becomes a double tyrant. Still, I think Italy will be regenerated and rise out of all this trouble. Tuscany and Rome are doing very well now. Adieu, dearest!

Your ever affectionate

M. N.

British Embassy, Paris,
[about] March 1, 1848.

Nothing can have been more satisfactory or more in the sense that Normanby wished than the instructions this morning. To say that, individually speaking, I should not be glad to feel myself in England would not be true, but at this moment all must make some sacrifice for the cause of peace and order; and it would have had a very bad effect, and would also have been a blow to the existing arrangements of affairs, had we been recalled at once. I really look with wonder, and, I must say, admiration, at the manner in which things are settling down into tranquillity. The courage, address, and eloquence of Lamartine have been most wonderfully brought out by the recent events. His total disregard for personal safety, his wonderful energy during sixty-eight hours of

battle with an armed mob of the lowest orders, with the bayonets pointed at his heart and muskets levelled at his head at every proposal that was refused, however extravagant and impossible. It seems almost superhuman what he did, and it is a noble triumph of talent and eloquence when a single man in the cause of mercy and truth can melt a savage mob to tears, and turn them from the worst of purposes by the sole force of his eloquence. I am told that his speech, when they insisted on the revolutionary flag (the red), was magnificent: 'Hier vous nous demandez au nom du peuple de Paris d'usurper sur les droits de trente cinq millions d'hommes, de leur voter une république absolue au lieu d'une république investie de la force de leur consentement. C'est à dire de faire de cette république une république imposée à la volonté d'une partie du peuple au lieu d'une république consentie par la volonté de la nation entière. Aujourd'hui vous nous demandez le drapeau rouge à la place du drapeau tricolore. Non, vous ne l'aurez pas. Citoyens, pour ma part je ne l'adopterai jamais et je vais vous dire pourquoi. Je m'y oppose de toute la force de mon patriotisme. C'est que le drapeau tricolore a fait le tour du monde avec la république et l'empire avec nos libertés et nos gloires, tandis que le drapeau rouge n'a fait que le tour du Champs de Mars traîné dans le sang de nos meilleurs citoyens.'

Now this is magnificent, and it carried all before him. He combated with the same eloquence and the same courage the destruction of Versailles, of Saint-Cloud, and a hundred other impossible projects, and he was, at the end of sixty-eight hours, carried home exhausted by the people, and slept soundly in his humble home with an aureole of peace round his pillow, and with the blessed consciousness that he had saved a great nation from the horrors of anarchy, at the same time that he preserved

their liberties. What are fortresses and cannon and troops to such a man, who sleeps in the consciousness of rectitude, and without the fear of death! You may be startled by some acts, and you may still hear of some attempts to get the upper hand by the lowest classes, but I feel a great confidence that the worst of the struggle is over, and that there is every intention of re-establishing order and peace on the surest possible basis. In the meantime I dare not enter into details upon the parts *you* will be most anxious to hear, except that there is every attempt to facilitate the free passage of everyone, and that there is no disposition to persecute anyone for opinions. However, till one hears something certain, there must be some anxiety; but the least said the less danger there is of doing mischief. Good-bye! Tell the Queen with my duty that I well know what she thinks about, and that no exertion will be wanting to assist any in distress at this hour.

The English behaved like apes, a great many of them, and, I am sorry to say, a good many men; the fact is that histories of the French Revolution have been so much read, and all the horrors were so implanted in people's minds, that they lost their heads completely. Fancy, a train going to Rouen last Friday was stopped by the bridge being burnt. The people were told they must return to Paris. Well, instead, they opened the doors and ran out into the fields and the woods—men, women and children—and the train was obliged to return without them. I believe the most of them returned the next day to Paris, rather cooled with their night in the open air. Some, however, behave very well. Mr. Cornwall, Lady Essex, Mrs. Austin, Lady A. Haliburton. However, after all, it did a great deal of harm, irritated the people, and made a cry against the English people, their all making away in troops as they did. I do not

wonder, but they should have done it more quietly. Yesterday one man, when he found that the railroads were stopped and the communication broken, stamped about the *gare* like a madman. 'It is shameful that the British Ambassador does not provide for the safety of the English; it was his business to see that the British people were protected—that we were not kept here to have our throats cut!' Lord P. has been in a dreadful state of alarm. I hear that when he goes out, and sees some boys with a flag coming down the streets, he turns about and makes a double quick time the other way. Then he sees some National Guards coming the other way; again he turns, and gets a great deal of exercise, but not very far from his hotel. He has employed his courier to paint out all the coronets from his carriage. Mind you, poor people, I do not wonder at this, and I should be the last to laugh at it; for I was in truth in a great fright myself, though I did my best to keep a good face; but when it is all over one thinks of these little things, and it makes one laugh. I must say that one and all of the young men here have behaved with the greatest zeal, courage and coolness; never shrinking from any duty, however dangerous, but all trying who should be the most employed. If there is an exception it is E., but that is more, I think, from his character, which is generally to do what others don't, so that if others were alarmed he was not, and when the others were consolatory, he put on a dismal face and told dreadful rumours. He is a great bore at best. I must add one line to have the last of our argument, like a woman, or rather like *me*, you will say. But when a house is burnt down people ask how it happened. Now I say that Louis-Philippe, from beginning to end, was the cause of his own downfall. He came in under false pretences; he worked out his own ends with infinite sagacity, till he had secured in his own

person all the powers of the State ; he got a subservient Ministry, a corrupt Assembly of deputies, and a House of Lords created by himself. *L'Etat c'est moi*, and it was acknowledged by all parties. The impossibility of a change of Ministry was that none other than Guizot would submit to the personal superintendence of the King in all things. The consequences were gradual, but certain and as clear as noonday. The Minister was led by the King, whose inclinations for arbitrary power and personal rule increased every day. The Chambers were led by the Minister, because the majority consisted of placemen and pensioners ; the House of Peers did nothing, because they consisted either of old Legitimists who supported any government, or generals and creatures of the King who thought that there was nothing else but him, and who one and all looked to his death as the subversion of all order and rule. Then you must remember that the House of Peers here is not an estate as with us, as they are only elected for life, and whether legally done or not I cannot say, but they have been universally created from one side by the King. The National Guard have always this year been opposed to the state of things ; they said : ' We are enrolled to preserve order, not to suppress political opinion. We will not allow mischief or plunder, but we will not interfere to suppress the political feelings of the people.' Some time before this, if you remember, in the House of Peers, it was told them they *dared not* summon the National Guard in a body, and little Bethune told them ' Je vous en défie ' only six weeks before this outbreak. So that I put it all upon the original cause, and if in the result of a fire a large fabric has been destroyed, it was the housemaid's rushlight in the wood closet did it all. Now good-bye ; you will see that I am easy now.

Your affec. sister,

MINNIE NORMANBY.

Paris, March 2nd, 1848.

When I think how anxious you will be to hear news of all that has passed in this terrible crisis, I feel ashamed of myself that I have let so many days pass without writing ; but it is only within the last three days that our couriers have gone *librement*, and to keep them informed at home, and to do all I have had to do here, has occupied me completely morning, noon and night.

Dearest, it is now nine days since this most extraordinary change began ; to say one did not foresee trouble and difficulty, and that Louis-Philippe was *joué* his dynasty, would not be true ; but that anyone could have expected to see what we have seen, that the whole family should at once fly without a struggle at the last moment, so unprepared that they had not a shilling nor a rag of clothing with them ; that the whole army should be so demoralised, for want of orders and a leader, that they literally marched off here and there, allowing the mob to take their muskets and their powder and shot ; that *not one* of all the brilliant Court should remain about the Princes and King—*not one* ; that the Duchesse de Montpensier, a child of sixteen *grosse de quatre mois*, not speaking a word of French, should be abandoned in the streets—that precious child that the winds of Heaven were not allowed to touch this time last year ; that she should be left behind to find her own way in the care of a stranger ; that the Princes should, without a struggle, have run away as best they could, leaving their wives and children ; that they did not *sooner* die on the spot ; that Paris is not burnt, and all of us murdered for a climax—is what I am still in wonderment at, and I feel as if I had awakened from a hideous dream, and found things *just* where I left them ; but the *lâcheté*, the blindness, the weakness of these people is incredible.

And to think that Louis-Philippe's glorious reign should end with his running away with all his family, ordering the troops to retire, and leaving Paris, and all in it, in the hands of an armed mob! For two days and nights it was by the mercy of God that Paris was not given up to pillage. There was no government of any sort or kind. All the members fled right and left, all the deputies fled right and left. But there was one man who, with unbroken courage, for thirty-eight hours breasted the wave, and by his impassioned eloquence, his undaunted courage, and his unwearying exertions, calmed the effervescence of the mob, and controlled their violence till the National Guard could be got together, and by degrees order was re-established. But had Lamartine failed for one hour in this time, it was all up with all of us, for when Communism and Socialism get the upper hand, and had the lowest of the people, drunk with wine, fatigue and success, and armed to the teeth, been let loose in Paris, no place would have been safe from them.

I do not exaggerate; these were terrible hours, to say nothing of the fighting in the streets, seeing the dead and wounded carried past our doors. One morning I was awakened with the pleasant intelligence that the mob was setting fire to the *Elysée Bourbon*, which is two doors lower down, and it was blowing a hurricane. I prepared to leave this house, as it would not longer have been tenable; but luckily they put some wounded into it and called it *L'Hôpital des Blessés*, and it was saved.

As you may suppose, I have had the house full of English, coming for assistance and advice; but I must say we were all *quitte pour la peur*, as no plunder of any sort was committed. How things got to the state they were in, and how they calmed down in so short a time to what they are, passes belief. If you came into Paris now, beyond unpaved streets, trees cut down, and such

sort of *déjà*, you would not know that anything had happened.

I suppose all countries will recognise the Republic, because there is nothing else for it—it is the saving of the country. All was abandoned by those we trusted to for protection; it was the most extraordinary *bouleversement* it is possible to conceive, and apparently without a moving cause, for I declare to you at first it seemed a row of a few boys. It was that unfortunate and unnecessary fusillade from the *Affaires Étrangères* that upset it all. Till then all seemed quieted when the Government was changed; but without provocation, and from some mistake the troops fired on the mob, and killed sixty at once. They flew over the town like wildfire, declared that they were betrayed, the troops were disarmed, and the whole thing was over.

We have not heard where the King is yet, but probably the papers will tell you before you get this. I am well, but *stupefatta* at all that has happened, and I have no time to sit down and arrange my ideas. The great thing now is to help this Government as much as possible. That a Republic will continue I do not think; but for the time it is a necessity.

God bless you, darling!

Yours ever,

M. NORMANBY.

Paris, March 6th, 1848.

You want accounts from here, but since the *crise* really I have very little to write about. Our daily amusements consist of processions of blouses with flags flying, drums beating, and singing the *Marseillaise*; processions of *Vesuviennes*, *Jeaniennes*, and different sorts of *-iennes*, who go each day and all day to ask some new thing at the *Hôtel de Ville*.

The streets are broken up in all directions to plant ridiculous little poplar trees, called trees of Liberty, over which National Guards are placed to protect them. They are covered with ribbons, caps of liberty, and tricoloured flags; sometimes the sovereign people choose to surround them with petards, which go off and frighten one's horses. The other day, in going to the Opera, Normanby was run away with for some distance, in consequence of a petard going off under the horses' feet. Everything that the people do is so childish and foolish that one can hardly believe any good sense to be amongst them; but still one must admire the quiet and order that as yet has been maintained, as no property has been touched; but still there is no further confidence. Every night when one goes to bed one is told there is to be a demonstration. Last night they threatened to burn down some houses in our quarter because a colonel they did not like was elected in the National Guards. And why did they not like him? Because he was more of a gentleman than the rest. For my own part, I begin to believe now that there will be no great disorder.

The poverty is dreadful, and we can get no money except *billets de mille francs, cinq cents*, and a very few *cent francs*; but they are not supposed to be of much value, and are little better than *des assignats*. The Funds go down every day. I hear to-day that M. Arago, the astronomer, is made *Ministre de la Guerre*. They cannot get a single general to take the office. The army is completely disorganised, and the greater part in revolt against the officers. A regiment was ordered from some town to the south, and they refused to go, as they said they had not recovered their fatigues in Algeria yet. Lamartine does the best he can, and perhaps order may be restored in time; but all statesmen and people tell me they never knew the state of France so desperate—the Duc de Broglie,

Molé, and people that have known it in the worst times. With it all the weather is perfectly delicious; since the last week of March it has been quite hot. All the trees are in leaf, and my garden is full of flowers and in great beauty. I never remember so early a spring, and I only hope we shall not have a check; we have got into the April moon, which is rather a guarantee; but I think it a great consolation in this ruin of all things that the weather is so beautiful. All misfortunes fall heavier in snow and frost.

We are all very anxious to know what Russia will do in this extraordinary state of things. To me it is like a political puss in the corner—each King is running after his neighbours' goods and losing his own. I think the King of Prussia is gone mad, and it is such a pity, for he had the game in his own hands, as his troops had been quite successful; but I hear he was bribed by the hopes that the Republicans would make him Emperor of Germany. I hope England will resist all these bad examples. Ireland is in a very bad state. Lamartine gave the Irish deputies a very good dinner. Really it is wonderful what he has courage to do, for it is at the risk of his life that he does all these things; but he has unbounded courage, which, I can assure you, is a rare virtue in this country. I never saw such a wretched set of cowards as they are. But to return to Ireland: I am afraid there will be an outbreak there, and it will neither improve the temper or the condition of the people. I trust it will be put down; but still it is a dangerous necessity, and makes bad blood. The real truth is that in Ireland there are real grievances to redress; and much as has been done, there is yet much to do. I still think the Protestant Church a grievance, because, though not paid by the people, the same money might be better bestowed. I also think their representation a grievance

because they have too few members for their size and numbers; and yet more would seriously impede the work in the English House. I can never see why they should not have their own Parliament for local matters, and all the more important measures to be referred to England. I believe it would help English legislation at the same time, for really the work in Parliament is so great that measures of the utmost importance are neglected for want of time.

Good-bye, my dearest.

Ever your affectionate sister,

M. NORMANBY.

Paris, March 19th, 1848.

I have just got your first alarmed letter, dated March 7th; it has come very quickly, I think, and I shall hasten to answer it, though, to say the truth, I take even a less hopeful view of things than I did when last I wrote. You will probably see flaming accounts in the newspapers of the success of the Provisional Government and its power; but it has none, and we are ~~all~~ in the power of the mob from some stupid and indiscreet movement of the National Guards the day before yesterday. They have made themselves obnoxious to the masses, and *they* rule the Government with a rod of iron.

In short, there is no government, no army, no police, no money, no credit, no commerce, no union, no security for anything from one hour to another. The only consolation one has is in the moderation the people have shown so far, and which will continue, I daresay, so long as the Provisional Government is able to pay them thirty *sous* a day, but this must have an end, and when want and famine stare them in the face they will then take to plunder.

All Paris is under the influence of terror, I believe; if there was any pluck amongst them, the majority is greatly in favour of order, but they are jealous one of the other, and split into factions, instead of rallying for their own lives and properties. Those that can go are gone; those that can't cry, and hide their money, and withdraw their capital, and break the banks, and enrage the people still more against them, and by their distrust and fear provoke the fate they most dread. In short, in three short weeks this great country has crumbled away like a heap of sand, and without something falls from the skies I can't see what is to save it from ruin, anarchy, and dismemberment, for even now the provinces are crying out against the absolutism of Paris.

We still stay on here; I, like you, do not choose to leave my husband from being afraid to stay, and I believe that as long as anything is safe we are safe. But what is safe when one is in the power of a mob, when every movement is a new caprice, and who would turn their fury upon you any day that a hostile article in the newspapers from England turned their attention towards you? Then you know I am a coward at heart, however brave I may pretend to be; I am as much afraid of a mob (*nearly*, not quite) as of a bull, and we cannot go a step in the streets or *Champs-Élysées* without meeting drunken bands, armed with pickaxes, hatchets, spades, and what not, singing the *Marseillaise*, or rather howling it. I think it all very disagreeable, and I shall not be sorry when our duties finish here, as I really see no prospect of any respectable end coming to it all. In the meantime you will know what a bore it is to break up a large establishment like this, with no one coming after to take our goods and chattels. As to selling them or moving them at this time, it would be just as well to throw them into the street. When I last wrote I had

some hopes that things might settle into order, but it gets worse and worse every day, and the Government more and more in the hands of the people. They had got a few soldiers back into Paris to help the National Guards, but the mob yesterday insisted they should be marched out, and I hear to-morrow they are going to propose that the National Guard should be disarmed.

Alas! almost everyone has left Paris now. The Blandfords arrived here from Rome; they go to-morrow. Henry Liddell also dropped in the day before yesterday from Rome, and is staying with us for a short time. By-the-by, Lady Blandford begged I would tell you that they were coming to Petersburg in June in their yacht, but that she would not come if she was not sure of seeing you, so write and tell her. . . .

The Queen has written me such nice letters in all this—so sensible. Don't believe any of the lies you hear; she has just acted as she should—not made any demonstration in favour of Louis-Philippe, and yet treated them all with perfect kindness; and yet they make out all sorts of stories, some saying she has been rude, and others that she has made too much fuss with them all; but that is sure to be said. I think H. M. so sensible always and so right-minded.

God bless you, darling! I should be very happy to feel safe at home again, but we must stick to our post as long as we can.

Your ever affectionate

M. N.

Since writing this, we have received the astounding news that Vienna, that stronghold of absolutism, is in full revolution; that the troops *would not act*, as there was want of management and judgment, or something;

Metternich has fled, the Emperor has granted a Constitution and liberty of the Press, and Metternich's two houses were burnt to the ground : in short, it seems as if the end of the world was at hand. We have heard it through Rothschild, who has had a courier from Vienna. Normanby has heard nothing yet. God grant our own country may stand firm amidst this wreck of Royalty. But what will this do in Italy? Lombardy will uprising to a certainty, and the Italian States will benefit.

Good-bye, dearest one.

Your affectionate sister,

M. NORMANBY.

P.S.—What a time for the poor little Princess who is just born into the world !

Paris, April 23rd, 1848.

I certainly ought to write to you oftener than I do, but, somehow or other, I am writing all day, and it seems to me I do nothing else. I never get through half the letters I ought, and I get quite tired, after a time, sitting up writing. I will not waste my time in apologies, but proceed to tell you a little how we are going on here.

To-day is the important day on which the fate of France will depend—the day of the elections. Paris is really quiet, as Mulgrave¹ and I hear no more sound of a city than if we were sitting in the old library ; but it was not so last Thursday, when there was what was called a great National Fête, which consisted in calling out all the troops of Paris, National Guards, old and new, who amount to nearly 200,000 men. The *Garde Mobile* and the *Garde Nationale à Cheval* did not amount to more than 5,000 or 6,000 men, but you may suppose what it was altogether, when I tell you that the troops were marching from nine in the morning till ten at night, and

¹ Lord Normanby.

that there were above 300,000. It was a curious sight, but anything but reassuring, as of those not above 150,000 were dressed in uniform; the others were an armed rabble, with famine and every bad passion stamped on their countenances. Perhaps I exaggerate in saying this, but you may imagine the appearance of bands of *ouvriers* in working dresses, wet, hungry, and bending under the weight of the bayonet and musket they were so unused to carry; and this, as all Frenchmen wear beards and are little, made them look more like brigands than soldiers.

In their favour it must be said that, with this enormous mass of armed men, with the whole population of Paris turned out to see them, there was not a single event of any sort—not a pocket picked even—and the whole more quiet and orderly than Hyde Park on a Sunday. Really the mass of bayonets, from the *Arc de Triomphe* to the end of the *Champs-Élysées*, following for hours without a break, looked like a waving field of steel instead of corn. Unfortunately it was a wet day, which was hard upon the poor people, but it was more wet under foot than raining positively. I was in a house at the top of the *Champs-Élysées* till about two o'clock, when I came home, and then walked with Normanby on the *Boulevards* and in the *Champs-Élysées*, and I never heard a word that was not in good humour.

Certainly the French are a very extraordinary people. One did not even hear a person swear, or any expression but of quiet good-humour. It is a shame to mislead such a people, open to all good and noble feelings; but, of course, with the passions and feelings of mankind in general, and easily led to good or evil. I think the middle and lower classes infinitely superior to the higher classes, whom I cannot help thinking a miserable set, selfish and cowardly, without a feeling for their *patrie*, that they are always talking of.

I have just heard to-day of the death of poor Lady Katherine Jermyn. Jermyn had a slight attack of small-pox, which she caught, though she had been twice vaccinated, once since he was taken ill.

The result of the elections will not be known till Wednesday; they meet the week after. What interesting times these are! No one can foresee the least from day to day what may happen, and I am so used to plots and conspiracies, mobs and meetings, and marchings and drummings, that I hardly pay any attention to them now. In the meantime trade is ruined, merchants broke, and no one knows what may happen to them the next day.

I do not see any prospect of our leaving this, as I think everyone seems anxious that Normanby should stay as long as possible to preserve peace. To tell you the truth I do not believe it possible that the French will not go to war soon. It is out of the question that all these new levied troops, and the large army they have, can be kept together without war somewhere; and I only hope they will go to Italy, as certainly it would be better than turning their attention to England, Ireland, or Belgium, which would equally entail war with England. I should think they were too much ruined to go to war anywhere; but if they are obliged to keep up their army they will use it, or else it will get so completely disorganised that it will turn against themselves.

The last letters we had from Lord Clarendon were a little better, but the state of Ireland is very bad, and the spirit of the people completely against England and English rule. I think they have let it go too far before taking notice of it, but it is difficult to judge when not on the spot.

Good-bye, dearest.

Your ever affectionate sister,

M. NORMANBY.

Paris, July 8th, 1848.

I ought certainly to have written you an account of all the horrible events of the last fortnight, and I have very little excuse to offer except my own anxieties during the past days, and not having been very well since; and, after all, it is a business to have to repeat over and over again in one's letters the same things. But to begin at the beginning. Normanby went down with me to Chantilly on Tuesday afternoon, and on Friday morning early he was to come up by the early train, despatch his courier from Paris, and return home the next day.

As ill-luck would have it, he dawdled and was just too late for the train, and he came back and took the carriage—the only one we had down there—and posted up to Paris; it is only about twenty-five miles from Paris. Well, when he got to St.-Denis the postmaster told him it was quite impossible for him to get into Paris, as there were barricades in all the streets, and fighting had already begun; that the people had begun since the morning, when the announcement that the *Ateliers Nationaux* were to be dissolved, and that all that side of Paris was impassable. Luckily, from going backwards and forwards very often, all the postilions knew it, and one said he thought he could get him in, as Normanby said he must go, if he walked; and so they cut off by a road that goes to Neuilly, and coming across by the *Parc de Monceaux* where the *ateliers* were, and which they had not thought of barriocading, he got home safe.

The newspapers will have given you a full description of the horrid battle that followed for four days, the last three of which no one was allowed to stir from their homes without a pass; but the papers never say what

was really the case—that on Saturday and Sunday it was a toss-up whether the *insurgés* had not the best of the fight; and it was only when people were stopped circulating in the streets—by which means their supplies were cut off—that the military got the better. Then troops poured into Paris, and it was saved. But can one believe there was not treachery on the part of the Executive Government? There were only 10,000 men in Paris of regular troops, and Lamartine told us, not a week before, that there were 60,000. I do not believe a word any of them say, and I do not feel sure now that there are enough troops to prevent another frightful outbreak; and the next time, they make no secret of saying, they will burn Paris. What they are to gain by it I know not; but such is the language of the lower orders.

You may conceive my despair at finding myself shut up at Chantilly with Normanby at Paris, having stayed seven months in Paris without moving. It was so unlucky!

On Saturday morning I heard the cannon in Paris—of course a thousand exaggerated rumours reached me. The National Guard of Chantilly was out on the *Pelouse* to go to Paris to assist, and then we heard the railroad was broken up as far as St.-Denis, that the town was proclaimed in a state of siege, and no one was allowed to go in or out.

Normanby sent the *chasseur* down to me with a letter on Saturday. He arrived at twelve at night, having been kept eight hours in prison at St.-Denis, and not allowed to go on. I do not think I ever was so unhappy, as, of course, they all brought the worst possible news. One comfort was I got the newspapers every day, and so heard what was going on.

On the Monday night Normanby sent me word that all fighting had ceased, which was rather premature, as

they were still fighting in the *Faubourg St.-Antoine* ; but at the same time he sent me a pass and a passport in case I should like to go to Boulogne. But I made another use of it, and immediately got into the train. The *chasseur* who brought mine had also a pass, so I sent him on to get me a carriage, and by the next train I went on to Paris myself ; and though I was stopped every fifty yards by picquets of troops, and obliged to show my pass and let them look into the carriage, I had no difficulty in getting home, and arrived here at half-past ten at night. The only thing they looked suspiciously at was my large pillow, which I believe they thought was filled with gunpowder. I did not feel the least afraid ; I was so determined to get home that I believe I should not have been afraid if the firing had been still going on. So mind for the future, *I am not* a coward, and I shall have a right for the rest of my life to walk another way when I hear a bull two fields off. When I got home two National Guards were shot in the *Champs-Élysées* at the foot of the garden, and the shots sounded just under the window ; and as Normanby was at the Chambers and had gone out that way, I got a fright. However, I thank God it was nothing against him, though, for some purpose or other, people had tried to raise a cry against the English.

At present all is quiet except the nightly assassinations of sentinels. I will not attempt to describe all that happened ; the papers by this time will have told you all, and I must finish, for Normanby is going to send his bag by Rothschild.

I am very anxious about you. There is a rumour that the cholera is at Petersburg. I am afraid it will take its course, as it did last time. God knows what will happen in this unhappy time when it comes here, with all the misery that exists already ; but I always feel inclined to say with David, when he was left to choose between

war and pestilence, 'Let me fall into the hands of God, not of men.'

God bless you, dearest ! These are eventful times, and make one think.

Your ever affectionate sister,

M. NORMANBY.

Paris, July 24th, 1848.

I must say that I felt very glad when I got your letter saying you were in London this morning, because, though I quite agree with you that it is most painful separating, the state of health you are in made the prospect of the cholera more alarming, and it is just when people are suffering and delicate that it attacks them ; and I think, however disagreeable it may be, one should always bow to medical decisions, and I trust you will get quite set up.

Here we are again in a state of fear and trouble, in momentary expectation of a fight, with all sorts of terrible threats on the part of the mob to cut off the water, to set fire to one hundred different parts of Paris at once, to seize the children at the *pensions* and the young girls, and put them on the barricades, and fire through them, as they say the National Guard and army will not then dare fire at them.

The Superior of a large convent in the *Rue de Chaillot*, in the *Champs-Élysées*, has just been with me, and tells me she has been warned by the priest who lives in the disturbed districts, and came to ask me to take in some children and some of the nuns, which I will willingly do ; though I fear, if these people get the upper hand, no place will be safer one than the other, as they seem to me a set of savages, and only try to invent one horror more brutal than the last.

Still I hope, as the intentions are known, that the large force in Paris will prevent any great tumult; but I fear there will be more fighting—at least the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who has just been with Normanby, says he is afraid there will. One would not fear so much if one could feel sure of the troops and the officials. The commanding officers and generals are good, but the last Provisional Government put such swarms of riffraff into all the public offices—*mairies*, *prefectures*—that no one can trust to his orders being executed, or that his plans are not treacherously revealed to the enemy. You know they found out that Constantin, who was Secretary of War, was a triple traitor; that he fought in casquette and blouse on the barricades, and taught the people how to make them; he then returned to the War Office, and was very conspicuous for his severity in trying the prisoners that were brought in, till one of them recognised him and the whole affair was revealed. He will certainly be shot, and he deserves it. Chomaz and Joinville, likewise in the War Office, they say are as bad. The telegraphs are in the hands of a drunken old ruffian—the father of Floren—and the Post Office in Etienne Arago's hands; so how can anyone believe that communications are fairly made, or that the intentions of the generals can be carried out? Last time it was nearly as possible ruined all; in short, no one believes his neighbour or trusts anyone, and we live in what Mrs. Dutton called 'blood and massacre,' and God knows how it will end. And this in Paris—a town that boasts itself the centre of civilisation!

If all goes off without much row, and things look quieter, I am in hopes that I shall get down to Chantilly next week for a few days, for this constant panic is very wearying. I never closed my eyes till daylight last night, as there was momentary expectation of fighting, and the worst of it is no one knows when it will begin. A quan-

tity of arms and gunpowder and some men were seized in a house nearly opposite to us the day before yesterday, and no one expected anything of the sort in the *Faubourg*. There are sentinels at the corners of every street, picquets marching up and down, cannon at the House of Assembly and on the *Boulevards*, regiments of cavalry with their horses bivouacked on the *Place de la Concorde*, and under the trees in the *Champs-Élysées*—all very picturesque, but disagreeably warlike; and I hate it all, for when it is over one cannot help pitying the wretched, starving, unemployed, misled workpeople, who are daily falling into great distress, and consequently more entirely reckless and desperate; but ‘the Lord’s hand is not shortened that He cannot save, neither is His ear heavy that He cannot hear,’ so that I hope for better things, dearest.

God bless you! Do not fret; you have done the right thing in coming home, however disagreeable it may be at the present moment. God bless you both!

Your ever affectionate

M. NORMANBY.

VII

PARIS EXHIBITION, 1900



To A. C. S. (*niece*).

July 1900.

You asked me the other day to send you a few notes I made from the family letters I wrote during my two visits to Paris to see the great Exhibition of 1900. They seem to me now very poor and inadequate compared to even my faded recollection of the show itself, but, such as they are I enclose them. When I went to Paris I was in low spirits, and had little hope of caring much or admiring much, as my recollections of the Exhibition of 1889 were distinctly critical. But, once there, my feeling was one of deep regret that so few English people would see it. France represented the commercial enterprises of the world brought about by peace; England's attitude of mind was that brought about by war, heightened by resentment at the critical attitude of Europe.

Enclosure.

Paris, May 1900.

When I made up my mind to come here and see the Exhibition, I was more than ever struck—the gloom of the past winter being to a great extent over—with the fact that most English people, of all classes, had more or less the feeling that to visit France and spend money there after the events of the past six months was against their inclination, and, to many, even unpatriotic. This seems to me an unfortunately narrow view to take of the matter. Striving to understand a neighbour to whom, not long ago, we behaved, if not badly, at any rate severely, would be in no sense wasted time or money, quite independently of the great opportunity of appreciating that which deserves so much admiration and is so full of instruction to all, but more especially to the young. To be conciliatory and even sympathetic to the French is something of

a sacred duty, and may have a more far-reaching influence than any money spent, even in these sad times, in our own country. To praise others and blame ourselves is one of the first lessons taught in the army. The old Indian proverb puts it so well: 'Hard as the stone of the mango fruit to one's own faults, soft as the pulp to the faults of others.' Might it not be well to extend the lesson in our individual relations with the people of Europe, who consider they have just now a strong reason for blaming and disliking us, believing, as many of us did last autumn, that the war was not necessary as a defence of our colony, and was a somewhat rough example of the annihilation of the weak by the strong?

I had not been to France for several years, and this time my admiration for the French was perhaps greater than it had ever been before. It is easy enough to be critical and, taken in detail, there are many things in the Exhibition, both inside and outside the buildings, to offend even a moderately pure taste. But, taken as a whole, it is so grand in idea, so bold in execution, and so lavishly carried out that criticism, at any rate in my case, was awed out of me. So many of the nations of Europe imitate, or try to imitate, the past, the French alone do this in an original and creative manner. Other nations, so to speak, take their knowledge and cram it into a mould; the French take the old and the new in their hands and model it to their will. The use of glass and iron in the two permanent buildings, the *Grand* and the *Petit Palais*, illustrates what I mean. The reproach offered is that the combination suggests a railway station. As regards material this is of course true, but the shaping of the iron is so full of grace and beauty that all feeling of the materials being inartistically modern, commonplace, or ugly totally disappears. The curves of the large staircase and the beautiful design of the banisters in the

Grand Palais are totally unlike anything I have ever seen and, to my mind, eminently successful.

The Exhibition entrance in the *Place de la Concorde* is undeniably a gigantic failure. I am told that at the first unveiling of the statue that crowns the gateway, the general disapproval was so great that the authorities took it down. The artist, however, who had executed the work on commission, demanded such heavy damages that they thought it more expedient to replace it. The Exhibition opens on to the street which is permanently to remain, leading as it does to the new bridge, and grandly ending with the graceful dome of the *Invalides*. It is called *l'Avenue Nicolas II*. The boldly pulling down of the old *Palais de l'Industrie* and replacing it by these two palaces is a stroke of genius, as is also the opening of this avenue, which is so great a permanent improvement to the *Champs-Élysées*. I was not surprised to hear, though I cannot vouch for the fact, that an avenue which was to bring in this beautiful dome of the *Invalides*, built by the younger Mansarts, connecting it with the *Champs-Élysées*, was part of the original plan of Gabrielle, the designer of the *Place de la Concorde* (then called *Place Louis XV*.) and the planter of the *Champs-Élysées*. Another very clever thought was placing the mixed and somewhat incongruous temporary buildings of the *Rue des Nations* on the banks of the Seine. This gives a dignity to the whole scene, which would be absolutely wanting without the assistance of so distinctive a natural feature.

The Eiffel Tower now makes a more effective centre to the commercial buildings than it did in the Exhibition of 1889, where everything seemed arranged in a much more haphazard fashion. The *Grand Palais*, situated on the right of the grand gate and designed by M. Deglane, contains four enormous art exhibitions.

In the Foreign Section, where are all the pictures that are not French, it is rather interesting to, note, amongst other things, how much less than any other country, including Japan, our English school is under the influence of French art. The French method of hanging is conspicuously superior to all others; the works sent by one master are all hung together, thus rendering impossible such a distressing juxtaposition as one I noticed in the English Section, where a beautiful, low-toned, Burne-Jones representation of the Knight before the Holy Grail being repulsed by the Angel, is hung next to a very cleverly painted, but obviously unsuitable, picture of a bachelor dinner-party! Considering the number of years which our pictures seem to embrace, one is left with a decided feeling of disappointment that the English exhibits do not reach a higher level. Many of our best masters of the Victorian era are certainly not well represented. This, no doubt, is owing to the fact that artists are both sentimental and emotional, and their thoughts, just at the time that the pictures were being collected, were far away on the other side of the equator. The two Orchardsons are really fine, and I heard them much admired by foreigners. It was a marked gain to America, and loss to us, that Sargent and Abbey, who have lived for years in England, had according to the rules to show their pictures not with us, but with their own countrymen. Among the most striking features in the galleries not French are the two Japanese rooms, showing both the art of the past and the modern effort of the Japanese to paint in the European manner. In the modern room there is a portrait of an old man and a monkey which recalls to a certain extent the dry and very careful method of Holbein. This illustrates once more that, however rapid the bounds in modern civilisation, the rule of gradual

evolution in art which has obtained in older countries still asserts some influence.

To name even a part of what I admired is a task quite beyond me. In front of the stairs one has to pass quite close to a work by M. Rodin, certainly one of the greatest sculptors of France, if not the greatest. He calls it *Un Baiser*. It has the courageous purity of passion, and is a very beautiful representation of the eternal relation of man and woman. The inequality in the finish given to different parts of the marble accentuates M. Rodin's method. It would have been wrong to miss looking at a huge monument in marble on the left of the staircase called *Le monument des morts*. It is intended, I believe, as an entrance to the *Père-Lachaise* cemetery. The French treatment of subjects connected with death misses the realistic vulgarity of the modern Italians, and in consequence of a bolder grip, avoids the sentimental commonplace of most nations.

My time was limited, but I went more than once through the French picture-galleries with ever increasing admiration. In the corner which contained M. Dagnan-Bouveret's works I wondered whether there could be two opinions as to his being the greatest master there represented, and, consequently, in existence. The light that shines from the central figure in 'The Last Supper' is so remarkable and so unusual that its effect is almost magical, and I raised my eyes with the feeling that a blind had been withdrawn or that the sun was shining brighter than usual. Many people think the effect melodramatic and outside the region of art, and this view was strengthened by the ridiculous false theatrical lighting of M. Dagnan-Bouveret's pictures when exhibited in London. His other pictures heighten one's admiration for his work by their skill in treating different subjects in totally different ways. To the

English, M. Benjamin Constant's picture of the Queen will be of peculiar interest. With, I believe, only one short sitting he has seized at any rate sufficient likeness, and created what will be an historical representation of one of the most remarkable figures of the nineteenth century. The management of the details, the mellow light of the House of Lords, and the dimming of the jewels by the flickers of brilliant sunshine, make this picture an artistic triumph over great difficulties, and I think few will look at it without a feeling of satisfaction that it has been painted. M. Detaille, with several moderate-sized soldier pictures, surpasses himself, especially in one which represents a review by Alexander III. of Russia of his guards—cavalry in red on white horses, harmonised by a background of autumn wood on a broad plain from which all green has been sucked by summer sunshine. I dislike pictures of soldiers as a rule, but M. Detaille's skill is more than I can withstand. The pleasure which these and many other French pictures gave me is leading me into details perhaps useless both for those who go to see the pictures and those who do not.

Opposite the *Grand Palais* is the *Petit Palais*, designed by M. Girault, and perhaps generally acknowledged to be the more faultless of the two. The huge doorways of glass and iron are introduced with great courage into the midst of these Louis XV. buildings, and yet to my mind they strike no jarring note, and let in floods of daylight. A very novel effect—I do not quite know whether I like it or not—is produced by the broad curve of the marble steps being broken by bands of coloured marble more or less representing a carpet. The courtyard at the back is again a most successful blending of the favourite Louis XV. models with much that is entirely novel. The blue-tile fountains sunk into the grass are essentially new and give me great pleasure. The

circular galleries of retrospective art treasures from the earliest times are of ceaseless interest to those who have knowledge enough to understand and appreciate them.

On leaving the *Petit Palais* the buildings to the left, going towards the bridge, contain the modern industries—a subject much too large for me to do more than mention one or two of the exhibits which attracted my notice. No one who cares for a wonderful revival, without a trace of imitation, of fifteenth and sixteenth century work ought to miss a case containing the exhibits of the Parisian jeweller Lalique. He is the originator of the beautiful designs in brilliant and yet delicate enamelling, which are no doubt likely to become the fashion of a good deal of modern female ornamentation, though for this purpose it strikes me they are a little barbaric. One buckle for a woman's belt looked particularly beautiful in the case, and most characteristic of M. Lalique's fancy. On one side the head of a dragon with its mouth open, exquisite in colour and finish; the other side, vague curves of some opalesque material intended to represent the breath of the monster. The railing in iron at the back of the stand is also worthy of special notice, with its original and faultless design. Faberger, of St. Petersburg, shows an interesting collection of enamel and jewellery. I confess it does not give me quite the same pleasure as the art of Lalique, perhaps from being more under Eastern influence than Italian. Close to this case is the stall of a French silversmith famous for his imitations of Louis XV. table ornaments, which delight the heart of the modern would-be æsthetic Frenchman. I confess that the centre of a dining-table, even on state occasions, ornamented by an enormous arrangement of gold columns, petrified fountains and crystal pools, however well executed, is outside what I am able to admire. One of the finest examples cost 4,000*l*. An exhibit of china and pottery by Bing

and Groendal, of Copenhagen, I thought very good in form, and, though quiet in colour, strong and original.

On leaving these buildings with a bewildered brain one comes straight upon an enormous majolica fountain made at Choisy-le-Roi. It was considered too large to be taken inside, and certainly the brilliant sunshine, the blue sky, and the dust-white surroundings are exactly what are required to make one appreciate its novelty and its colour. Most people did not care for it, but, placed in such a situation, I confess I think it is a splendid modern work of art. It stands close to the exit just in front of the *Invalides*.

Perhaps the chief merit in the collection of *Pavillons* in the *Rue des Nations* is the originality of the idea itself. This was certainly extraordinarily felicitous, though one grieves that so much thought, money, human labour, and intelligence should have been expended on lath and plaster for an ephemeral existence of little over half a year. The individuality called forth makes one thoroughly realise that national taste, except just on the surface, differs as much as ever, and the choice of the pavilions erected by the various nations has an interest deeper than its mere external variety. Italy has jumbled three or four buildings together and filled the inside hall with a bazaar. America is colossal in size and absolutely empty in the interior. From Spain the Government and the Queen Regent send magnificent tapestries—the finest perhaps that can be seen anywhere, and admirably preserved. Germany's Emperor gracefully lends from his palaces at Potsdam and Berlin the best of the French treasures collected by Frederick the Great, which have remained to the present day almost unseen, especially the pictures by Watteau, Pater, and Lanoret. As a collection belonging to the past, rich and rare and seldom seen, I think Hungary takes perhaps the first place. My ignorance was complete

as to the wealth of treasures produced in that country under both Italian and Byzantine influence. Our pavilion, which is much smaller than that of Monaco, and is overshadowed by the very large buildings on either side, suggests the idea that, like the British Isles on the map of Europe, it looks small but contains a good deal. I leave it to others to praise its high finish and the care and work bestowed upon it. That it caused both surprise and pleasure on the opening days I don't doubt for a moment. The Swedish Pavilion, with its cold northern industries, is almost pathetic. It has two small panoramas. One of Lapland in the still, dark winter represents the bright stars twinkling in the sky, and fine reindeer lying about on the snow, which is pierced here and there by bare branches covered with hair-like moss, on which the reindeer feed. One feels that existence in such a land would be unbearable. The other panorama is a sunlit view of the harbour of Stockholm in summer, which makes one feel one has been there, and seen Stockholm.

I can say but little of the buildings on the right of the Seine, not because of their want of interest, but because I had very little time to give to them. The fine conservatories will have monthly or fortnightly horticultural shows while the Exhibition is open. The spring show, which I saw, was good, but suffering from the size and heat of the building, and it was nothing like as detailed or instructive as our May Horticultural Show in the crowded little tents of the Temple Gardens. The building erected by the *Ville de Paris* contains, amongst many other things, a special show upstairs on the left-hand side, called *Musée Carnavalet*. In a case near the door are wonderful pencil drawings of Paris in the last century. The Emperor of Austria has sent a beautiful specimen of Empire furniture—the cradle presented by the town of Paris to the *Roi de Rome*. His baby-carriage is also

there—a forerunner of the modern baby-cars. Not the least interesting of the contribution sent by the Emperor of Austria is a mask of the *Duc de Reichstadt's* face taken after death. The upper part of the cast distinctly recalls his father's brow, while the lower part pathetically pictures the weakness both of his body and mind. English people will care to notice several large bronze circular plaques, sent by the Queen, representing incidents in the reign of Louis XIV. How they came to England is unknown. In France most of such works of art were melted down in the time of the Revolution to make cannons. These were only lately discovered, painted over, in that small palace at Kew loved by George III., in the gardens of which he used to grow his cabbages. Their enormous weight suggested their value, and, on the paint being removed, they were found to be first-rate bronzes of the reign of Louis XIV. The Queen consented to lend them to the Exhibition, which is the first place where the public have had a chance of seeing them. The artist is, I believe, for the present unknown, although I am told there is a record of these bas-reliefs having been executed.

In spite of the great interest of the Exhibition, continuous visits to it became very tiring, and an excursion we made to Sèvres was a welcome change. There is no more delightful outing on a warm summer's afternoon than to drive through the *Bois de Boulogne*, from Paris to Sèvres, and go over the great china manufactory, and inspect the fine and interesting collection of ceramic art to be seen there. In the Louvre are two specimens, and in the glass cases at Sèvres there are two more specimens, of that rare and curious *faïence* called in England 'Ware of Henry II.,' and in France *Fayence d'Oiron*. Apparently it was made only for the short period between 1520 and 1550. The last theory—though it is only guesswork—in explanation of

the extreme superiority and beauty of this ware over others of the same date, two pieces of which were sold at the Strawberry Hill collection as 'Palissy ware,' is that when Leonardo da Vinci came to France in 1515, old, ruined, and out of health, to the Court of his protector, Francis I., where he was much honoured, he became the devoted friend of a *Comtesse d'Oiron*. She had some potteries on her estate, and he occupied his leisure, and gave vent to his unique and greatly varied artistic gifts, in designing for her those priceless treasures which are now the 'blue rose' among ceramic products of all countries and all ages. Leonardo died in 1519, some say in the arms of his patron, Francis I., at Fontainebleau; others, amongst his own effects at Amboise. Vasari says of Leonardo: 'At length, seeing himself near death, he confessed himself with much contrition; and although he was unable to stand, he desired his friends and servants to support him, that he might receive the Holy Sacrament out of bed in a more reverent posture. When, fatigued with this exertion, the King came to visit him, Leonardo raised himself up in his bed out of respect to his Majesty, began to relate the circumstances of his illness, and the wrongs he had done both to God and man by not making better use of his talents. In the midst of this conversation he was seized with a paroxysm, which proved the messenger of Death; on seeing which the King hastened to assist him and supported him in his bed, in order to alleviate his sufferings. But his divine spirit, knowing he could not receive greater honour, expired in the King's arms in the seventy-fifth year of his age.' Someone must have carried on the work at Madame d'Oiron's potteries after his death—probably an Italian pupil, as in one of the most famous specimens of the pottery, a candlestick in the collection of Sir Anthony de Rothschild, the pattern round the base is so arranged as to form the letter 'H'

(i.e. Henry II., who succeeded Francis I. only in 1547), while three figures of genii support escutcheons bearing the arms of France and the double 'D' of Diane de Poitiers.

I saw little of the acres of buildings that cover the *Champ de Mars* and are all round the Eiffel Tower, for I only hurried through them once in a chair on the way to the Swiss village, which, by its realistic reproduction of Switzerland, makes one smile with appreciative wonder. The rocks are all modelled on real rocks, the mill-wheels turn with water, the grass grows with the same emerald colour, the smells of cow, milk and pig are faithfully repeated. The whole of this Swiss show is extraordinarily instructive for inhabitants of a large city who cannot leave it. I confess I should never have gone to see it but for hearing that the great Swiss gardener, M. Corrèvon, of Geneva, had a rock-garden planted with Swiss plants. I was disappointed in seeing this, as the coldness of the weather had delayed the planting of it. Many people tell me that the exhibits of arms, guns, cannons and implements of war are the most interesting things in the Exhibition. I did not see any of them.

As the Eiffel Tower was the great novelty in the Exhibition of 1889, so the rolling foot-way is the marvel of the present one. Both this and the electric railway below it, moving in circles in opposite directions, are delightful means of diminishing some of the huge distances. I walked through the *Rue de Paris*, which is crowded to excess every day, but saw none of its side-shows. The entrance fee to the Exhibition is now reduced to 6*d*. One is inclined to feel that what can be seen for this requires a lifetime. Nevertheless, I was told that to see all the extras and all the side-shows would make one poorer by 2*l*. ! I only saw two of these extras, and both were well worth it. One was the Swiss

village before mentioned. The other was an amusing wax-show, called the *Palais du Costume*, intended to represent the evolution of dress as it affected Gaul, from the earliest days, through Egypt and Rome, down to the dresses worn by the Parisian ladies of last winter. A particularly telling effect was produced by a scene showing the bare-backed inhabitants of caves watching the entrance of the Roman army into a sunlit valley. Another of these peep-shows is a large representation of Napoleon, standing in a corner of Joséphine's dressing-room, watching the trying-on of the clothes to be worn at the coronation the next day. This was vivid enough to have all the interest of a scene in a play. One of the jokes of the Exhibition which I did not care to see, but which is visited by crowds daily, is the topsy-turvy house. The roof stands upon the ground and the cellars are where the roof ought to be.

Near the *Trocadéro* are the Colonial pavilions, and appropriately close to them is the little building erected by the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, containing models of their ships. This little pavilion is so beautifully built, and arranged and decorated with such taste, that it is well worth a visit. The models of the steamers cost 100*l.* to make. How advertising to this extent can be worth while must always remain a mystery to the lay mind. The arrangement of the buildings of the various colonies was firmly and judiciously decided by the French Government, and the greatest care was taken to preserve any inequality in the ground, and to save from damage every tree or shrub. This does away with all formality, and makes this portion of the Exhibition one of the most attractive. Ceylon, which, I believe, used to be one of our poorest colonies, is, thanks to the fashion for Ceylon teas, now becoming a most successful colony. Towards the close of the Exhibition I expect

the jewellers of the world will compete for a share in the low-priced precious stones in endless variety which are cut by the natives, and are now seen in shining heaps in the cases.

Not far from here I saw a building—(let us speak of it with bated breath in this our moment of triumph)—with white walls, shaded by a tree, and not totally unlike a rather large mausoleum. Above it floated a flag which, according to tradition, English workmen in the early spring tried to haul down. Inside it, I was told, for the doors had never been opened, there was nothing but a bust of President Kruger, and a large map of that part of the world hitherto known as the Orange Free State and the Transvaal.

After I had left Paris, this building was opened and crowds passed through the rooms silently.

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet ;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived, because so fleet ;
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing—
But tares self-sown have overtopped the wheat ;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing—
And still, oh ! still, their dying breath is sweet ;
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still ;
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill ;
And sweet are all things when we learn to prize them,
Not for their sake, but His, who grants them or denies
them !

Aubrey de Vere.

INDEX

- ABBEY, EDWIN A., 358
Abies nobilis glauca, 283
Abutilon vitifolium, 275
Achillea umbellata, 270
 Acidity, 219 *seq.*
 Aconites, winter, 274
 'Adrienne Lecouvreur,' *play*, 328
 Adulteration of food, 216-217
Agapanthus, 291
 Agriculture, in France, 74
 — 'Organisation of' (E. A. Pratt),
 75
 — promotion of, 71-74
 Aix-les-Bains, 329
Akebia quinata, 303
 Albert, Prince Consort, 11, 118
 Alcohol, 218; Sir F. Treves on,
 181-185, 205
 Alcoholism resulting from tea-
 drinking, 192
 Aldershot, 117-120, 311
 Alice, Princess, 33
 Allbutt's 'System of Medicine,' 183
Allium Neapolitanum, 293
 — *Zebdarense*, 292
 Allotments, 71
 Alpine Pink, 269
 — Poppy, 269
 — Wallflower, 269
 Alpines, 267-270
Amaryllis Belladonna, 263
 'Ambassadress, The,' 35
 Amboise, 365
 Amsterdam, 11
 Anderson, Mary, 328
 Andrew's 'Botanist's Repository,'
 314
Androsace Helvetica, 268
 — *lanuginosa*, 268
 — *oculata*, 268
Anemone Japonica, 264, 308
 — *Pulsatilla*, 269
 Anemones, 297
 Annuals, sowing of, 320
 Antholyzas, 272
 Apples, Siberian Crab, 319
 — Standard Crab, 319
 'Apsley Cookery Book,' The,
 245, 250, 255
Aquilegia Canadensis, 267
 — *Chrysantha*, 267
 Arago, Etienne, 338, 350
Arctotis aureola, 292
 'Aristocracy of Health,' 185, 228
 Arnold, Matthew, *quoted*, 145
 Art, 95-98, 102-104
 — amateur, 9-10, 97
 — at the Paris Exhibition, 357-
 360
 — modern, 9-10
Asperula azurea, 276
Aster grandiflorus, 273
 Aucubas, 319
 'Aurelian,' *quoted*, 3
 Austin, Mrs., 332
 Austria, Emperor of, 363-364
Azalea procumbens, 269
 Azaleas, 267, 305
 •
 BABBAGE, CHARLES, 127
 Bables, treatment of, 118-114
 'Baby, How to Manage a,' 113
 Balfour, Gerald, 214

- 'Ballad of Reading Gaol,' 161
 Banana custard, 255
 Baring, Maurice, 120-121, 303
 Barley, culture, 73
 — pudding, 206
 — soup, 206
 — water, 206
 Barr, Mr., 292; on Buddleias, 264; on Tulips, 266, 276-277; on Lilies, 273-274
 Bavaria, 29, 34, 39
 — King of, 36, 38
 — Maximilian Joseph, King of, 36
 Bay trees, 38-39, 280
 Bayreuth, 42
 Becket, Thomas à, murder of, 147-149
 Beddoes, *quoted*, 69
 Bedford, 155-157
 Beech trees, pruned, 280
 Begonia, 'Corbeille de feu,' 292
 Benson, A. C., *quoted*, 153; 'Walter Pater,' 171-173
 Berlin, 362
 Betham-Edwards, Miss, *quoted*, 17-18
 Bethune, 334
 Bing and Groendal, 362
 Birrell, Augustine, 112
 Biscuits, 256
 Bismarck, Prince, 38
 Blandford, Lady, 342
 Bloomfield, Lady, letters to, 327-351
 Bluebells, 296
 Boehm, Sir Edgar, 156
 Bonn, 27
 Bonn, Fräulein, 12
 Boole, George, 127
 — Mrs. M. E., 127
 Booth, General, 71
 Bosanquet, Mrs., 111
 'Botanist's Repository' (Andrew's), 314
 Botticelli, 95
 Boulogne, 348
 Box trees, 21, 280-281
 Braithwaite, Miss Alice, 213, 217, 219, 229
 Brandt, essayist, 86
 Bread, superiority of home-made, 198-199
 Brentano, family, 13
 Briggs, Dr., on tea-drinking, 191
 Brightwen, Mrs., 66
 British Museum, 148
 Broadbent, Albert, 186, 228
 Broglie, Duc de, 328
 Brotherton, John, *quoted*, 165
 Brown, Dr., 192
 'Brown, Jones and Robinson,' 34
 Browning, Robert, *quoted*, 165
 Brunelleschi, *architect*, 14
 Bryan, Mrs. Hugh, 179, 230, 246
Buddleia Asiatica, 282
 — *magnifica*, 264
 — *variabilis Veitchiana*, 264
 Buddleias, 319; Mr. Barr on, 264; pruning of, 281
 'Building of the Body,' &c., The, 228
 Bull, Mrs. W. J., 285
 Bunyan, John, statue of, 156-157
 Burbank, Luther, 294-295, 305-308
 Burbidge, Mr., 272
 Burke, Edmund, 159
 Burne-Jones, 'Life,' 102
 Byron, Lord, 327
 CABBAGE, a German method of cooking, 210; how to cook, 249
 Cactus, the thornless, 306-307
 Caffeine, 188-189
 Cajanello, Duchess of, 121
 Calves, sale of vaccinated, 214
Camassia esculenta, 293
 Cambridge, Duke of, 19
 Camellias, 283
 Cameron, Sir C., 192
Campanula caespitosa, 267
 — *pulla*, 269
 — *pusilla*, 267
 — (*Rampion*), 275-276
 — *rupestris*, 270
 — *thyrsoides*, 267
 — *tuffinata*, 267
 Campanulas, 280, 290, 319
Canarina Campanulacea, 282
 Canary Islands, 282

- Cancer, caused by diseased meat, 215
- * Cannas, 21, 265
- Canning, Sir Stratford, 330
- Canonica, *sculptor*, 39
- Canterbury Cathedral, 147-150, 296
- Carlyle's 'Life of Schiller,' *quoted*, 154
- Carnations, American tree, 282
- Carpenter, Edward, 167
- Carpenteria Californica*, 304
- Catkin-growing plants, 65-66
- Cattle, sale of diseased, 214-216
- Ceanothus Gloire de Versailles*, 264
- Cedars of Lebanon, 21
- Celandine, 298
- Celery, 276
- Ceylon, 367
- Chalmers, Dr., 114
- Chanctonbury, 55
- Chantilly, 346-347, 350
- 'Charity, Christmas,' 94
- Organisation Society, 105
- Thoreau on, 109
- Charles I., 217-218
- V., Emperor, 149
- X. of France, 51
- le Chanve, King of France, 36
- Charlotte, Princess of Wales, 19
- Cheese balls, 250
- for children, 203
- grated Parmesan, 248
- melted, 253
- Chelidonium 296
- Chestnut, sweet, 308
- Chayne, Dr., 236
- Chicago tinned-meat scandal, 214-215
- Children, feeding of, 131, 203-205
- home-life for, 85-89, 210, 212
- training of (*see under* Education)
- treatment of, 201-202, 207
- winter clothing for, 210
- China, Dowager Empress of, 33
- Emperor of, 34
- Chinese labour, 111
- Chomas, M., 350
- 'Christmas Charity,' 94
- Chrysanthemum, 'Winter Cheer,' 282
- Chrysanthemums, 286, 271
- Cineraria stellata*, 297-298
- Cissbury, 55
- Cistus, 304
- Clarence, Duke of, 19
- Clarendon, Lord, 345
- Clarke, Dr. J. H., on tea-drinking, 189-191
- Clausen, Prof. George, 96
- Clematis Vitalba* at 'The Three Cups Inn,' 284-285
- Climbers, 284-285, 304
- Codlin Moth, 277
- Coffee-drinking, 209-210
- Collingridge, W., M.D., 113
- Colmore, G., 301
- Cologne, 6
- Columbine, 298
- Constant, M. Benjamin, 360
- Constantin, M., 350
- Consumption caused by diseased meat, 215-216
- Convent legend, 151
- Cooking receipts, 243-257
- Copenhagen, 362
- Coreopsis, 320
- Cornewall, Mr., 332
- Corrévon, M., 366
- Cottage hospitals, 30, 241-242
- Cow and Gate brand of milk powder, 199, 223, 231
- Cox, Charles, 'Canterbury,' 149-150
- Crambe cordifolia*, 312
- Cranenburg, 5
- Crimean War, 132
- Crimson Rambler, 319
- Crocuses, 266
- Cronberg, 20, 29, 44-46
- Culpepper, *quoted*, 299
- Cunningham, Prof., 192
- Cypress, 319
- DA VINCI, LEONARDO, 365
- Daffodils, 266, 279, 290, 296
- Dagnan-Bouveret, M., 359
- Dahlias, 265
- offensive odour of, 306
- 'Daily Chronicle,' 190

'Daily News,' 141
 Dandelion, thick-leaved, 282
 Dandelions, 311
Daphne Blagayana, 310
 — *Cneorum*, 270
 Darmstadt, 46
 Dates, a good way of treating large, 254
 Daturas, 290-291, 314
 De Vere, Aubrey, *quoted*, 369
 Deglane, M., 357
 Detaille, M., 360
 'Devil's Guts' (*clematis*), 284-285
 Devon, Dr. James, 168
 Dewponds, 26, 55-57
Dianthus neglectus, 268
Dictamnus Fraxinella, 309-310
 'Diet and Food,' 227-228
 — and Hygiene, articles on, 195-212
 'Diet, Ethics of,' 235
 — for inebriates, 164
 — for mothers, 197-199
 — in public institutions, 193-194
 'Diet, Muscle, Brain, &c.,' 231
 — non-meat, 179 *seq.*, 214-215, 235-236; surgeon's opinion of, 7
 — non-stimulating, 107, 223
 — uric-acid-free, 213, 217, 222-226
 'Diet, Vegetarian and Simple,' 245
 'Dietetics, Food and the Principles of,' 231
 Dilke, Lady, 89-93, 142-143
 — Sir Charles, 142; 'The Book of the Spiritual Life,' 90-91
Dioscorides (*Greek physician*), 281
 d'Oiron, Madame, 365
 Dol Marshes, 74
 Doria, Princess, 89
Doronicum Caucasicum, 296
 Dostoievsky, Russian writer, 120-123
 Doyle's 'Brown, Jones and Robinson,' 84
 Drawing, amateur, 9-10, 97
 'Dreams,' *poem*, 69

Dreyfus affaire, 168-171
 — Madame, 169
 Drink problem, 163-168; *Sam.* phlet on the, 165
 Drugs, harmfulness of, 195-197
Dryas octopetala, 268-269
 Dundee, 92
 Dürer, Albert, 13
 Dussieux, L., 280
 Dutch dish, 256
 Duty, Joubert on, 239
 Duxhurst Home, 163-168

ECCREMOCARPUS SCABER, 297
 Edelweiss, 269
Edraianthus tenuifolius, 268
 Education Bill, 111
 — examination papers, 67-68
 Education (Moral) Committee, 79
 — Mosely Commission on, 85-86
 — of girls, 9-10, 66-68
 — of children, 7-8, 17, 65-68, 79-82; books on, 80; schools, 85-89, 111, 114; in science, 127-129
 Edward VII., King, 205
 Eiffel Tower, 357, 366
 Eliot, George, 90; *quoted*, 177, 287, 328
 Elizabeth Brunnen (salt spring), 20
 — of Hesse-Homburg, Princess, 18-19; 'Correspondence of,' 18-22
 Emerson, *quoted*, 102, 125
 'English Flower Garden' (Robinson), 312
 'English Malady, or a Treatise of Nervous Diseases of all Kinds,' 236
Erica carnea, 267
Erodium Manescavi, 270
 — *Sibthorpianum*, 270
Erythrina Crista-galli, 314
 Essex, Lady, 332
 'Ethics of Diet, &c.,' 235
 Eton, 68, 85, 86, 153
Eupatorium, 271
 Everest, Ethel Gertrude, 127
 Everlasting peas, 303
 Examination papers, 67-68

FABERGER, M., 361
 Farnborough, 119
 • 'Field, Factories, and Work-shops' (Kropotkin), 73
 Fireplace, a pretty, 305
 'Five Nations, The,' *quoted*, 53
 Fletcher, Horace, 227-228
 'Flora and Sylva' (Robinson), 312-313
 Floren, M., 350
 Florence, 14, 327
 Flowers for hospitals, 242
 'Food and the Principles of Dietetics,' 231
 — change of, 231, 245
 — Health and, 175-242
 'Food in Relation to Health,' 246
 — Question, 107
 — Reform, 236; in Germany, 208-210
 — Reformers, Italian recipes for, 245-246
 'Forge and the Weapon, The,' 80
 Forget-me-nots, in water, 304
 Francis I., 365-366
 Frankfurt, 7, 10-13, 20, 31, 35, 40, 45-46; changes in, 15
 — Cathedral, 13
 — Christian Cemetery, 16-17
 — Jewish Cemetery, 15-16
 Fraser, Dr., 193
 Frederick VI., Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, 18-19
 Frederick the Great, 45-46, 362
 Friedberg Castle, 33
 Friedrichsdorf, 31
 Fritillarias, 267
 Froude, J. A., 'Short Studies,' 149
 Fruit, in winter, 212-213; in diet, 222
 Fruit trees, treatment of, 277-278
 — — frost resistant, 307-308
 Fry, Roger, 95-96, 103
 Fungoid, wash for, 290

GABRIELE, M., 357
 Gainsborough, *painter*, 95
 'Garden Colour,' 265

Gardening, 259-321; quotation from 'Silas Marner' on, 287
 — 'Up to Date, for Amateurs,' 72
 Gardens, exhibition of various, 46-47
 — rock, 268-271, 291-292, 366
 — stone, 278-279
 — town, 47; ideal, 280
Gentiana acaulis, 270
 — *septemfida*, 270
 — *verna*, 270
 George III., 18, 364
Geranium argenteum, 270
 Geraniums, 314
 Germany, Letters from, 1-47;
 Food Reform in, 208-210
 — Emperor of, 25, 28, 39, 45, 132, 362; on the Food Question, 209
 — Empress of, 21
 — Empress Frederick of, 27; memorial to, 29-30
 Gilbert, *sculptor*, 155-157
 Girault, M., 360
 Girouci, Maria, 245
 Glacier Pink, 268
 Gladstone, W. E., 207
 Gnocchi of semolina, 253
 Godetias, 320
 Goethe, 12, 13; *quoted*, 158
 Goncourt, M. de, 136
 Graves' Gallery, 40
 Greenhouse, arrangement of the, 293
 Greensand, 305
 Grenoble, 135
 Grey, Lord, 115
 Ground Elder, 291
 Guards, uniforms of the regiments of, 118
 Guiccioli, Countess, 327
 Guizot, M., 329, 334
Gypsophila paniculata flore pleno, 303, 312

HAGUE CONFERENCE, 108, 132
 Haig, Dr., 217; 'Uric Acid,' 219;
 'Diet and Food,' 228; 'Uric Acid as a factor in the Causation of Disease,' 236

Haldane, Mr., 168
 Haliburton, Lady A., 332
 Hallett, Colonel, 73
 Hanover, 276
 Harvard College Museum, 26
 Harvey, 217
 Harwich, 284
 Harwood, W. S., 306
 Hazel tree, 66
 'Health and Food,' 175-242
 — diet, 226-228; books on, 227-228
 — how to keep in, 195-212
 — 'Papers on' (Prof. Kirk), 208
 — 'The Aristocracy of,' 185, 228
 — 'The Secret of Perfect,' 179, 230
 'Healthy Home and How to Keep it, A,' 230
 Hearn's 'Kokoro,' 85-86; 'Japan: an Interpretation,' 36
 Heliotrope, winter, 274
 Henderson, Mary Foote, 185, 228
 Henry II., 147-149
 — of France, 'Ware of,' 364-366
 — VIII., 148-149
 Hepaticas, 267, 289
 Herb, M., 272
 Herbaceous plants, 309-312
 Herbal, oldest known, 281
 Herbs, mixed, 251
 Herschell, J., 127
 Hesse, Duke of, 32-33, 46-47
 Hesse-Homburg, Elizabeth, Princess of, 18-22
 — Frederick VI., Landgrave of, 18-19
 Hildebrand, sculptor, 30
 Himalayan Bramble, 292
 Holbein, 358
 Holland, 275
 — Lady, 327
 — Lord, 327
 Hollyhocks, 290
 Holmes, Edmond, 59, 61
 — Robert, 308
 Homburg, 17-29, 37
 — Castle, 18-21, 28-29
 — Museum, 36
 Honesty, plant, 296

Hoppner, painter, 95
 Hornbeam, pruned, 280
 Horticultural Shows, 281-282, 363
 Hospitals, Cottage, 30, 241-242
 — flowers for, 242
 'How to Manage a Baby,' 113
 Howard, John, philanthropist, 7-9, 155-156
 Howie, Dr., on tea-drinking as a cause of alcoholism, 191
 Hubbard, J. and G., 'Neolithic Dew-ponds and Cattle-ways,' 55
 Hunt, Holman, 'Pre-Raphaelitism,' 102
 Hutchinson, Dr. Robert, 231
Hyacinthus candicans, 266
Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora, 264, 310
 Hydrangeas, 47, 291
 Hygiene and Diet, articles on, 195-212, 230
Hypericums, 267

IBERIS SEMPERVIRENS SUPERBA, 315
 Ibsen, Henrik, 121
 Illness, causes of, 210-211
Incarvillea Delavayi, 265
 Inebriates, reclaiming of, 163-168
 Infant mortality, 104-106, 112-114
 Infants, food and treatment of, 199-203
 Insanity caused by tea-drinking, 192
Iris alata, 272
 — *Alpina*, 266
 — German, 266, 275, 310
 — *intermediata*, 266
 — *Kämpferi*, 268
 — *Pallida* ('Albert Victor'), 310
 — Plant and Bulb Co., 266
 — Spanish, 266
 — *stylosa*, 274
 Isar, river, 37, 42
 Italian recipes for Food Reformers, 245-246
 Ixias, 272

- JACOBI, Herr, 27-28
 Japan, books on, 35-36
 — Emperor of, 34
 Japanese Anemones, 264, 303
 — Maples, 264
 Jermy, Lady Katherine, 345
 Jerome, Prince, 327
 Jessop, Mrs. F. W., 245
 Jewish Cemetery, Frankfort,
 15-16
 Jews, immunity from disease of,
 215
 Joan of Arc, 43-44
 Joinville, M., 350
 Joubert, *quoted*, 289
 Journal of the Royal Horticul-
 tural Society, 272
 — S.P.C.C., 113
 Just-Hatmaker Process, 231-232
- KENNEY-HERBERT, Colonel A. R.,
 245-246, 251
 Kent, Duke of, 19
 Kew Gardens, 22, 291-293, 364
 Kipling, Rudyard, *quoted*, 53
 Kirk, Professor, 208
 Korea, Emperor of, 34
 Kovalevsky, 'Life of Sonia,'
 121-123
 Kropotkin's 'Field, Factories, and
 Workshops,' 73
 Kruger, President, 368
- L—, Mr. and Mrs., 111-113
La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret
 (Zola), 311
 La Fayette, M., 135
 La Fontaine, *quoted*, 328
 Laburnum, 308
 — *alpinum*, 309
Lachenalia Nelsonii, 282-283
 Lacos, General, 135-138
 Lady Margaret Hospital, 242
 Ladysmith, 185
 Lalique, M., 861
 Lamartine, M., 328-332, 336-339,
 347; *quoted*, 233, 325
 Lamennais, *quoted*, 35
- Lancet, *painter*, 362
 Lavender bags, 272
 Lawrence, Sir Thomas, 95
 Leighton, Lord, 13, 14; at Frank-
 fort, 12; 'Cimabue Proce-
 sion,' 11, 14; 'Portrait of
 Fräulein Bonn,' 12; 'Death
 of Brunelleschi,' 14
 Lemonade, 206
 Lenbach, *painter*, 38
 Lenotre, M., 138
Lentopodium alpinum, 269
 Leppington, Blanche, 80
 Letters from Germany, 1-47
 — Lady Normanby, 323-
 351
 — Miscellaneous, 49-173
 — to a friend, 107
 — B. B. (niece), 61, 65, 134,
 310, 319
 — M. B. (nephew), 181, 168,
 171
 — M. B. (niece), 298
 — M. B. (great-niece), 151
 — R. B. (great-niece), 94
 — V. B. (niece), 101, 155
 — C. C. (nephew), 212
 — E. C. (niece), 225
 — N. C. (nephew), 153
 — E. E. E. (niece), 5, 9, 14,
 17, 29, 31, 34, 37, 41, 45, 46,
 147, 284
 — M. E. (nephew), 25
 — J. G. (nephew), 294, 305
 — M. v. G. (niece), 179, 263,
 271, 281, 289, 291, 296, 308,
 311
 — C. L. (niece), 5, 71, 117,
 130, 133, 141
 — E. L. (niece), 163, 185,
 194
 — L. L. (niece), 217
 — E. M. (niece), 151, 245
 — E. M. (nephew), 55
 — L. v. M. (niece), 127
 — F. P. (niece), 106
 — P. Q. (niece), 51, 264
 — E. M. R. (niece), 222
 — A. C. S. (niece), 79, 85, 89,
 93, 104, 171, 235, 327, 355
 — A. W. (niece), 265

- Letters to E. W. (niece), 278, 290, 303, 314
 — — G. B. W. (niece), 111, 241
 — — H. B. W. (nephew), 181
 — — K. W. (niece), 274
Liaisons Dangereuses, Les, 135
 • *Libertia formosa*, 265
 Liddell, Henry, 342
 Lilac 'Claude Loraine,' 316
 — 'Marie Lagraye,' 316
 Lilacs, 304; forced, 15; grafting, 315-316
 Lilies, 319; treatment of, 273-274
 — Arum, 271
 — Madonna, 5
Lilium auratum, 273
 — *Canadense*, 273
 — *Henryi*, 274
 — *longiflorum*, 273
 — *parvum*, 273
 — *speciosum*, 273
 — *tigrinum*, 274
 Lime, Hungarian, 309
 Linarias, 315
 Lindsay, Lady, 151
 Linseed tea, 209
Linum, blue, 315
 — *campanulatum*, 315
 — *grandiflorum*, 315
 — *narbonneuse*, 315
Lithospermum rosmarinifolium, 282
 Liverpool, 112
 Lobelia, blue, 315
 — *cardinalis*, 267, 309
 Local Government Board, 214
 London, Bishop of, 150
 Longleat, 305
Loropetalum Chinense, 282
 Louis XIII., château of, 280-281
 Louis Philippe, King, 329, 333
 seq.
 Lowe, J. E., 282
 Lowell, *quoted*, 261
 Lowell, Francis C., 'Joan of Arc,' 44
 Luncheon, how to pack, 6
 Lupin, blue tree-, 319
Lysimachias, 267
 Lytton, Earl of, *quoted*, 166
MACARONI À L'ITALIENNE, 250
 Macaulay, 131
 Maeterlinck, Madame, 15
 Maeterlinck's 'Monna Vanna,' 15
 Magnolia, 306
 Maiden-Castle, 55
 Mainz, 28
 'Manchester Despatch,' 191
 Mansarts, M., 357
 Manure, liquid, 72
 Marjoram, 251
 Market gardening, 72-75; in France, 74-75
 Martin, Sir Theodore, 'Life of the Prince Consort,' 31
 Maugras, works by, 46
 Maumbury Ring, 57
 Maw's feeding bottles, 200
 Maximilian I., tomb of, 42
 May, Mr., 283
 McClinton's Irish soap, 201
 McDonald, Donald, 272
 Meat, sale of diseased, 214-215
 Meat-eaters, warning to, 214-215
 Meat-eating, 235; diseases induced by, 218, 229
 Medical Exhibition, 40-41
 Melted cheese, 253
 Menzel, *painter*, 45
 Metternich, Count, 343
 Mignonette, 'Machet,' 320-321
 Miles, Eustace, 231
 Milk, dried, 199, 203, 223, 231-232
 — for infants, 199
 — separated, 202-203
 'Mill on the Floss, The,' 328
 Miscellaneous Letters, 49-173
 Mithras, Persian divinity, 28
 Molé, 339
 Montpensier, Duchesse de, 335
 Moon, Mr., 313
 Moral Education Committee, 79-80
 'More Pot-Pourri,' 273
 Morley, John, *quoted*, 154-155
 'Morning Post,' 120, 181
Moschosma riparum, 282
 Mosely Educational Commission, 85-86

Munich, 34-45, 47, 278, 280
 — Cathedral, 41-42
 — National Museum, 89-90
 'Muscle, Brain, and Diet,' 281
 Myrtle, 291

NANTES, Edict of, 31
 Naples, 272
 — King of, 330
 Napoleon I., Emperor, 36-37, 187, 367
 Narcissus, 296
 — double sulphur (*incomparabilis albus plenus sulphureus*), 289
 — *obvallaris*, 290
 — *pallidus praecox*, 290
 Natural history, study of, 66
 Nauheim, 31, 87
 Nerves' Food, 207
 Nerines, 263, 271
 Nervous diseases, treatise on, 236
 Neuhoof, Elias, 25
 Neuilly, 346
 'New Creations in Plant Life,' 305-306
 'New Gluton or Epicure,' 227
 New York, 36
 Newcastle, Duke of, 89
 Nice, 51
 Niederlahnstein, 6
 Nightingale, Miss, 119
 Normanby, Letters from Lady, 323-351
 — Lord, 327, 350, 338 *seq.*
 Nuremberg, 18
 Nut and fruit pudding, 253
 Nut cutlets, 252
 Nuts, 224, 249

OAK-TREES, pruned, 280
 'Old Man's Beard' (*clematis*), 284
 Oleanders, 291, 304, 309
 Olmutz, 185
Omphalodes linifolia, 270
 Orangeade, 206
 Orchardson, W. Q., 358
 Orchids, 274 (*see also under* Iris)

Orleans, 44
 — Duke of, 136
 Ormsby, Sir L., 192
Ornithogalum pyramidale, 312
 Overbeck, painter, 12
 Oxford, 89-90
 PAGET, Sir JAMES, 185
 'Palm,' 66
Pancratium Hymenocallis macrostephana, 289-290
 Paprica sauce, 250
 Paris, 104-105, 827 *seq.*
 — Exhibition (1900), 353-368
 Pasteurism in India, 215
 'Pater, Walter, Life of,' 171-173
 Pater, painter, 362
 Paterson, Mrs. Emma, 142
 Pattison, Mrs. Mark (*see under* Dilke, Lady)
 — Rev. Mark, 90-91
 Peace, universal, 107-108, 115
 'Pearson's Magazine,' 33
 Peas, everlasting, 303
 Pelargonium, 'Cape,' 272
 — 'Clorinda,' 283
 — 'Hector Jaconelli,' 292
 — 'Lady Mary Fox,' 314
 — 'Lady Plymouth,' 314
 — 'Moulton Gem,' 313-314
 — 'Pretty Polly,' 314
 — 'Prince of Orange,' 271
 — *quercifolium*, 271
 — 'Rawlinson's Unique,' 313
 — sweet-leaved, 313-314
 — 'Touchstone,' 314
 — 'Unique Aurora,' 313-314
 Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Co., 367
 Perennials, sowing of, 320
 Philadelphus, 304, 319
 Phloxes, 290, 303
 Physical Deterioration, Committee on, 192
 Pink, Alpine, 269
 — Cheddar, 269
 — Glacier, 268
 'Plain Dinners, &c.,' 229
 Plane-trees, 21

'Plant Life, New Creations in,' 305-306
 Pleasure, Susannah Wesley on, 152
 Plunkett, Sir Horace, 71
 Poems quoted: 'Sunrise on the Sea' ('Aurelian'), 3; 'There is so much bad in the best of us,' 18; 'Here awhile the Roman eagles hovered o'er their prey,' 23; 'The Five Nations' (Rudyard Kipling), 53; 'The Silence of Love' (Edmond Holmes), 59; 'The high that proved too high' (R. Browning), 61; 'The other side of every cloud,' 63; 'Oh! brother, I have seen this yew-tree smoke' (Tennyson), 65; 'Dreams' (Beddoes), 69; 'A chaplet of forced flowers on Winter's brow,' 91; 'Somewhere in pale sorrow's train,' 99; 'Some murmur when their sky is clear' (R. C. Trench), 139; 'So sleep, for ever sleep, O marble pair' (Matthew Arnold), 145; 'Ballad of Reading Gaol,' 161; 'Tu ne lèveras point la main contre ton frère' (Lamartine), 233; 'Each year to ancient friendship adds a ring' (Lowell), 261; 'I know a thing that's most uncommon' (Pope), 261; 'I love all that thou lovest' (Shelley), 287; 'As fair as the fabulous Asphodel' (Shelley), 293; 'In a Garden' (G. Colmore), 301; 'Uphill' (Christina G. Rossetti), 317; 'Sad is our youth, for it is ever going' (Aubrey de Vere), 369
 Poitiers, Diane de, 366
 Polo, 46
 Pommes à la Caramel, 254
 Pope, *quoted*, 261
 Poplar trees, 65; 'trees of liberty,' 838
 Pot au feu, vegetable, 247-248
 Pot plants, 273-275, 291, 309, 314-315, 319

'Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden,' 179
 Potage Pannantier, 248
 Potatoes, stoved, 252
 Potsdam, 362
 Pratt, Edwin A., 'Organisation of Agriculture,' 75
 Prehistoric Man, 55-57
 'Preparation of the Child for Science, The,' 127
 'Pre-Raphaelitism,' 95, 102
Primula forbesii, 272-273, 293
 — *glutinosa*, 270
 — *Japonica*, 267
 — *Kewensis*, 282
 — *obconica*, 272-273, 282
 — *rosea*, 270, 290
 — *villosa*, 270
 — *Violacea*, 282
 — Wilson, blue, 267
 'Prisons, Police, and Punishment,' 167
 Privet, 280, 316
 — Alexandrian, 319
 — *Ligustrum sinense floribundum*, 316, 319
 Pruning, importance of, 264
 — of raspberries, 278
 Prussia, King of, 339
 Pudding, a good, 254
 — brown, 255
 — nut and fruit, 253
 — semolina, 254
 Puddings, queen of, 255
 Purslane, 276
Pyrus Malus floribunda, 319

QUEEN of puddings, 255

RACHEL, actress, 327-328
 Railway embankments, trees for, 283-284
 'Rambles with Nature Students' (Mrs. Brightwen), 66
 Ramondias, 269-270
 Rampion, 249, 275-276, 310
Ranunculus alpestris, 270
 — *Asiaticus*, 292
 Raspberry jam, adulteration of, 216

- Raspberry, pruning of the, 278
 Reading, 101-102
 • Receipts, cooking, 243-257
 Recipes (Italian) for Food Reformers, 245-246
 Red currants, 'Raby Castle,' 275
 Reichstadt, Duc de, 364
 Rembrandt's 'Samson and the Philistines,' 10-11; 'Night Watch,' 11
Revue des deux Mondes, 15
 Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 'Discourses,' 95-98, 102-104
 Rhine, river, 6, 28
 Rhododendrons, 269
 Rhubarb, American (Pie-plant), 308
 Ribes, white, 117
 Rice, 208
 — salad, 252
 'Rich and Poor' (Mrs. Bosanquet), 111
 Richardson, Samuel, 236
 Roberts, Dr., 193
 Robinson, Mr., 271; 'English Flower Garden,' 312; 'Flora and Sylva,' 312-313
 Rock Garden, at Kew, 291-292
 — Swiss, 366
 Rockeries, 268-271, 292
 Rocket plant, in water, 304
 Rodin, M., 359
 Rolleston, Dr., 183
 Roman remains at Saalberg, 25-28, 55
 Romney, George, 95
Romneya Coulteri, 312
 Rocks, killing of young, 296
 Rose, 'Aimée Vibert,' 319
 — 'Carmine Pillar,' 304
 — 'Crimson Rambler,' 319
 — 'Dorothy Perkins,' 319
 — 'Félicité Perpétue,' 319
 — Fortune's Yellow, 321
 — Niphetos, 321
 — Rêve d'Or, 304
 Rosemary, 251, 293
 Roses, from cuttings, 319
 Rossetti, 12, 102
 — Christina G., quoted, 317 •
 Rothan's Mémoires, 15
 Rothschild, Sir Anthony de, 365
 Rothschilds, 343, 348; sign of the, 16
Rubus deliciosus, 299
 Rupprecht, Fräulein Tini, 40
 Rushes, *Carex paludosa*, 320
 — *Lusula sylvatica*, 320
 Ruskin, John, 10, 12, 89, 95; on Reynolds, 96; 'Elements of Drawing,' 97; 'Modern Painters,' 104
 Russia, 181
 — Emperor of, 38-34
 — Empress of, 33

 SAALBERG, Roman camp at, 25-27
 St. Denis, 346-347
 St. Paul's Cathedral, 150
 St. Petersburg, 327, 348, 361
 Salad, purslane in, 276
 'Saline Stimulation' (Alice Braithwaite), 213, 217
 Salisbury Cathedral, 150
Salix caprea (willow tree), 65-66
 Salpiglossis, 320
 Salsify, 311
 Salt and salted meats to be avoided, 197, 203, 213
 Salvation Army, 187
Salvia gesneriana, 289
 — *splendens*, 271
 'Sands of Pleasure' (Filson Young), 133-134
Sanguisorba Canadensis, 265
 Santa Rosa, 307
 Sauce, green, 249
 — paprica, 250
Saxifraga Burseriana, 269
 — *Hostii*, 269
 — *Juniperina*, 269
 — *Kingi*, 269
 — *longifolia*, 269
 — *marginata*, 269
 — *mutata*, 269
 • *Rocheliana*, 269
 — *stelleriana*, 269
 Saxifrages, 267
 Scent of flowers, and leaves, 272, 313

- Schiller's Life, *quoted*, 154
 Schönborn, Count, 10
 — Palace, 11
 Schools, 85-89, 111, 114
 Schultz, Dr., 192
 Science, Education in, 127-129
 'Science in the Daily Meal,' 228
 'Science, The Preparation of the Child for,' 127-129
 Scillas, 296
 Scott, Dr., 192
 Sea Kale, 312
 Seasoning mixture, 251
 'Secret of Perfect Health, The,' 179, 230
 Seidl, Prof. Gabriel, 37, 39
 Semolina, Gnocchi of, 253
 — pudding, 254
 Sèvres, collection of ceramic art at, 364
 'Sex and Character' (Weininger), 132
 Shaw, Bernard, 133-134
 Shelley, *quoted*, 152, 287, 293, 303
 Sheridan, *quoted*, 172
 'Silas Marner,' *quotation on gardening*, 287
 'Silence of Love' (Edmond Holmes), 59, 61
 S.P.C.C. Journal, 118
 Soda, bicarbonate of, 224
Solanum crispum, 293
Soldanella alpina, 270
 — *montana*, 270
 — *pusilla*, 270
 Somerset, Lady Henry, 163-168
 Sorrow, consolations in, 101-104
 Soups, vegetable, 204, 246-248
 South African War, 132
 South Kensington Art Schools, 89
 — Museum, 281
 Spain, Queen Regent of, 362
 Speedwell, blue, 291
Spiraea Filipendula, 268
 — *prunifolia*, 289
 — *Thunbergi*, 283
 Spiræas, 316
 Spring soup, 248
 Stacpoole, Florence, 230
 Stadel Gallery, 10
 Stadel Institute, 13
 Stanley, Dean, 'Historical Memorials of Canterbury,' 148
 'Starchy Food in Health and Sickness,' 229
 Stead, W. T., 166
 Steinle, Johann Eduard, 11-14
 — Prof., 14
 Step, Edward, 65
 Stevenson, R. L., *quoted*, 83
 Stirling, John, *quoted*, 77
 Stockholm, 363
 'Stone Gardens' (Mrs. Haig Thomas), 278-279
 Stonehenge, 55
 Stoved potatoes, 252
 Strawberry-basket making, 141
 — culture, 75, 278
 — forcing, 310-311
 Strong, Captain Henry, 89
 'Sunrise on the Sea' ('Aurelian'), 3
 'Sunset,' *magazine*, 294
 Sutton, Messrs., 275-276, 282
 Swallow-wort, 298-299
 Sweated Industries Exhibition, 141-142
 Sweet peas, new method of growing, 288
 'Sweet-scented Flowers and Fragrant Leaves,' 272
 Swinburne, Miss, 20
 — Mrs., 20
 Swiss village at Paris Exhibition, 366-367
 Syringa, 304, 316 (*see also under Lilac*)
 TANNIN, 188-189
 Taunus Mountains, 7, 20-21, 27, 267
 Taylor, Sir Henry, 91
 Tea-drinking, 186-198, 197-198, 204, 218, 222
 — a cause of alcoholism, 191-192
 — a cause of insanity, 192
 Tebb, Dr., on the constituents of tea, 188-189
 Teeth, *bad*, 207
 Temperance Conference, 191
 'Temperance Movement and the Public House Trust,' 166

Tennyson, Lord, *quoted*, 65
 Terrine de Legumes, 284
 Thackeray, W. M., *quoted*, 17
 Théâtre Français, 328
 'Third Pot-Pourri, A.', 179, 226, 284
 Thomas, Mrs. Rose Haig, 278-279
 Thompson and Morgan's Annuals, 276
 Thoreau, *quoted*, 77, 109
 'Three Cups Inn, The,' 284
 Thyme, 251
 'Times,' *quoted*, 115, 194
 — Library, 106-107
 'Times Literary Supplement,' 106, 134-135, 138
 Tinned foods, 197, 200, 208
 — meat scandal, 214-215
 Tokio University, 36
 Tomatoes, receipt for, 252
 Topiary work, 21
 Townshend family, 276
 Trade-Union League, Women's, 143
 Trade-Unionism, 91-93, 141-143
 Traveller's Joy (Clematis), 284
 Trees ('Flora and Sylva'), 313, 319
 'Trees, Wayside and Woodland' (Edward Step), 65
 Trench, R. C., 139
 Treves, Sir Frederick, on Alcohol, 181-185, 205
 Trichilium, 319
 Trout, blue, 29
 Tubs, a new stand for, 304-305
 Tuckwell, Miss Gertrude, 143
Tulipa Australis, 292
 Tulips, 279; Mr. Barr on, 266, 276-277; list of double-pink, 276-277
 Turf banks, 280
 Turner, J. M. W., 104
 Turnips, first cultivation of, 276
Tussilago fragrans, 274
 Tye (sailor), 284

UNEMPLOYED QUESTION, 71 *seq.*
 'Up to Date Gardening for Amateurs,' 72

Urea, 219 *seq.*
 Uric acid, 180-181, 212, 217, 219 *seq.*, 226-229
 'Uric Acid: An Epitome of the Subject,' 219-222
 — — as a factor in the causation of disease, 226
 — — illness caused by, 222

VACCINATED calves, sale of, 214
 Vaccination, 214-215
 Vallotas, 263
 Van Eyck, *painter*, 96
 Vasari, *quoted*, 365
 Vay de Vaya, Monsignor, 32-33
 Vegetable pot au feu, 248
 Vegetables, cultivation of, 74
 — salts in, 213
 — waste of, 242
 'Vegetarian and Simple Diet,' 245, 251
 — Hospital, 242
 — Messenger, 186
 — Society, 186
 Ventilation, 207
 Verbena, 272
Veronica hulkiana, 275
 — *ligustrifolia*, 316
 — *pinguifolia*, 275
 Versailles, Le Château de, 280
 Victoria, Queen, 11, 332, 342, 360, 364
 Vienna, 10-12, 281, 342
 Vincent, Henry, 72
Viola cucullata, 292
 — *hastea*, 292
 — *palmata*, 292
 Violets, Double, 310
 — North American, 292
 Vivisection, 32
 Vogué, Melchior de, 122

W., A. M., 285
 Wages Board Act, 142
 Wallflower, *Cheiranthus aurora*, 297
 — Rosy Purple, 297
 Ward, H. Snowden, 149
 Ware, Mr., 283

- 'Went of Henry II.' (of France), 264-265
 Water cure, 22
 — tanks, 230
 Waterfield, Miss, 265
 Wattem, painter, 362
 Watts, Mrs., 27
 Watts, painter, 327
 'Wayside and Woodland Trees' (Edward Step), 65
 Webster, Mrs. John, 245
 Weeds, how to exterminate, 291
 Weininger's 'Sex and Character,' 132
 Wesley, John, 182, 236
 — Susannah, 151
 West Surrey Dairy Co., 199, 231, 255
 'Westminster Gazette,' 33, 93
 Wheat culture, 75
 White, Miss, 313-314
 Wickson, E. J., 294
 Wild flowers, 298
 Wilde, Oscar, *quoted*, 152-153
 William IV., 61
 Williams, Howard, 255
 Willow trees, 65-66
 Wilson, Dr. Andrew, 291
 — Dr. Erasmus, *quoted*, 231
 Windsor Castle, 19
 Winter heliotrope, 274
 Witches' brooms, 66
 Wolsley, Cardinal, 149
 Women's Trade Union League, 143
 — Union, 181
 Wood, Dr., 189
 Wood rushes, 320
 Wygelias, 264
 Wynn, Charles, *quoted*, 19
 Yew tree, 65, 319
 York, Duke of, 19
 Young, Filson, 'The Sands of Pleasure,' 183-184
 Yucca, 264
 ZINKEAS, 320
 Zola, Emile, 169, 311

